THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded in 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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THE EYES OF ASIA—By Rudyard Kipling. 'TWIXT THE BLUFF AND THE SOUND—By Irvin S. Cobb. TUBAL CAIN—By Joseph Hergesheimer

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THE EYES OF ASIA

The Fumes of the Heart

By RUDYARD KIPLING

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

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SCENE: Pavilion and Dome Hospital, Brighton—1915. *What talk is this, Doctor Sahib? This Sahib says he will be my letter writer? Just as though he were a bazar letter writer? . . . What are the Sahib's charges? Two annas? Too much; I give one. . . . No! No! Sahib! You shouldn't have come down so quickly. You've forgotten; we Sikhs always bargain. . . . Well, one anna be it. I will give a bond to pay it out of my wound-pension when I get home. Sit by the side of my bed. . . .*

This is the trouble, Sahib: My brother, who holds his land and works mine outside Amritsar City, is a fool. He is older than I. He has done his service and got one wound out of it in what they used to call war—that child's play in the Tirah. He thinks himself a soldier! But that is not his offense. He sends me post cards, Sahib—scores of post cards—whining about the drouth, or the taxes, or the crops, or our servants' pilferings, or some such trouble. He doesn't know what trouble means. I want to tell him he is a fool. . . . What? True! True, one can get money and land, but never a new brother. But for all that, he is a fool. . . . Is he a good farmer? Sa-heeb! If an Amritsar Sikh isn't a good farmer a hen doesn't know an egg. . . . Is he honest? As my own pet yoke of bullocks. He is only a fool. My belly is on fire now with knowledge I never had before, and I wish to impart it to him—to the village elders—to all people. Yes, that is true too. If I keep calling him a fool he will not gain any knowledge. . . . Let me think it over on all sides. Aha! Now that I have a bazar writer of my own, I will write a book—a very book to my fool of a brother. . . . And now we will begin. Take down my words from my lips to my foolish old farmer brother:

"You will have received the notification of my wounds which I took in Franceville. Now that I am better of my wounds, I have leisure to write with a long hand. Here we have paper and ink at command. Thus it is easy to let off the fumes of our hearts. Send me all the news of all the crops and what is being done in our village. This poor parrot is always thinking of Kashmir.

"As to my own concerns, the trench in which I sat was broken by a *bomb-golee* as large as our smallest grain chest." *[He'll go off and measure it at once!]* "It dropped out of the air. It burst, the ground was opened and replaced upon seven of us. I and two others took wounds. Sweetmeats are not distributed in wartime. God permitted

"His Grandchild, a Very Small Maiden, Grazed a Cow Behind a Wood, Where the Shells Fell"

my soul to live, by means of the doctors' strong medicines. I have inhabited six hospitals before I came here to England. This hospital is like a temple. It is set in a garden beside the sea. We lie on iron cots beneath a dome of gold and colors and glittering glasswork, with pillars." [*You know that's true, Sahib. We can see it—but d'you think* he'll *believe? Never! Never!*] "Our food is cooked for us according to our creeds—Sikh, or Brahmin, or Mussulman, and all the rest. When a man dies he is also buried according to his creed. Though he has been a groom or a sweeper, he is buried like some great landowner. Do not let such matters trouble you henceforth. Living or dying, all is done in accordance with the ordinance of our faiths. Some low-caste men, such as sweepers, counting upon the ignorance of the doctors, make a claim to be of reputable caste in order that they may get consideration. If a sweeper in this hospital says he is forbidden by his caste to do certain things he is believed. He is not beaten." [*Now, why is that, Sahib? They ought to be beaten for pretending to caste, and making a mock of the doctors. I should slipper them publicly—but—I'm not the Government. We will go on.*]

"The English do not despise any sort of work. They are of many castes, but they are all one kind in this. On account of my wounds I have not yet gone abroad to see English fields or towns." [*It is true I have been out twice in a motor carriage, Sahib, but that goes too quickly for a man to see shops, let alone faces. We will not tell him that. He does not like motor cars.*] "The French in Franceville work continually without rest. The French and the Phlahamahnds—Flamands—who are a caste of French, are kings among cultivators. As to cultivation"—[*Now, I pray, Sahib, write quickly for I am as full of this matter as a buffalo of water*]—"their fields are larger than ours, without any divisions, and they do not waste anything except the width of the footpath. The land descends securely from father to son upon payment of tax to the Government, just as in civilized countries. I have observed that they have their land always at their hearts and in their mouths, just as in civilized countries. They do not grow more than one crop a year, but this is recompensed to them because their fields do not need irrigation. The rain in Franceville is always sure and abundant and in excess. They grow all that we grow, such as peas, onions, garlic, spinach, beans, cabbages and wheat. They do not grow small grains or millet, and their only spice is mustard. They do not drink water, but the juice of apples, which they squeeze into barrels for that purpose. A full bottle is sold for two pice. They do not drink milk, but there is abundance of it. It is all cows' milk, of which they make butter in a churn, which is turned by a dog." [*Now, how shall we make my brother believe that? Write it large.*] "In Franceville the dogs are both courteous and industrious. They play with the cat, they tend the sheep, they churn the butter, they draw a cart and guard it too. When a regiment meets a flock the dogs of their own wisdom order the sheep to step to one side of the road. I have often seen this." [*Not one word of this will he or anyone in the villages believe, Sahib. What can you expect? They have never even seen Lahore City! We will tell him what he can understand.*] "Plows and carts are drawn by horses. Oxen are not used for these purposes in these villages. The fieldwork is wholly done by old men and women and children, who can all read and write. The young men are all at the war. The war comes also to the people in the villages, but they do not regard the war because they are cultivators. I have a friend among the French—an old man in the village where the Regiment was established, who daily fills in the holes made in his fields by the enemy's shells with dirt from a long-handled spade. I begged him once to desist when we were together on this work, but he said that idleness would cause him double work for the day following. His grandchild, a very small maiden, grazed a cow behind a wood where the shells fell, and was killed in that manner. Our Regiment was told the news and they took an account of it, for she was often among them, begging buttons from their uniforms. She was small and full of laughter, and she had learned a little of our tongue." [*Yes. That was a very great shame, Sahib. She was the child of us all. We exacted a payment, but she was slain—slain like a calf for no fault. A black shame! . . . We will write about other matters.*]

"As to cultivation, there are no words for its excellence or for the industry of the cultivators. They esteem manure most highly. They have no need to burn cow dung for fuel. There is abundance of charcoal. Thus, not irrigating or burning dung for fuel, their wealth increases of itself. They build their houses from ancient times round about mountainous dung heaps, upon which they throw all things in season. It is a possession from father to son, and increase comes forth. Owing to the number of army horses in certain places there arises very much horse dung. When it is excessive the officers cause a little straw to be lit near the heaps. The French and the Phlahamahnds, seeing the smoke, assemble with carts, crying: 'What waste is this?' The officers reply: 'None will carry away this dung. Therefore, we burn it.' All the cultivators then entreat for leave to carry it away in their carts, be it only as much as two dogs can draw. By this device horse lines are cleaned.

"Listen to one little thing: The women and the girls cultivate as well as the men in all respects." [*That is a true tale, Sahib.* We *know—but my brother knows nothing except the road to market.*] "They plow with two and four horses as great as hills. The women of Franceville also keep the accounts and the bills. They make one price for everything. No second price is to be obtained by *any* talking. They cannot be cheated over the value of one grain. Yet of their own will they are generous beyond belief. When we came back from our work in the trenches they arise at any hour and make us warm drinks of hot coffee and milk and bread and butter. May God reward these ladies a thousand times for their kindness! But do not throw everything upon God. I desire you will get me in Amritsar City a carpet, at the shop of Davee Sahai and Chumba Mall—one yard in width and one yard and a half in length, of good color and quality to the value of forty rupees. The shop must send it with all charges paid, to the address which I have had written in English character on the edge of this paper. She is the lady of the house in which I was billeted in a village for three months. Though she was advanced in years and belonged to a high family, yet in the whole of those three months I never saw this old lady sit idle. Her three sons had gone to the war. One had been killed; one was in hospital; and a third, at that time, was in the trenches. She did not weep or wail at the death or the sickness, but accepted the dispensation. During the time I was in her house she ministered to me to such an extent that I cannot adequately describe her kindness. Of her own free will she washed my clothes, arranged my bed, and polished my boots daily for three months. She washed down my bedroom daily with hot water, having herself heated it. Each morning she prepared me a tray with bread, butter, milk and coffee. When we had to leave that village that old lady wept on my shoulder. It is strange that I had never seen her weep for her dead son, but she wept for me. Moreover, at parting she would have had me take a *fi-farang* note for expenses on the road." [*What a woman! What a woman! I had never believed such women existed in this black age.*]

I Had Never Believed Such Women Existed in This Black Age

"If there be any doubt of the quality or the color of the carpet ask for an audience of the Doctor Linley Sahib, if he is still in Amritsar. He knows carpets. Tell him all I have written concerning this old lady—may God keep her and her remaining household!—and he will advise. I do not know the Doctor Sahib, but he will overlook it in wartime. If the carpet is even fifty rupees, I can securely pay out of the monies which our lands owe me. She is an old lady. It must be soft to her feet, and not inclined to slide upon the wooden floor. She is well-born and educated." [*And now we will begin to enlighten him and the elders!*]

"We must cause our children to be educated in the future. That is the opinion of all the Regiment, for by education even women accomplish marvels, like the women of Franceville. Get the boys and girls taught to read and write well. Here teaching is by Government order. The men go to the war daily. It is the women who do all the work at home, having been well taught in their childhood. We have yoked only one buffalo to the plow up till now. It is now time to yoke up the milch buffaloes. Tell the village elders this and exercise influence." [*Write that down very strongly, Sahib. We who have seen Franceville* all *know it is true.*]

"But as to cultivation: The methods in Franceville are good. All tools are of iron. They do not break. A man keeps the tools he needs for his work and his repairs in his house under his own hand. He has not to go back to the village a mile away if anything breaks. We never thought, as these people do, that all repairs to tools and plows can be done on the very spot. All that is needed when a strap breaks is that each plowman should have an awl and a leather cutter to stitch the leather. How is it with us in our country? If leather breaks we farmers say that leather is unclean, and we go back from the fields into the village to the village cobbler that he may mend it. Unclean? Do not we handle that same thing with the leather on it after it has been repaired? Do we not even drink water all day with the very hand that has sweated into the leather? Meantime we have surely lost an hour or two in coming and going from the fields." [*He will understand* that. *He chatters like a monkey when the men waste time. But the village cobbler will be very angry with me!*] "The people of Franceville are astonished to learn that all our land is full of dogs which do no work—not even to keep the cattle out of the tilled fields. Among the French, both men and women and little children occupy themselves with work at all times on the land. The children wear no jewelry, but they are more beautiful than I can say. It is a country where the women are not veiled. Their marriage is at their own choice, and takes place between their twentieth and twenty-fifth year. They seldom quarrel or shout out. They do not pilfer from each other. They do not tell lies at all. When calamity overtakes them there is no ceremonial of grief, such as tearing the hair or the like. They swallow it down and endure silently. Doubtless, this is the fruit of learning in youth."

(Concluded on Page 101)

'Twixt the Bluff and the Sound

Father Knickerbocker's Pet Angoras—the Middle Classes

Fortified for an Arduous Business Day, He Thrusts On His Hat, Backs Into His Overcoat, and Hurries Round the Corner to Catch the Subway

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

OFFHAND I can think of but two things that are too big and too self-satisfied to have what is called local pride—Greater New York City and the Chinese Empire. Barnum's Fat Lady was the largest of her kind; but, doubtless, beneath those billowy surfaces of those cellular eccentricities of hers she was just as tender, just as sensitive to criticism as any of her less intensively upholstered sistren. Chicago is a very large city, as cities go—and, take it from Chicago, she does go; but if you labor under the mistaken belief that Chicago is lacking in a proper appreciation of herself, just dare—that's all—to cast aspersions upon her in a mixed assemblage of her loyal sons and daughters. Then shall you see a great light. Indeed, you may still be seeing prismatic flashes of the various primary colors all the way to the hospital.

Vast and Complacent

NEW YORK, though, is like China—so vast and, in the knowledge of her vastness, so complacent over it she doesn't worry a whit what resident or stranger may say about her in the way of approval or of condemnation. If it be praise, all well enough; if it be dispraise, New York either accepts it for the truth, at the same time not caring a hang whether it be the truth, or else passes it by as proof that the critic does not appreciate the best thing in the world when he runs into it, or, as most generally happens, when he is run into by it.

So, therefore, the writer of these papers is perfectly safe in aiming such disparaging remarks as may occur to him at the city wherein he has mainly abided for the past twelve years. If he approximates the facts none among his fellow citizens will particularly care. If, failing to approximate them, he overexaggerates this fault or underestimates that virtue, still, he need have no fear. It is not probable that he will have his nose punched or be held up editorially to scorn. He'll be quite safe—just as safe as though he had complained of the unseemly depth of the Pacific Ocean or cavilled at the prevalent untidiness that is characteristic of certain sections of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Cities—even more so than nations—are merely the coagulated results of individuals having collected into groups; and the houses in them are but the secretions thrown off and piled up by the conglomerate mass, just as the coral reef is incrustated proof to the geologist that a large number of coral insects have been colonized together, and working together somewhere beneath the tides, for an appreciable period of time. An architect studying a town mostly sees its buildings, I presume; a civil engineer sees streets and lanes and alleys, and the like; an artist sees groupings of objects; a book agent sees prospects; a confidence man sees suckers; and a philosopher sees abstract causes reflected in concrete effects. But if you hanker to see the real essence of that city, its real vital organism, you must look at its people; because without its people it would cease to be a city and become a desert more desolate and more drear than Sahara; because then it would have, to enhance its aching desolation, what Sahara never had—dead memories of human occupancy.

Accordingly it is my humble and well-meaning intention to look for a spell at the people of New York, in order to arrive thereby at a few conclusions, all of which will be purely personal and many of which will no doubt be quite wrong; and, by way of beginning, shall start not with the Upper Crust, who are the very rich, nor yet with the Lowermost Crust, who are the very poor; but, going to the very center of things, shall first consider briefly those who make up the meaty intermediate slice of the vast communal sandwich—in other words, the Middle Classes, so called. I shall endeavor to speak of the Middle Classes sympathetically, because they certainly do need the sympathy of anyone who has any of that somewhat rare commodity to spare. As is the case elsewhere, the Middle Classes are very numerous among the dwellers of Manhattan; they contribute more heavily than any to make it what it is, and by the same token get the least out of it for their efforts and for the money they expend.

The Juvenile Department

SOMEONE—whose name for the moment escapes me, if indeed I ever knew it—said once upon a time that the child is father to the man. This being conceded, it is as well for our purposes to lead off with a few happily brief remarks concerning the romper-and-pinafore stage of the children of the Middle Classes. Under this subheading of The Juvenile Department I choose for my divisional text a little screed written by an exceedingly observant woman—and, I dare say, a young woman—signing herself simply Alice, which, on the day before I sat down to write this article, I found in a column devoted to volunteer contributions and original comment upon passing events in one of the New York dailies. This young lady—Alice, for short—spoke in part, most sapiently, as follows:

Riverside Drive is crowded every day with mothers sacrificing their lives to their children. They sit about with lackluster eyes and seem in a semicomatose condition, which may or may not indicate maternal devotion. The Big Duty consists in keeping the children within a twenty-foot circle. Inside that limit the offspring are comparatively free. They may feast on gravel, poke sticks in their eyes or in each other's eyes. But just let a venturesome spirit set foot beyond the space marked out for him! Mother or nursemaid, whichever feels the more consecrational, shrieks, runs, yanks back the youngster, and deposits him—with a bump—on the bench selected as headquarters. You can go the whole length of the Drive and never hear a fairy tale in the telling or a storybook

being read. You will never see a group of babies, deliciously grave, "playing lady" with their dolls. . . . One roller-skates, but has never heard of Picket, Hide and Seek, Yards, Chalk the Rabbit, Duck on Rock. The little ones never learn the delights of Farmer in the Dell, or Skiptomaloo. Worst of all, the children walk! It was not until I was a Freshman, and sixteen, that I learned to walk. We ran—or skipped—or trotted. We took off our gloves, and we carried our hats by the rubber; and we scurried through the dead leaves in the fall, mad with the joy of living. . . .

All of which is very depressing. Also, it is absolutely trustworthy evidence in support of the broad contention that New York starts cheating a goodly number of its tribe before the members of the tribe are well out of the cradle and the swaddling tapes. You see, that attenuated strip of the borough park system called Riverside Drive is particularly the airing space and exercise ground of the children of the Middle Classes of Manhattan Island. For the children of the rich, exclusive playplaces are provided—that is, conceding that the children of the very rich are really encouraged to play.

To the east and the northeast, to the south, the southeast and the farther southwest, the children of the tenements, having no false social conventions to hamper them, disport their small selves in the streets at the imminent and delicious risk of their lives; and in the noise and turmoil and danger of those streets they develop those strident, harsh voices which, if they survive disaster and disease, they carry with them all their days as the heritage and the hallmark of their breed.

Playgrounds Between Docks and Tanks

I HAVE never heard tenement children who talked at their sports; sometimes they shout, but mainly they shriek; and the very young ones usually wail in distressingly loud accents—all of which possibly helps to explain why, when they have grown up, their conversational tones continue to reflect the grind of heavy wheels upon the cobbles and the metallic groan of the brake shoe of the Elevated train against the rails. But at least they do play weird, contentious, quarreling games together; and, so doing, seem almost as happy sometimes as though they had green things and growing things about them, instead of being cased up by brick and mortar and iron and asphalt. But Riverside Drive is unique in a way: It remains the especial resort of the offspring of the inhabitants of those towering martin boxes of apartment houses which fence the vista in on the right-hand or inland side as you progress northward up the Drive, and which, in a less imposing but seemingly unending array of monotony, line almost every cross street, stretching eastward, from Seventy-second Street, where the Drive begins, to Dyckman Street, where it ends.

To Riverside Drive, therefore, in fair weathers, repair the progeny of this quarter million or so of Greater New York's six millions; and there, carefully shepherded by mothers or nursemaids, they have their little hour or two a day of out-of-door playtime. Left to themselves, they would play together as the children of the very poor do, or as the children of the very rich under certain circumstances may be permitted to do, for all I know to the contrary. Birds of a feather flock together, we are told; and children, being just as elemental and primitive, and just as truly democratic in their gregarious instinct as the birds are, would flock together, too, if they had the chance; but this, generally speaking, is denied them. The warders at all cost avoid miscellaneous company for their small charges; even at the toddler age the youngsters must not be permitted to associate—that is the word which actually is used, I believe—with the children of persons who are to the nurses and parents unknown.

And how is anybody going to know anybody else in a community of several million total strangers? So, most often, a forlorn little bird has to flock by itself. It is almost as though each such separate youngster were chained by the leg to a peg and restricted to movement only in the orbit of its invisible tether. The pathetic result is—as pointed out by the observant Miss Alice, whose words I already have taken the liberty of quoting—lonely babies, making poor pretense of trying to amuse themselves by their own devices, which, I might add, is something adults have never succeeded in doing with any very high percentage of success.

Along Riverside Drive man has gone to some pains and great expense to better the works of Nature; this has been disastrous to Nature without perceptibly increasing man's efficiency average. The smaller denizens of the place, who are not qualified to appreciate the beauties of stone parapets or far-flung causeways, with dirty freight docks on one side of them and towering gas tanks on the other, are the chief sufferers by reason of these operations. One way they are hedged in by steep bluffs, at the foot of which railroad tracks run, preëmpting the strip of shore between bankside and water edge; the other way by the winding roadway. Very properly the roadway is not for straying and careless little feet; along it flow opposing streams of pounding, puffing, gas-driven monsters, making the crossing at points where no policemen stand guard a life-and-death matter for grown-ups.

Nor may they dig in the soft, inviting loam of the bridle path, which under normal circumstances is exactly what they would do, because the bridle path is expressly reserved and set apart for equestrians. These latter at intervals go bobbing solemnly by, riding English fashion, which, I take it, was devised by a Britisher of nervous temperament who was not satisfied to travel forward in a given direction, but craved to travel up and down at the same time; and also, while so engaged, to tamp a saddle with the base of his spine, possibly on the theory that a constant succession of violent shocks should agreeably stimulate the British brain.

That gracious scheme of existence which gave the fox a hole to den in, and the flocks of the air a perch for their feet, likewise ordained it that all young animals should enjoy healthy communion with the basic forces of Nature—with the earth and with the things which grow on the earth; so, if man had not seen his way clear to improving on Providence, the children of Riverside Drive might have trees to climb up in and to fall out of again; might have flowers to pluck and grass to roll upon. There are numerous trees along the Drive, but they may not be climbed, on peril of the law; and some of them will come down if the New York Central has its way and is permitted to take more of the precious water front than it already owns.

And there are flowers; but, of course, they may not be plucked, else very soon there would be no flowers. As for the grass, much of the lawn space is fenced off and marked with trespass signs; so that mainly the steps of the visitor, be he large or small, are restricted to cement paths and graveled walkways. For birds, there are chiefly the frowzy sparrows; and for the hum of bees, there is, instead, the hum of the motor; and the cinder from the passing freight locomotive gets into the wide-opened eye of childhood and makes trouble.

Smelts From the Smelter

EVEN upon the fresh air, upon which babykins are supposed to thrive, there are infringements. The adjacent Jersey shore is dotted with factories; and these factories, if one may judge by the testimony of one's nose, are principally engaged in manufacturing poison gases for the export trade, but are very generous about distributing free samples for home consumption. There must be an awful lot of waste in a chemical plant, due to the clabbering of the raw material and its escape from captivity in a soured form.

In one place across the way there is a smelting works, where they turn out smelts. You probably know that aroma, which is peculiar to a smelt that has been out of its native element too long for its own good. Under such conditions a smelt can be no pleasure to itself, and it loses its popularity in a social way. There is another establishment over there for the curing of polecat pelts, I think; but the treatment cannot be an unqualified success—the percentage of relapses among the patients must be very high; in fact, I know it to be very high.

However, for further particulars the reader is invited to take a stroll along Riverside Drive some pleasant afternoon when the breeze is blowing out of the west. If he is especially favored by circumstances he may make the

Even at the Toddler Age the Youngsters Must Not be Permitted to Associate With the Children of Persons Who are to the Nurses and Parents Unknown

All Through April or All Through September, as the Case May be, the Woman of the House Goes Flat Hunting

excursion on a day when the railroad company has shunted a trainload of beeves or swine on a siding under the hill, below a stretch of landscape gardening that cost two or three million dollars to produce, and has left it there to ripen in the sunshine. In such event the visitor should be able to carry away with him enough smells, and enough different kinds of smells, to last an ordinarily prudent and careful person for five or six years anyhow. The resident along the Drive gets this bouquet of stenches as a part of his regular metropolitan diet. He should be mighty grateful for it too. It is almost the only thing he does get without being taxed for it.

The fathers and the mothers of the children we have been talking about usually live in the immediate vicinity of the Drive, or within a short walk of it. Let us consider the typical father of the typical child; and, furthermore, let us assume, for the sake of the argument, that he is one whose income ranges between three thousand dollars a year and five thousand; or, split the difference and make it four thousand dollars, even. That would put him in the same group with the highly paid clerical men, the small-fry professional men, and the men holding the lesser managerial and executive jobs.

What Father's Salary Pays For

NOW then, in exchange for his time, his best endeavors, his energy and his honesty, New York gives him, we say, four thousand dollars a year, or just a trifle under eleven dollars a day, including week days, holidays, Sundays and Holy Days in Lent. Let us see what else she gives him. It shouldn't take us so very long. If we started out to tell what she did not give him, that would be a different story.

Bear in mind, please, as we go along, that the standards of living in Manhattan differ from those pitched on a relatively corresponding scale in any other American city, big, little or medium-sized, and that the living itself costs the average consumer more than it costs anywhere else in this country. So, at the beginning, we must scale down the purchasing power of our subject's four thousand dollars a year to its proper Manhattanese dimensions.

In Philadelphia that income would mean he could have a house of his own to live in. Either he would be renting it or possibly he might be buying it on the installment plan; and, though Philadelphia covers a great deal of ground, he would be within reasonable distance by trolley of his place of business. In Boston or in Baltimore or in Buffalo it would mean that on his Sundays, without being terribly crowded and most grievously jostled en route, he could get his babies to the country, or at least to a suburban park, where they might have a breath of real fresh air. In Peoria it would mean that he might have a small automobile of his own, if he drove it himself.

In Pueblo or Mobile it would mean that he could live decently, give his children a fair education, and by the exercise of a sane economy—not parsimony, but economy—put by something against the coming of the rainy day, which all prudent men fear. In almost any community of twenty thousand population he would be rated, in the eyes of a majority of his fellow citizens, as a fairly affluent person—one whose means justified him in buying and enjoying the creature comforts of life and a few things hardly to be classed among the actual necessities. Given a little leisure time, he could be an influential citizen—indeed, a prominent one; could serve on the school board or the common council; could become mayor.

But in Manhattan his state is a vastly different one from any of these. In Manhattan he is as the peppercorn ground between an upper and a nether millstone. Above him, miles and miles above if we measure miles by money, are the very rich, who through their wealth are enabled to live in circumstances of the most acutely distracting and uncomfortable luxury that this world has ever known. Below him, in turn, come the artisan who earns a living with his hands, the mechanic, the small clerk, and the small shopkeeper—these comprising the groups that mostly people the respectable tenement-house districts; still farther down are the very poor, those who dwell in the so-called slum quarters, persons for whom organized charity does much and the district leader does more.

For the betterment of these last-named, much time and many dollars are spent in philanthropy, organized and unorganized. For them settlement houses are built and relief societies are created; for them ice funds and coal funds, and fresh-air funds to send their babies to the country in the summertime are established; for them a thoughtful municipality puts up recreation piers and public playgrounds and free bathhouses; and finally, for them all sorts and varieties of organizations are maintained by volunteer contributions, and very generously maintained, too, since New York, beneath its highly shellacked surface, is as ready to give as is any community on earth—and perhaps readier than most communities are.

But for the Middle Class man nobody ever thinks of doing anything except to gouge him. Moreover, being what he is, he is expected to live in a certain style; here I am quoting the current phrase. I do not know who it is that expects him to live in a certain style, unless it be himself and his wife, and a select few of his few acquaintances. Certainly nobody else cares a hoarse hoot about him, one way or the other; but this is the language most commonly used to express his viewpoint in this regard, and for that reason I have quoted it. To say he is expected to live in a certain style, and does live in it, is merely another way of saying this: That, representing as he does the group which is neither at the very top nor anywhere near the top, socially and economically speaking, nor yet at the very bottom nor anywhere near the bottom, of the human heap, he pays for the series of slightly overgrown filing cabinets that he calls his home, twice or three times, or even four times, as much as he would have to pay for more commodious accommodations in almost any American city.

In other words, under a leasing law where the landlord has much the better part of the contract, he pays out a fifth or a quarter of his gross total income for the item of rent alone. A great many New York families, in what would elsewhere be moderate circumstances, make up their domestic budgets on the basis of one-fourth for rent and the remaining three-fourths for everything else, from operas to operations, and from canned goods to summer vacations, inclusive.

Mister Middle Classer resides in what is generally referred to as a "swell" apartment house. The trouble with this edifice is that it does all its swelling on the ground floor and all its constricting up above, where he and his fellow tenants abide. There must be much of tinsel and pinchbeck showiness in the entrance hall—that, by the standards of the central and upper West Side districts, is absolutely essential; great stress is put upon it by the renting agent. Curiously enough, this view is shared with him by prospective customers. In the estimation of both, gorgeousness below, where no one lives, amply atones for meagerness of space and discomfort of conditions above, where everybody lives. It is as though a man was willing to eat a dubious egg, which be bought at a fancy price, because the shell of the egg had been dipped in Easter dyes.

Trading-Stamp Magnificence

THERE must be authentic marble columns in the entryway; or, if not these, at least imitation marble columns, which are likely to be only slightly less homely than the real article; and there must be a gilded grillework over the door—without the grillework no door is complete; and there must be a tessellated floor and a genuine Bokhara—New Jersey—rug partly hiding the floor; and there must be ornate flutings round the elevator cage, and a resident population of negro hall boys and attendants in drum-majors' uniforms. For these posts it is customary to choose West Indian negroes, because by instinct, breeding and inclination they are infinitely more insolent, as a class, than our native-born negroes could ever hope to be, however hard the latter might try.

So much for the trading-stamp magnificences of the ground floor; now for the upper domain, to which Mister Middle Classer repairs for his hours at home: Having been projected upward at great speed for five or six or eight or ten floors, as the case may be, he is ejected from the elevator car into a long bleak cross-hall, where, round mealtimes, the aroma of the boiling cabbage mingles with the perfume of the frying onion. When an apartment-house smell has no other place to go it finds its way to the public hallway, and there it spends its declining hours—holding the fort, as it were—until a fresher and more vigorous smell seeps in from somewhere to succeed it.

Traversing the hall, the tenant opens a fireproof metal door, which is painted to simulate wood, but which would never deceive anyone who ever saw any wood, and

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Rising Betimes, He Eats Rapidly, Because That is Good for His Dyspepsia

YOUR WAR TAXES

By WILL PAYNE

THE new revenue bills have not taken final shape at this writing, but the announced intention is to raise about three billion dollars for the Federal Government by taxation in the ensuing fiscal year. This would be four times the amount of federal revenue raised by taxation in 1915. It would be the biggest tax bill ever presented to any nation. It would be the greatest jump in taxation on record.

Paying a part of the cost of war out of current income, instead of handing it on to helpless and unappreciative future generations by bond issues, is sound policy. By that policy, as Gladstone long ago pointed out, the burden may be placed on those best able to bear it, instead of upon those least able; and some of the price inflation that always accompanies great credit operations can be avoided.

Nor is there the least doubt of the country's ability to pay the bill.

In 1865–66 the Northern States, with hardly a tenth of the present wealth and income of the nation, produced over five hundred million dollars of revenue for the Federal Government, with no check upon their productive capacity and no stunting of their economic future.

In the fiscal year that ended with March, England raised two billion dollars and a half of revenue for the central government, with no check to production. This is about one-fifth of the total estimated income of all the people of the United Kingdom. That income is probably not over one-third of the aggregate income of the United States. A like ratio applied here would yield seven billion dollars and a half, or something like two and a half times what Washington now proposes.

There is no question of ability or willingness; but when the bill assumes such proportions the manner of levying taxes involves questions of decided importance to every citizen, rich or poor, no matter where he lives or what his occupation and situation are—questions that may affect the well-being of the farmer, wage-earner, retail merchant and professional man in Iowa and Texas right along with that of the Wall Street magnate.

Of course the new taxes are especially for the war, and so are labeled temporary. But all modern experience shows that when taxation is increased for any purpose a considerable part of the increase continues. In 1860 the revenue of the Federal Government was fifty-six million dollars, which was about normal for that time. Five years after the close of the Civil War the federal tax bill was three hundred and seventy-five million dollars, or nearly seven times what it had been before the war. The Spanish-American War brought an increase of more than a hundred million dollars, and there was no decrease after the war.

Emergency Measures

THE great undertaking upon which the Federal Government embarked in April will certainly bring a big permanent increase in its functions and expenditures. Taxation will never again return to the level of 1916. New revenue sources that are tapped for this emergency will continue to flow; and, once the Government has adopted a fiscal policy, the temptation to stick to it is obvious. So the policy adopted now promises to be a matter of enduring importance.

It must always be remembered that after meeting the needs of the Federal Government there is a big additional bill for state and local government. The cost of state and city government has been rising rapidly of late years. Already both states and cities are undertaking some additional expenditures on account of the war. That item will probably increase while war lasts; and, as with the Federal Government, part of the increase will prove permanent.

Including the cost of state and local government, the total tax bill of the United States in the ensuing fiscal year will probably reach five billion dollars. That is not very far short of the gross value of all the crops of every sort produced on farms in the bumper year 1915. It is more than half of the total wealth produced by all manufacturing in 1914. It is probably about one-eighth of the total wealth produced by the exertions of all the people in the country last year—that is, the sum that went to the tax collector would be equal to twelve dollars out of every hundred dollars of income, no matter where or how derived, or by whom.

The method of taking the twelve dollars is clearly important. The Federal Government proposes to take a large part of its share by direct taxation. After the repeal of the Civil War income tax, and up to 1909, the Federal Government was supported almost wholly by indirect taxes. Customs duties levied on imported goods and internal revenue taxes on liquor and tobacco paid the great part of the bill. It may be noted in passing that these internal revenue taxes were a Civil War "emergency" device; yet they have continued in full force down to this day.

Formerly indirect taxes were excessively popular among statesmen. Bismarck, for example, warmly supported them. He contended that they were highly conducive to domestic tranquillity, for, so long as nobody knew how much taxes he paid, or was aware of paying them at all, nobody would complain; also, that they were essentially just, for if a man did not wish to pay the tax he could avoid it by simply abstaining from use of the article that carried the tax.

This latter argument does apply with real force to our internal revenue taxes upon liquor and tobacco. The price of those articles is enhanced by the amount of the tax. By simply abstaining from liquor and tobacco a man avoids paying the tax. But indirect taxes have commonly been levied pretty largely upon necessaries of life. They have been a tax upon ordinary consumption, which nobody could avoid; so they have fallen hardest upon those least able to bear them. As a man with wife and children consumed more than a single man with the same income, he paid more taxes, where, in fact, he should have paid less, because his ability to pay was smaller.

The present shift from indirect to direct taxation is part of the big modern democratic movement. The growth of democracy, in fact, is pretty accurately registered in the following figures: In 1841 only twenty-seven per cent of the revenue of the British Government was derived from direct taxes, and seventy-three per cent from indirect taxes. In 1841 forty per cent of the revenue was derived from direct taxes; in 1901, fifty per cent; and this year, seventy-two per cent.

This means roughly that in the fore part of the last century, when England was virtually governed by her aristocracy and commercial class, the mass of the people, who had little effectual share in the government, paid about three-quarters of the taxes; for those taxes were levied upon consumption, by the indirect method.

That is an age-long story, as philosophical students of taxation have pointed out. Broadly speaking, one of the first objects of the people in control of a government has been to shift the taxes on somebody else. The resolute refusal of the French aristocracy to bear a share of the expense of the state was a cardinal fact in bringing on the French Revolution. The British aristocracy and its commercial allies, being in control of the government, let the common people pay most of the taxes.

But, with the steadily increasing power of democracy, the shoe is now on the other foot. In this last fiscal year England raised almost a billion dollars by direct income tax, and over five hundred million by the "excess profits" or "war profits" tax, which fell mostly upon the same set of citizens, who also paid most of the "death duties," or inheritance taxes. A Chancellor of the Exchequer has estimated that they pay about one-fifth of the indirect taxes; so that, altogether, about seventy-five per cent of the government's revenue is derived from those who pay income tax.

No Motive for Economy

THE number of income-taxpayers is a little over one million; and at the usual assumption of four and a half persons to the family they represent about one-ninth of the population—that is, one-ninth of the population pays seventy-five per cent of the cost of government, while the other eight-ninths mostly run the government.

Naturally Englishmen of the income-tax class have raised the objection that this is only the bad old eighteenth-century arrangement the other way round. Formerly the few ran the government while the many paid the taxes; now the many run the government while the few pay the taxes. And in either case the persons running the government have no particular motive to run it economically, because in any event somebody else pays the bills.

Nearly a hundred and fifty years ago Adam Smith laid down the fundamental principle of just taxation: "The subjects of every state ought to contribute toward the support of the government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities—that is, in proportion to the revenues which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the state."

That is now the accepted principle here and in England. The most effectual way of levying taxes, according to the subject's ability, is by the direct method. It is authoritatively announced at Washington that no attempt will be made to get an important increase in revenue through general tariff revision. Direct taxation will be the main reliance; and that means, first of all, income tax.

England, where an income tax had been successfully applied for half a century—where, indeed, it had been resorted to during the Napoleonic wars—was the particular example this country had in mind when it adopted that form of taxation. But a very important difference between the British and the American income tax, as the latter is now applied, ought to be understood.

The British income tax falls upon about one-ninth of the total population, which fraction, as noted above, pays about three-quarters of the total tax bill for the general government. But, whereas the British income tax is paid by something over a million people, the American tax last year

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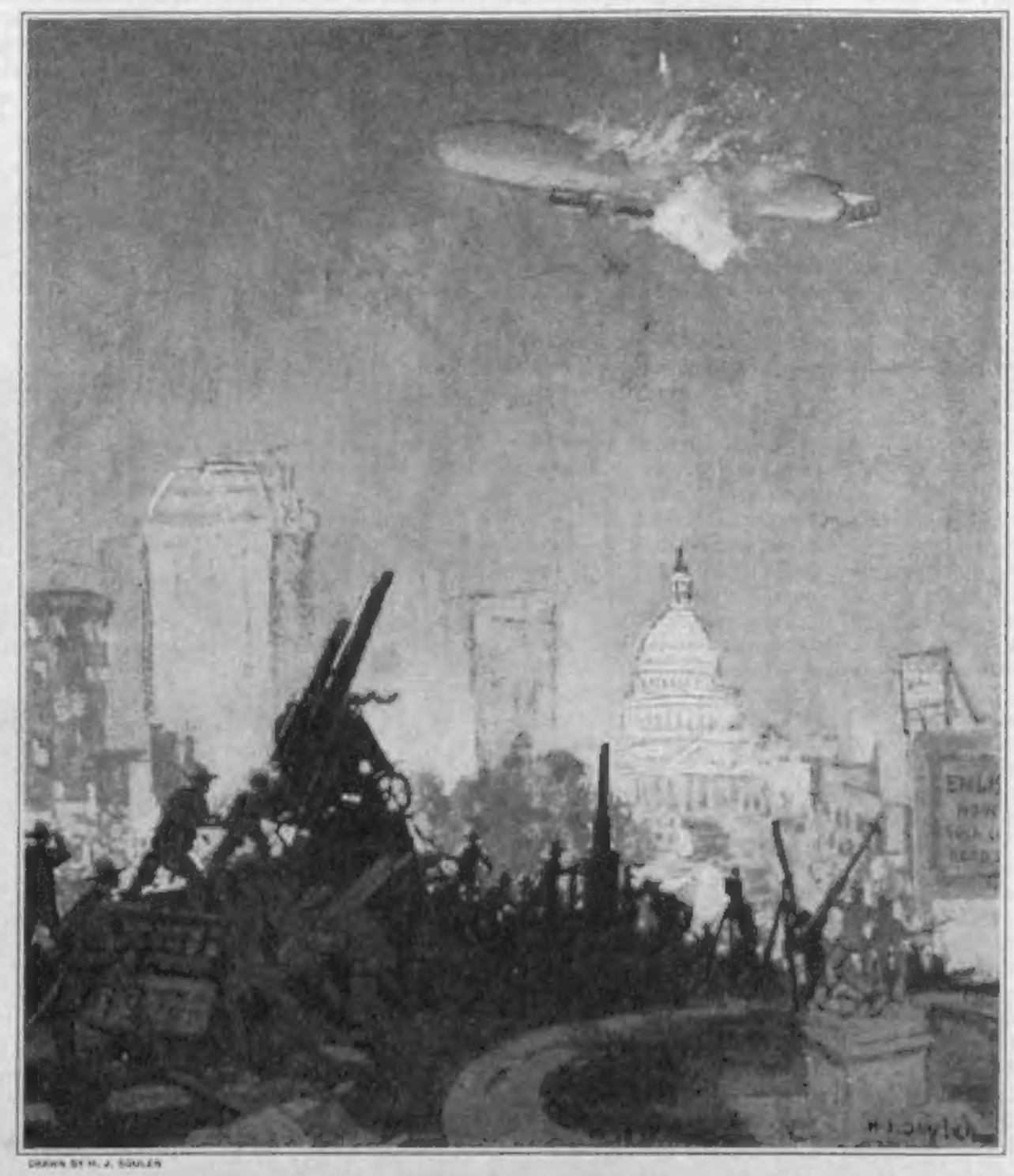


TUBAL CAIN

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Hulings Cursed Him in a Stammering Rage, Before Which the Other Was Shocked and Dumb

ALEXANDER Hulings sat at the dingy, green-baize-covered table, with one slight knee hung loosely over the other, and his tenuous fingers lightly gripping the time-polished wooden arms of a hickory chair. He was staring somberly, with an immobile, thin, dark countenance, at the white plaster wall before him. Close by his right shoulder a window opened on a tranquil street, where the vermilion maple buds were splitting; and beyond the window a door was ajar on a plank sidewalk. Some shelves held crumbling yellow calf-bound volumes, a few new, with glazed black labels; at the back was a small cannon stove, with an elbow of pipe let into the plaster; a large steel engraving of Chief Justice Marshall hung on the wall; and in a farther corner a careless pile of papers, folded in dockets or tied with casual string, was collecting a gray film of neglect. A small banjo clock, with a brass-railed pediment and an elongated picture in color of the Exchange at Manchester, traced the regular, monotonous passage of minutes into hour.

The hour extended, doubled; but Alexander Hulings barely shifted a knee, a hand. At times a slight convulsive shudder passed through his shoulders, but it didn't affect his position or the concentrated gloom. Occasionally he swallowed dryly; his grip momentarily tightened on the chair, but his gaze was level. The afternoon waned; a sweet breath of flowering magnolia drifted in at the door; the light grew tender; and footfalls without sounded far away. Suddenly Hulings moved; his chair scraped harshly over the bare floor and he strode abruptly outside, where he stood facing a small tin sign nailed by the door. It read:

ALEXANDER HULINGS
COUNSELOR AT LAW

With a violent gesture, unpremeditated even by himself, he forced his hand under an edge of the sign and ripped it from its place. Then he went back and flung it bitterly, with a crumpling impact, away from him, and resumed his place at the table.

It was the end of that! He had practiced law seven, nine, years, detesting its circuitous trivialities, uniformly failing to establish a professional success, without realizing his utter legal unfitness. Before him on a scrap of paper were the figures of his past year's activities. He had made something over nine hundred dollars. And he was thirty-four years old! Those facts, seen together, dinned failure in his brain. There were absolutely no indications of a brighter future. Two other actualities added to the gloom of his thoughts—one was Hallie Flower, that would have to be encountered at once, this evening; and the other was his health.

He was reluctant to admit any question of the latter; he had the feeling, almost a superstition, that such an admission increased whatever, if anything, was the matter with him. It was vague, but increasingly disturbing; he had described it with difficulty to Doctor Veneada, his only intimate among the Eastlake men, as a sensation like that a fiddlestring might experience when tightened remorselessly by a blundering hand.

"At any minute," he had said, "the damned thing must go!"

Veneada had frowned out of his whiskers.

"What you need," the doctor had decided, "is a complete change. You are strung up. Go away; forget the law for two or three months. The 'Mineral' is the place for you."

Alexander Hulings couldn't afford a month or more at the Mineral Spring; and he had said so with the sharpness that was one of the disturbing symptoms of his condition. He had had several letters, though, throughout a number of years, from James Claypole, a cousin of his mother, asking him out to Tubal Cain, the iron forge which barely kept Claypole alive; and he might manage that—if it was not for Hallie Flower. There the conversation had come to an inevitable conclusion.

Now, in a flurry of violence that was, nevertheless, the expression of complete purpose, he had ended his practice, his only livelihood; and that would—must—end Hallie.

He had been engaged to her from the day when, together, they had with a pretense of formality opened his office in Eastlake. He had determined not to marry until he made a thousand dollars in a year; and, as year after year slipped by without his achieving that amount, their engagement had come to resemble the unemotional contact of a union without sex. Lately Hallie had seemed almost content with duties in her parental home and the three evenings weekly that Alexander spent with her in the formal propriety of a front room.

His own feelings defied analysis; but it seemed to him that, frankly surveyed, even his love for Hallie Flower had been swallowed up in the tide of irritability rising about him. He felt no active sorrow at the knowledge that he was about to relinquish all claim upon her; his pride stirred resentfully; the evening promised to be uncomfortable—but that was all.

The room swam about him in a manner that had grown hatefully familiar; he swayed in his chair; and his hands were first numb with cold and then wet by perspiration. A sinking fear fastened on him, an inchoate dread that he fought bitterly. It wasn't death that Alexander Hulings shuddered from, but a crawling sensation that turned his knees to dust. He was a slight man, but as rigidly erect, with narrow shoulders and close-swinging arms, as an iron bar; his mentality was like that too; and he particularly detested the variety of nerves that had settled on him.

A form blocked the doorway, accentuating the dusk that had swiftly gathered in the office, and Veneada entered. His neckcloth was, as always, carelessly folded, and his collar hid in rolls of fat; a cloak was thrown back from a wide girth and he wore an incongruous pair of buff linen trousers.

"What's this? Mooning in the dark?" he demanded. "Thought you hadn't locked the office door. Come out; fill your lungs with the spring and your stomach with supper."

Without reply, Alexander Hulings followed the other into the street.

"I am going to Hallie's," he said in response to Veneada's unspoken query.

Suddenly he felt that he must conclude everything at once and get away; where and from what he didn't know. It was not his evening to see Hallie and she would be surprised when he came up on the step. The Flowers had supper at five; it would be over now, and Hallie finished with the dishes and free. Alexander briefly told Veneada his double decision.

"In a way," the other said, "I'm glad. You must get away for a little anyway; and you are accomplishing nothing here in Eastlake. You are a rotten lawyer, Alexander; any other man would have quit long ago; but your infernal stubbornness held you to it. You are not a small-town man. You see life in a different, a wider way. And if you could only come on something where your pigheadedness counted there's no saying where you'd reach. I'm sorry for Hallie; she's a nice woman, and you could get along well enough on nine hundred ——"

"I said I'd never marry until I made a thousand in a year," Hulings broke in, exasperated.

"Good heavens! Don't I know that?" Veneada replied. "And you won't, you—you mule! I guess I've suffered enough from your confounded character to know what it means when you say a thing. And I think you're right about this. Go up to that fellow Claypole and show him what brittle stuff iron is compared to yourself. Seriously, Alex, get out and work like the devil at a heavy job; go to bed with your back ruined and your hands raw. You know I'll miss you—means a lot to me, best friend."

A deep embarrassment was visible on Veneada; it was communicated to Alexander Hulings, and he was relieved when they drew opposite the Flowers' dwelling.

It was a narrow, high, brick structure, with a portico cap, supported by cast-iron grilling, and shallow iron-railed balconies on the second story. A gravel path divided a small lawn beyond a gate guarded by two stone greyhounds. Hallie emerged from the house with an expression of mild inquiry at his unexpected appearance. She was a year older than himself, an erect, thin woman, with a pale coloring and unstirred blue eyes.

"Why, Alex," she remarked, "whatever brought you here on a Saturday?" They sat, without further immediate speech, from long habit, in familiar chairs.

He wondered how was he going to tell her? And the question, the difficulty, roused in him an astonishing amount of exasperation. He regarded her almost vindictively, with covertly shut hands. He must get hold of himself. Hallie, to whom he was about to do irreparable harm, the kindest woman in existence! But he realized that whatever feeling he had had for her was gone forever; she had become merged indistinguishably into the thought of Eastlake; and every nerve in him demanded a total separation from the slumberous town that had witnessed his legal failure.

He wasn't, he knew, normal; his intention here was reprehensible, but he was without will to defeat it. Alexander Hulings felt the clumsy hand drawing tighter the string he had pictured himself as being; an overwhelming impulse overtook him to rush away—anywhere, immediately. He said in a rapid blurred voice:

"Hallie, this—our plans are a failure—that is, I am. The law's been no good; I mean, I haven't. Can't get the hang of the—the damned ——"

"Alex!" she interrupted, astonished at the expletive.

"I'm going away," he gabbled on, only half conscious of his words in waves of giddy insecurity. "Yes; for good. . . . I'm no use here! Shot to pieces, somehow. Forgive me. Never get a thousand."

Hallie Flower said in a tone of unpremeditated surprise:

"Then I'll never be married!"

She sat with her hands open in her lap, a wistfulness on her countenance that he found only silly. He cursed himself, his impotence, bitterly. Now he wanted to get away; but there remained an almost more impossible consummation—Hallie's parents. They were old; she was an only child.

"Your father ——" he muttered.

On his feet he swayed like a pendulum. Vise-like fingers gripped at the back of his neck. The hand of death? Incredibly he lived through a stammering, racking period, in the midst of which a cuckoo ejaculated seven idiotic notes from the fretted face of a clock.

He was on the street again; the cruel pressure was relaxed; he drew a deep breath. In his room, a select chamber with a "private" family, he packed and strapped his small leather trunk. There was nowhere among his belongings a suggestion of any souvenir of the past, anything sentimental or charged with memory. A daguerreotype of Hallie Flower, in an embossed black case lined with red plush, he ground into a shapeless fragment. Afterward he was shocked by what he had done and was forced to seek the support of a chair. He clenched his jaw, gazed with stony eyes against the formless dread about him.

He had forgotten that the next day was Sunday, with a corresponding dislocation of the train and packet service which was to take him West. A further wait until Monday was necessary. Alexander Hulings got through that too; and was finally seated with Veneada in his light wagon, behind a clattering pair of young Hambletonians, with the trunk secured in the rear. Veneada was taking him to a station on the Columbus Railroad. Though the morning had hardly advanced, and Hulings had wrapped himself in a heavy cape, the doctor had only a duster, unbuttoned, on his casual clothing.

"You know, Alex," the latter said—"and let me finish before you start to object—that I have more money than I can use. And, though I know you wouldn't just borrow any for cigars, if there ever comes a time when you need a few thousands, if you come on something that looks good for both of us, don't fail to let me know. You'll pull out of this depression; I think you're a great man, Alex—because you are so unpleasant, if for nothing else."

The doctor's weighty hand fell affectionately on Hulings' shoulder.

Hulings involuntarily moved from the other's contact; he wanted to leave all—all of Eastlake. Once away, he was certain, his being would clarify, grow more secure. He even neglected to issue a characteristic abrupt refusal of Veneada's implied offer of assistance; though all that he possessed, now strapped in his wallet, was a small provision for a debilitated man who had cast safety behind him.

"If I'd Known Then I Should Have Put Up a Temple to Jehovah"

The doctor pulled his horses in beside a small, boxlike station, on flat tracks, dominated by a stout pole, to which was nailed a ladderlike succession of cross blocks.

Alexander Hulings was infinitely relieved when the other, after some last professional injunctions, drove away. Already, he thought, he felt better; and he watched, with a faint stirring of normal curiosity, the station master climb the pole and survey the mid-distance for the approaching train.

The engine finally rolled fussily into view, with a lurid, black column of smoke pouring from a thin belled stack, and dragging a rocking, precarious brigade of chariot coaches scrolled in bright yellow and staring blue. It stopped, with a fretful ringing and a grinding impact of coach on coach. Alexander Hulings' trunk was shouldered to a roof; and after an inspection of the close interiors he followed his baggage to an open seat above. The engine gathered momentum; he was jerked rudely forward and blinded by a cloud of smoke streaked with flaring cinders.

There was a faint cry at his back, and he saw a woman clutching a charring hole in her crinoline. The railroad journey was an insuperable torment; the diminishing crash at the stops, either at a station or where cut wood was stacked to fire the engine, the choking hot waves of smoke, the shouted confabulations between the captain and the engineer, forward on his precarious ledge—all added to an excruciating torture of Hulings' racked and shuddering nerves. His rigid body was thrown from side to side; his spine seemed at the point of splintering from the pounding of the unequal rails.

An utter mental dejection weighted down his shattered being; it was not the past but the future that oppressed him. Perhaps he was only going to die miserably in an obscure hole; Veneada probably wouldn't tell him the truth about his condition. What he most resented, with a tenuous spark of his customary obstinate spirit, was the thought of never justifying a belief he possessed in his ultimate power to conquer circumstance, to be greatly successful.

Veneada, a man without flattery, had himself used that word "great" in connection with him.

Alexander Hulings felt dimly, even now, a sense of cold power; a hunger for struggle different from a petty law practice in Eastlake. He thought of the iron that James Claypole unsuccessfully wrought; and something in the word, the implied obdurate material, fired his disintegrating mind. "Iron!" Unconsciously he spoke the word aloud. He was entirely ignorant of what, exactly, it meant; what were the processes of its fluxing and refinement; forge and furnace were hardly separated in his thoughts. But out of the confusion emerged the one concrete stubborn fact—iron!

He was drawn, at last, over a level grassy plain, at the far edge of which evening and clustered houses merged on a silver expanse of river. It was Columbus, where he found the canal packets lying in the terminal-station basin.

II

THE westbound packet, the Hit or Miss, started with a long horn blast and the straining of the mules at the towrope. The canal boat slipped into its placid banked waterway. Supper was being laid in the gentlemen's cabin and Alexander Hulings was unable to secure a berth. The passengers crowded at a single long table; and the low interior, steaming with viands, echoing with clattering china and a ceaseless gabble of voices, confused him intolerably. He made his way to the open space at the rear. The soundless, placid movement at once soothed him and was exasperating in its slowness. He thought of his journey as an escape, an emergence from a suffocating cloud; and he raged at its deliberation.

The echoing note of a *cornet-à-pistons* sounded from the deck above; it was joined by the rattle of a drum; and an energetic band swept into the strains of Zip Coon. The passengers emerged from supper and gathered on the main deck; the gayly lighted windows streamed in moving yellow bars over dark banks and fields; and they were raised or lowered on the pouring black tide of masoned locks. If it had not been for the infernal persistence of the band Alexander Hulings would have been almost comfortable; but the music, at midnight, showed no signs of abating. Money was collected; whisky distributed; a quadrille formed forward. Hulings could see the women's crinolines, the great sleeves and skirts, dipping and floating in a radiance of oil torches. He had a place in a solid bank of chairs about the outer rail; and sat huddled in his cape. His misery, as usual, increased with the night; the darkness was streaked with immaterial flashes, disjointed visions. He was infinitely weary, and faint from a hunger that he yet could not appease. A consequential male at his side, past middle age, with close whiskers and a mob of seals, addressed a commonplace to him; but he made no reply. The other regarded him with an arrogant surprise, then turned a negligent back on Hulings. From beyond came a clear, derisive peal of girlish laughter. He heard a name—Gisela—pronounced.

Alexander Hulings' erratic thoughts returned to iron. He wondered vaguely why James Claypole had never succeeded with Tubal Cain. Probably, like so many others, he was a drunkard. The man who had addressed him moved away—he was accompanied by a small party; and another took his vacant place.

"See who that was?" he asked Hulings. The latter shook his head morosely. "Well, that," the first continued impressively, "is John Wooddrop."

Alexander Hulings had an uncertain memory of the name, connected with ——

"Yes, sir—John Wooddrop, the Ironmaster. I reckon that man is the biggest—not only the richest but the biggest—man in the state. Thousands of acres, mile after mile; iron banks and furnaces and forges and mills; hundreds of men and women—all his. Like a European monarch! Yes, sir; resembles that. Word's law—says 'Come here!' or 'Go there!' His daughter is with him too; it's clear she's got the old boy's spirit—and his lady. They get off at Harmony; own the valley; own everything about."

Harmony was the place where Hulings was to leave the canal; from there he must drive to Tubal Cain. The vicarious boastfulness of his neighbor stirred within him an inchoate antagonism.

"There is one place near by he don't own," he stated sharply.

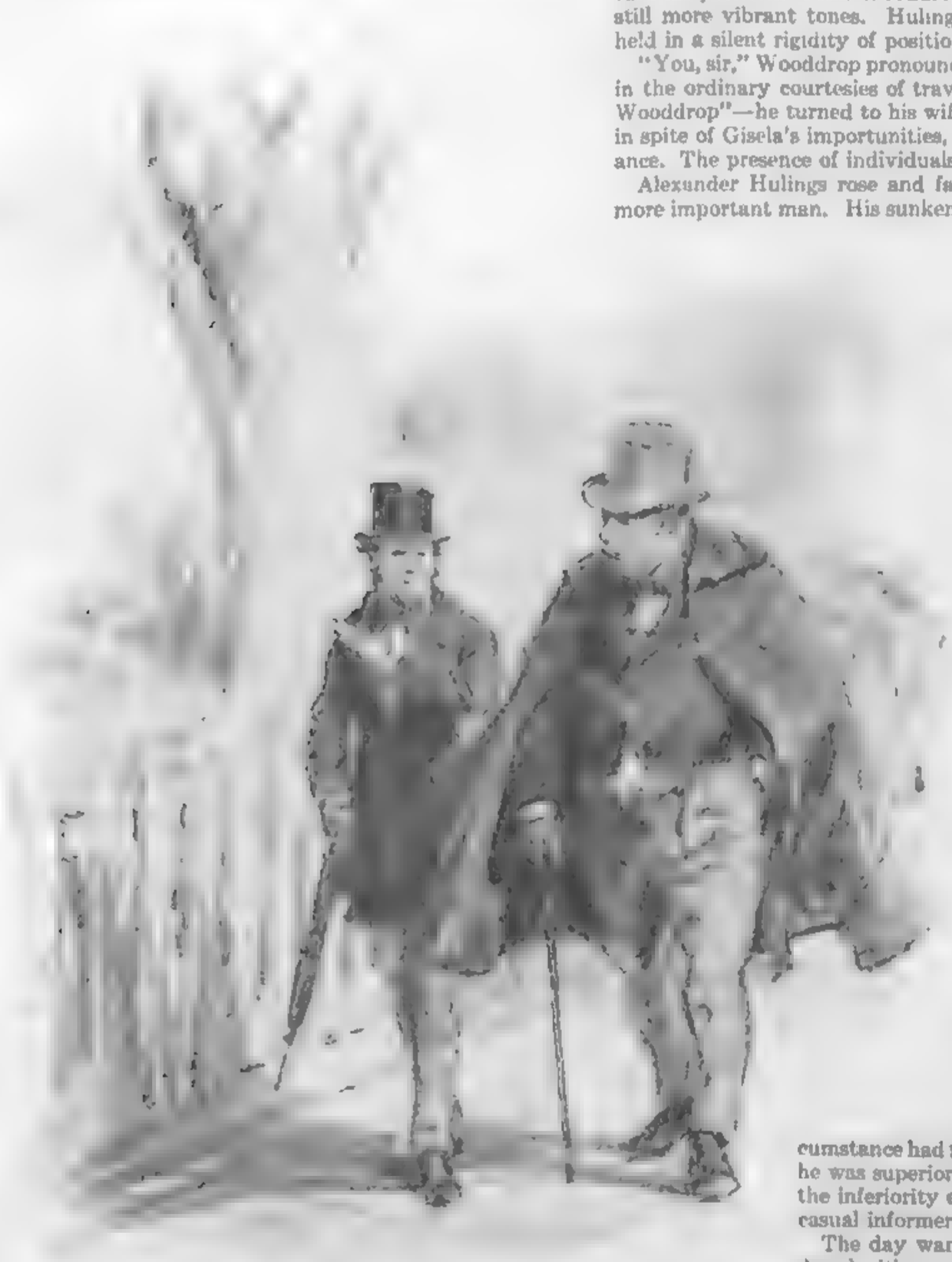
"Then it's no good," the other promptly replied. "If it was Wooddrop would have it. It would be his or nothing he'd see to that. His name is Me, or nobody."

Alexander Hulings' antagonism increased and illogically fastened on the Ironmaster. The other's character, as it had been stated, was precisely the quality that called to the surface his own stubborn will of self-assertion. It precipitated a condition in which he expanded, grew determined, ruthless, cold.

He imagined himself, sick and almost moneyless, and bound for Claypole's failure, opposed to John Wooddrop, and got a faint thrill from the fantastic vision. He had a recurrence of the conviction that he, too, was a strong man; and it tormented him with the bitter contrast between such an image and his actual present self. He laughed aloud, a thin, shaken giggle, at his belief persisting in the face of such irrefutable proof of his failure. Nevertheless, it was firmly lodged in him, like a thorn pricking at his dissolution, gathering his scattered faculties into efforts of angry contempt at the laudation of others.

Veneada and Hallie Flower, he realized, were the only intimates he had gathered in a solitary and largely embittered existence. He had no instinctive humanity of feeling, and his observations, colored by his spleen, had not added to a small opinion of man at large. Always feeling himself to be a figure of supreme importance, he had never ceased to chafe at the small aspect he was obliged to exhibit. This had grown, through an uncomfortable sense of shame, to a perpetual disparagement of all other triumph and success.

Finally the band ceased its efforts, the oil lights burned dim, and a movement to the cabins proceeded, leaving him on a deserted deck. At last, utterly exhausted, he went below in search of a berth. They hung four deep about the walls, partially curtained, while the floor of the cabin was filled with clothesracks, burdened with a miscellany of outer garments. One place only was empty—under the ceiling; and he made a difficult ascent to the narrow space. Sleep was an impossibility—a storm of hoarse breathing, muttering and sleepy oaths dinned on his ears. The cabin, closed against the outer air, grew indescribably polluted. Any former torment of mind and body was minor compared to the dragging wakeful hours that followed; a dread of actual insanity seized him.



"If You Could Only Come on Something Where Your Pigheadedness Counted There's No Saying Where You'd Reach"

Almost at the first trace of dawn the cabin was awakened and filled with fragmentary dressing. The deck and bar were occupied by men waiting for the appearance of the feminine passengers, from their cabin forward, and breakfast. The day was warm and fine. The packet crossed a turgid river, at the mouths of other canal routes, and entered a wide pastoral valley.

Alexander Hulings sat facing a smaller, various river; at his back a barrier of mountains, glossy with early laurel and rhododendron. His face was yellow and sunken, and his lips dry. John Wooddrop passed and repassed him, a girl, his daughter Gisela, on his arm. She wore an India muslin dress, wide with crinoline, embroidered in flowers of blue and green worsted, and a flapping rice-straw hat draped in blond lace. Her face was pointed and alert.

Once Hulings caught her glance, and he saw that her eyes seemed black and—and—impertinent.

An air of palpable satisfaction emanated from the Ironmaster. His eyes were dark too; and, more than impertinent, they held for Hulings an intolerable patronage. John Wooddrop's foot trod the deck with a solid authority that increased the sick man's smoldering scorn. At dinner he had an actual encounter with the other. The table was filling rapidly; Alexander Hulings had taken a place when Wooddrop entered with his group and surveyed the seats that remained.

"I am going to ask you," he addressed Hulings in a deep voice, "to move over yonder. That will allow my family to surround me."

A sudden unreasonable determination not to move seized Hulings. He said nothing; he didn't turn his head or disturb his position. John Wooddrop repeated his request in still more vibrant tones. Hulings did nothing. He was held in a silent rigidity of position.

"You, sir," Wooddrop pronounced loudly, "are deficient in the ordinary courtesies of travel! And note this, Mrs. Wooddrop"—he turned to his wife—"I shall never again, in spite of Gisela's importunities, move by public conveyance. The presence of individuals like this ——"

Alexander Hulings rose and faced the older, infinitely more important man. His sunken eyes blazed with such a feverish passion that the other raised an involuntary palm.

"Individuals," he added, "painfully afflicted."

Suddenly Hulings' weakness betrayed him; he collapsed in his chair with a pounding heart and blurred vision. The incident receded, became merged in the resumption of the commonplace clatter of dinner.

Once more on deck, Alexander Hulings was aware that he had appeared both inconsequential and ridiculous, two qualities supremely detestable to his pride; and this added to his bitterness toward the Ironmaster. He determined to extract satisfaction from the other for his humiliation. It was characteristic of Hulings that he saw himself essentially as John Wooddrop's equal; worldly circumstance had no power to impress him; he was superior to the slightest trace of the inferiority exhibited by last night's casual informer.

The day waned monotonously; half dazed with weariness he heard bursts of music; far, meaningless voices; the blowing of the packet horn. He didn't go down again into the cabin to sleep, but stayed wrapped in his cloak in a chair. He slept through the dawn and only woke at the full activity of breakfast. Past noon the boat tied up at Harmony. The Wooddrops departed with all the circumstance of worldly importance, and in the stir of cracking whip and restive, spirited horses, Alexander Hulings moved unobserved, with his trunk, to the bank.

He Clenched His Jaw, Gazed With Fiery Eyes Against the Formless Dread About Him

Tubal Cain, he discovered, was still fifteen miles distant, and—he had not told James Claypole of his intended arrival—no conveyance was near by. A wagon drawn by six mules with gay bells and colored streamers and heavily loaded with limestone finally appeared, going north, on which Hulings secured passage.

The precarious road followed a wooded ridge, with a vigorous stream on the right and a wall of hills beyond. The valley was largely uninhabited. Once they passed a solid, foursquare structure of stone, built against a hill, with clustered wooden sheds and a great wheel revolving under a smooth arc of water. A delicate white vapor trailed from the top of the masonry, accompanied by rapid, clear flames.

"Blue Lump Furnace," the wagon driver briefly volunteered. "Belongs to Wooddrop. But that doesn't signify anything about here. Pretty near everything's his."

Alexander Hulings looked back, with an involuntary deep interest in the furnace. The word "iron" again vibrated, almost clanged, through his mind. It temporarily obliterated the fact that here was another evidence of the magnitude, the possessions, of John Wooddrop. He was consumed by a sudden anxiety to see James Claypole's forge. Why hadn't the fool persisted, succeeded?

"Tubal Cain's in there." The mules were stopped. "What there is of it! Four bits will be enough."

Hulings stood by his trunk on the roadside, clouded by the dust of the wagon's departure. Behind him, in the direction indicated, the ground, covered with underbrush, fell away to a glint of water and some obscure structures. Dragging his baggage he made his way down to a long wooden shed, the length facing him open on two covered hearths, some dilapidated troughs, a suspended ponderous hammer resting on an anvil, and a miscellaneous heap of rusting iron implements—long-jawed tongs, hooked rods, sledges and broken castings. The hearths were cold; there was not a stir of life, of activity, anywhere.

Hulings left his trunk in a clearing and explored farther. Beyond a black heap of charcoal, standing among trees, were two or three small stone dwellings. The first was apparently empty, with some whitened sacks on a bare floor; but within a second he saw through the open doorway the lank figure of a man kneeling in prayer. His foot was on the sill; but the bowed figure, turned away, remained motionless.

Alexander Hulings hesitated, waiting for the prayer to reach a speedy termination. But the other, with upraised, quivering hands, remained so long on his knees that Hulings swung the door back impatiently. Even then an appreciable time elapsed before the man inside rose to his feet. He turned and moved forward, with an abstracted gaze in pale-blue eyes set in a face seamed and scored by time and disease. His expression was benevolent; his voice warm and cordial.

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JOUNCING UNCLE SAM

By George Pattullo

IF, ON picking up the morning paper, you find that Mexican bandits have raided across the Line, with resultant murder of American citizens and destruction of property, don't set up a yell to hurl the power of the United States against Mexico. Even should some days elapse without the President sending a hundred thousand men in pursuit, don't froth at the mouth and denounce him. Take it easy. Wait for developments. Try to persuade yourself that there are circumstances connected with the happening of which you are ignorant and he is not. In other words, keep your shirt on.

This is not peace-at-any-price talk, but a plea to use horse sense. For the raid may not be a matter of national concern at all. It may be the outcome of a cattle rustling expedition, financed and set on foot by Americans. It may be an attempt to wipe out personal scores under cover of banditry. It may be the pitiful climax of a conspiracy between a Mexican faction and some American citizens to stir up trouble that will bring them profit. It may be sordid killing to dispossess of property, or to remove individuals who know too much of transactions in which the perpetrators are involved. It may be the aftermath of ammunition smuggling, or the fish-blooded scheme of an American trader to escape division of spoils. There may be back of it any of a score of motives that remove such tragedies from the category of international issues.

If a bunch of New York gangsters split over a haul and started to shoot it out on Broadway, you would not shout for instant action by the forces of the nation to uphold the honor and dignity of the United States. You would simply say "Well, well! New York's the limit! I wonder who'll pitch to-morrow?"—and go on about your business, leaving the case to the police.

So with the Border; fully sixty per cent of the troubles down there have about the same status. In that proportion of them there is a nigger somewhere in the woodpile. Consequently they don't classify as episodes requiring military intervention, but come under the activities of the Department of Justice; and the Department of Justice is going after them strong.

The time has come to take the lid off Border intrigues. If some old acquaintances are hurt in the process, the fault is theirs and not mine. They have been jouncing Uncle Sam.

We have been on the edge of the maelstrom for two years, yet they did not hesitate to rock the boat. An American Army was in Mexico, in hourly expectation of attack; but that did not deter such men from conspiring with enemy factions among the Mexicans; that did not deter them from smuggling ammunition across; that did not deter them from equipping filibusters to attack and raid. To make a few thousand dollars, they have not scrupled to sacrifice life and expose the country to war.

The Soft Pedal on Border Raids

RECENTLY indictments were returned against a few of the more prominent offenders. Were Federal officials to succeed in rounding up all of them, the jails would be full and some Border social circles left gasping. For from Brownsville, near the Gulf, to San Diego on the Pacific Coast, there have been American cattle dealers and merchants and bankers and traders, in almost every town, mixing in the sorry business. They have plotted and double-crossed and conspired, and numbers of them have grown rich from the troubles of Mexico.

Yet they are so strongly intrenched in their own communities that it has been difficult to reach them. You know how hard it is, in small towns off the beaten track, to secure information against the local banker, or newspaper owner, or wealthy merchant, especially when he has strong affiliations. That is the sort of thing Department of Justice agents have had to buck. And some of them have fallen by the wayside, victims of their own zeal.

Pancho Villa, After the Capture of Chihuahua

They don't like to talk about these operations on the Border. The smaller the town, the greater is the danger to probers. Men whom you ask about the various deals that have muddied the waters profess to know nothing, or try to switch you to something else. The newspapers let them severely alone. Some will not even mention indictments.

I had occasion to write to a correspondent in a Border town for information of an affair that had come to my knowledge. He replied by an undated, unsigned letter, and the substance of what he said was this: "You sure have asked me to do a full-sized job this time. . . . If a man attempted to find out such stuff as that down here he would hardly live to pass the first dark alley." So I went over there and dug it up myself.

Another wrote in the same vein; a third professed entire ignorance of facts that must have been in his possession if he hasn't been asleep an entire year. All of which will give you an idea of the strength of the offenders and the obstacles in the way of combating them.

Behind the obscure bandits who make the raid may be an American cattleman. Back of him may be a group of bankers. Some poor, ignorant *pelados* may do the actual smuggling of ammunition at risk of their lives; but the man who skims the cream is a prosperous American merchant. That is the way it goes.

Another thing—hundreds of Mexican residents of the United States have been made bandits by treatment received at the hands of Americans. And when these hombres sneak back across the Boundary to burn and steal, it is in retaliation for the wrongs they have endured.

Scores of Americans in the Lower Valley have grown prosperous buying cattle and goats from Mexicans who have been warned to leave the country. The plan is to hire a bunch of Mexican desperadoes to frighten the Mexican ranchers and farmers with threats of death unless they leave the United States. When the unfortunate Mexicans are properly scared by these bandit visits, along come the American plotters with an offer to buy their stock at bargain-sale figures.

Naturally the despoiled natives are bitter when they awake later to full knowledge of the trick. So they put their heads together to get even with the gringos—to do some pillaging on their own account and we have another "raid." I know instances where Americans holding from 20,000 to 40,000 acres of land have been active in this sort of brigandage.

The Affair at Corner Ranch

I HAVE said that Americans on the Border are responsible for sixty per cent of the troubles down there. The remaining forty per cent is made up of raids like those on Columbus and Boquillas, which were of purely Mexican prompting.

They are now trying to lay responsibility for the former at the door of German intriguers—a highly praiseworthy effort; but it cannot be done. Villa's rancor over our treatment of him was the main factor; the other was the burning of Mexican prisoners in the El Paso Jail. A few days before the attack on Columbus a "hop-head" struck a match in the jail, just after a score of prisoners had been given a bath with gasoline, and a sickening holocaust ensued.

Word of it flew over Mexico. The entire population flamed into resentment and hatred. They firmly believed that the gringos had deliberately burned those helpless Mexican prisoners out of cruelty; perhaps even Villa thought so. At any rate, his men clamored for action and he led them to it.

With which general introductory remarks we shall proceed to cases. But, before we pass on, it becomes necessary to emphasize one point—please differentiate between Border troubles and the Mexican problem proper. They are not the same thing at all.

Also bear in mind that the transactions to be recited do not constitute the sum total of shady doings along the Boundary, but are merely a few typical instances, given to illustrate methods. Scores of other affairs could be mentioned, and the roster of men who have tried to capitalize Mexico's misery, at any cost to their own country, would run into solid columns. The fact of the matter is that a good many Border inhabitants need a new conscience.

The most recent example of a Border raid was the affair at the Corner Ranch, near Hachita, New Mexico, in February. Three Mormon cowboys were killed; their bodies were later found just south of the Line by Lem Spillsbury, a scout, who accompanied the Pershing Expedition.

Salazar's followers were given the credit of this attack, as the Villista commander had a considerable force in the vicinity. And newspapers all over the country began to shout for action. In trumpet tones they demanded to know whether the United States could be insulted and defied by every Mexican bandit who came along; they wished to be informed as to how long the Administration's policy of passive submission would continue! Why weren't troops sent after the raiders to punish them? Some opponents of the President grew almost hysterical in denunciation.

Of course the Corner Ranch tragedy bore all the earmarks of a Mexican attack. But it was nothing of the kind. Salazar's soldiery had nothing to do with it; neither the Villistas nor Carrancistas were mixed up in it. No horses were run off; no property was destroyed.

It was a cold-blooded killing for very different reasons. What those reasons were will probably be developed by the investigation now under way.

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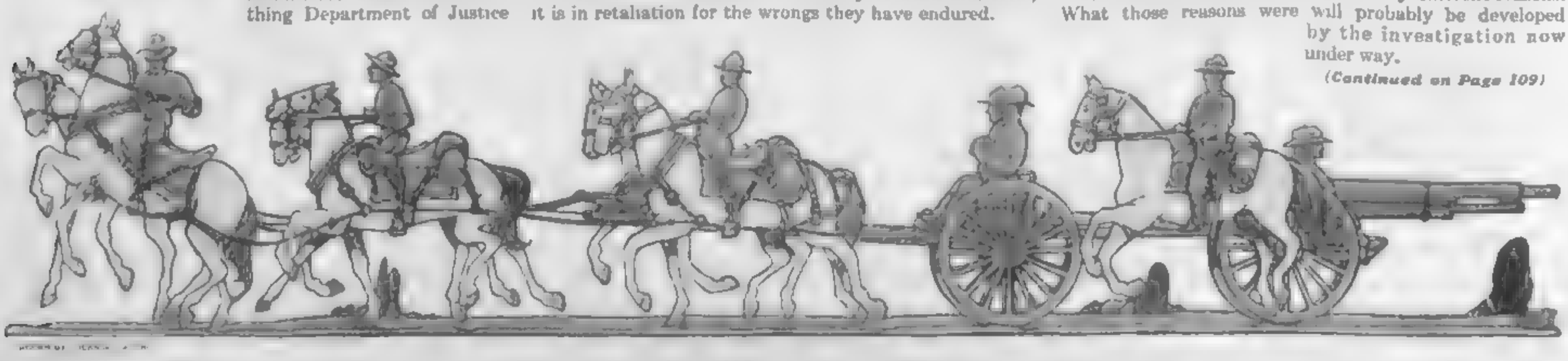

HOW TO DO IT—By Georges Clemenceau

Former Premier of France, and President of the Army Commission of the Senate

AN AMIABLE member of the American press has come to ask me whether I am prepared to write an article on the question—which is the question of the day—"How can America most usefully coöperate with France under the present circumstances?" It is always a pleasure to meet a straightforward question clearly put. In my case nothing could be more opportune.

My interlocutor had not finished his phrase when I was asking myself why I had not made this subject the theme of one of my daily editorials, since nothing could seem more urgent in view of the present situation. However, on thinking over the matter I quickly realized that the reason why I had confined myself to discreet allusions regarding the adopting of a plan of action for an American campaign was that it had appeared unseemly for me to throw out hints, happy or otherwise, to Allies whom I had so often represented as eminently capable of conducting their own affairs in excellent fashion. True, their affairs happen also to be ours. We are equally interested in the success of the best possible coöperation. And now at last one consideration has brushed aside all scruples the fact that the American has asked the Frenchman his advice and that the best way for two democracies to understand each other is a free contact of minds with a view to preparing the way for businesslike action.

All Together

You or I?

MY DUTY becomes a pleasure by virtue of the singular good fortune which is offered me. I am entering into conversation with the general public of a nation that is perhaps better disposed than any other to assimilate the ideals that are inspiring the French people at the present hour. Idealism and practical activity are here destined to find the same satisfaction. Our common political and social fabric rests on the same foundation—namely, the ideals evolved by the eighteenth century, the century of liberation which recognized and proclaimed the supreme dignity of the free man, even to the point of intrusting to him the duty of self-government.

The immortal Declaration of American Independence was the first trumpet blast of the French Revolution, by means of which, notwithstanding terrible acts of violence, the various movements toward liberty were destined to become generalized. I am writing these thoughts in the same Rue Taitbout from which was dated many a letter of Thomas Jefferson, in whose great utterances and acts of emancipation France and America seem to be so strangely blended. He came to learn from us. Soon he was to be our teacher. The fabrics of a common idealism have splendidly survived the redoubtable shocks of a terribly tormented century. To our limited vision there appeared no indication that they might be called upon to collaborate in a European war, but historically they now seem destined to brave new trials.

Behold! France, surprised and defenseless, in 1870 found herself crushed. But it has come to pass—so disconcerting appears the obscure logic of human events—that the greatest evil of Sedan and Metz falls on the head of the inexorable victor, who is seized with the insanity of universal conquest, on account of which all the nations of the earth seemed destined to become his prey. There are no more international laws, no more treaties, no more statutes, no more rules accepted by nations, no more sworn faith, no more honor, no more public morality—nor private, alas! Nothing exists in the world but a tempest of death, before which all the societies founded by man and the fabric of their institutions must give way.

And since this devastating cyclone is manifested by the armies of a Germania, which is itself the first conquest of Prussian militarism, all nations, whether neutral or belligerent, are drawn in spite of themselves into the horrible tempest, and cannot help accepting the question as it presents itself—the choice between Germany and Humanity.

It is the first time such a phenomenon has appeared in history. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon only offer us the spectacle of an enormous overflow of conquering personality, necessarily but passing factors. In this case we have an entire nation which proclaims to the inhabitants of the entire world, in its increased dimensions: "You or I?"

America has made her choice; and her leader, President Wilson, the prudent and resolute, has stood forth to answer superbly at the appointed hour: "Here are we!"

Yes, it is they, the sons of an innumerable people, descendants of pious pilgrims, whom a whirlwind of tyranny carried off from their native soil to throw them on the shores of a savage continent, out of which, increasing and multiplying, they were to make the greatest fortress of liberty. They pledged themselves to the splendid vow of saving, at any cost, the holy ark of the rights of human conscience, and of founding as a living reality the rights of humanity to which they had sacrificed everything.

Then it came to pass that revolutions and fratricidal wars, from which the hegira had saved them, beset them on the other side of the ocean. This brought the torturing discovery that in these terrible convulsions of violence in which the civilization of the European Continent seems on the point of foundering, the existence of nations is above all threatened on account of historical traditions which have made of them exemplary representatives of right. So true is this, that the downfall of the representatives of a high civilization in the Old World is nothing less than a mortal blow directed against the new forms of civilization, the same which called away those Europeans who had been surfeited with century-old turmoils to gather round a firmly established ideal.

As long as the blood-stained specter of Russian autocracy loomed threateningly by the side of France, Britain and Italy, the Germans could still pretend to be the representatives of a scholastic theory of liberty as opposed to the Czar. But the very same phenomena which awoke America to the dangers threatening her liberty warned the entire Russian nation, from the humblest muzhik to the greatest feudal lord. It warned them that a war of national independence and individual liberty should have as a first result the immediate liberation of those who wished to liberate. Since that day there is, in fact, but one great common battle front—all that stands for right opposed to all the metaphysics of a fallacious progress through organized violence; all that stands for liberty opposed to all that stands for oppression of the human individual.

High Ideals

AMERICA did not await the revolution in Russia to take her definite stand in the immense battlefield where the supreme interests of mankind were in the balance.

It is, in fact, perfectly evident that long since she took sides in the depth of her conscience.

For the very reason that we never failed to appreciate this fact it appeared to us at times that she was somewhat slow in falling into line. As I confront the question inscribed as title to this article I cannot help wondering whether the audacious thought of the intervention of an unprepared nation in the greatest conflict of history was not in the nature of things bound to evolve by successive stages of reflection before concluding with the irrevocable act.

Now, however, the hour for this act has come, and I see nothing so profoundly significant as this simple question put by an American citizen to a citizen of France: "In what way can our collaboration in the common work be proffered you to the best advantage?" As from an American to a Frenchman, there is no more natural question, in view of ancient history which saw the two flags waving side by side on the field of battle for the grand ideals of humanity. In the realm of ideals what was accomplished in those great days brings with it its natural consequences. Our first meeting was too fine a thing for either of us to sully its historical glory. The effort in common can only be the effort to do still better. America—or I am greatly mistaken—is at this moment much tempted that it shall be so.

Finally, as regards the counsel asked for concerning the best utilization of the American effort, what could better characterize this fine improvisation of generous audacity which impels an entire nation to embark on an adventure as chivalrous as it is unpremeditated? What could better

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SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The West Irish Were Marching to Eternity Whistling Garry Owen!

THE Irish are an impulsive race and invariably act on impulse. Private Dennis P. O'Gara, B Company, First Battalion West Irish Fusileers, was—as the reader may have cause to suspect—a Celt, which is to say that he was impulsive and always acted on his impulses; in consequence of which he was always doing things, the performance of some of which frequently caused him profound distress.

It was an impulse, as sudden and swift as a bayonet thrust, that was responsible for his present predicament, with which this story deals. Most certainly it was not patriotism. The "Your King and Country Need You!" posters had left him quite cold, for the Clan O'Gara had no patriotism to spare for England, albeit no sacrifice would have been too great for an O'Gara to make for the Emerald Isle. The only conclusion possible, therefore, is that young Dennis P. had enlisted for the sake of adventure; and at the opening of this story he had found it in copious quantities and was far from feeling elated at his discovery.

Let us describe Private O'Gara. He was well over six feet tall and built in proportion; his hair was thick, jet black, curly and rather coarse; his eyes, set wide apart in a brow that denoted more than average intelligence, were large, smoky black, brilliant and lazy lidded, which latter peculiarity had the effect of giving to them an air of sophisticated roguishness rather pleasant to behold. His rather long, swarthy face culminated in a square chin, but the mouth was sensitive, ever ready to expand in a roguish smile that matched his eyes; his body was as lithe and supple as six months of drills, practice marches and setting-up exercises in England could make him; and he was just nineteen years old. Lastly he was the blackest of all the Black Irish in the West Irish; with a full growth of long black whiskers, he would have passed readily for a Moor—and not without reason, for there is a very visible strain of Spanish in the Irish of the West, and, as everybody knows, the Moors overran Spain in the eighth century.

As a matter of fact, Dennis was a throwback to one of these Moorish warriors in all save the soul of the warrior. As splendid a type of soldier as ever marched to battle, Private Dennis P. O'Gara, nevertheless, had no bowels for mortal combat. To add to the distress of the situation, he realized this himself, and for a month had been striving valiantly to keep his guilty knowledge to himself, against the day when the West Irish should go "over the top"; for, be it known, Dennis was resolved, if he must share his secret with somebody, that individual should be The Reaper! As he frequently remarked to himself in the shelter of the funk hole, where most of his spare time was spent: "I'm bound to be kilt, anyhow; so, wit' the help o' God, I'll die without disgracin' the blood that's in me." Then, like the good Catholic he was, Dennis would murmur a little prayer for a happy death, which in his case meant a bullet between the eyes the instant his black poll should clear the parapet; for he had heard too many wounded calling, calling through the night from No Man's Land. He was obsessed with the idea that he was marked for slaughter, and when the summons came he wanted it to be painless and instantaneous.

There is no doubt about it; Dennis P. O'Gara was that rarest of all created creatures, an Irish coward. Yet, strange to relate, though he feared death terribly, he preferred it to disgrace—and that he should disgrace himself in his first charge, unless death intervened promptly, was a foregone conclusion.

On the night of the sixteenth of March, 1915, following a week of misgivings and more or less shellfire, Private O'Gara had arrived definitely at the conclusion that a soldier's life was not the life for him; that his ancient enemy, Impulse, had once more betrayed him; for at dawn on the morrow he was to go over the top for the first—and last—time, and, to quote his own expression, he was feeling "a bit blue under the gills."

By the light of a guttering candle he sat in a dugout writing a farewell letter to the old father and mother back home, begging them to forgive him for joining the army of the hereditary enemy; confessing that it had not been for love of Albion or sympathy for her cause that he had taken the King's shilling and disgraced the Tribe of O'Gara, but solely because he had grown weary of his humdrum life on the barren little Galway farm and yearned for any change that would guarantee a thrill.

He blamed the recruiting sergeant, who had a most imposing presence and a forked tongue; he declared that he loathed war, and that, for the life of him, he could not work up a healthy hatred for the Germans. The few he had seen—they were prisoners—appeared to be rather forlorn and thoroughly human. But then they were Saxons. The Prussians, he had heard, were swine; as to the truth of this report he could not vouch, but might live to verify it in the morning. Nowhere in his letter, however, did Dennis voice the O'Gara profession of faith: God Punish England! A sorry soldier boy he was; but, even if he had so far forgotten himself as to enroll under the banner of Saint George, he had a feeling that it would be bad taste to admit he had made a mistake, no matter how the old folks viewed his action.

"Shtill an' all," he murmured to himself as he licked the flap of the envelope, "I've no business here; an' whatever happens to me, 'twill serve me right. Faith, 'tis the fine big ba-boon I've made o' myself 'listin' in a war that's none o' my business; though, be the same token, 'tis not lackin' comp'ny I am. I wonder if all the West Irish feel as I do about it?"

A vagrant puff of wind brought the acrid odor of a bursting shell, mingled with the horrible odor of unburied dead hanging to the barbed-wire entanglements out in front. His heart grew cold, ceased beating for an instant, and then resumed work at a furious pace.

"This is the divil an' all of a life!" he managed to remark, with a valiant air at nonchalance.

"Aye; 'tis that same!" Corporal Michael Clancy remarked; he, too, was writing a letter home, utilizing a biscuit case for a desk.

Second Lieutenant Dermot Fitzgerald looked into the dugout. He had heard their comment.

"Try not to think of it, lads," he advised. "Get some sleep, if you can, so you'll be fresh in the morning."

"Sure, what matther, sir?" Corporal Clancy replied gloomily. "We'll get shleep enough in the mornin', never fear! And," he added, "we'll be shtale enough be sundown, for all our shleep."

"Divil a one o' me can help thinkin' of it," Dennis complained.

"I suppose so," the officer rejoined musingly. "That's the penalty we pay for being Irish; we have too much imagination. You've been over the top before, have you not, Corporal Clancy?"

"Five times too often!" said Clancy bitterly.

"And you, O'Gara?"

"Divil a shtep, sir. At chargin' I'm as innocent as the babe unborn."

"I've been over five times—with Corporal Clancy. 'Twould surprise ye, the few men we lost each time. 'Tis all in softenin' the trenches well before tacklin' them with the bayonet—and can't you hear the guns at it now? Take my word for it, Private O'Gara, the wait before the order to advance is given is hardest of all. Remember, my lad, this all-night smashin' with the guns will have taken the fight out of Fritz ——"

"Oh, divil a hair I care!" Dennis lied briskly.

The lieutenant noted his white face and trembling lip, the eyes without the blarney, and the slight gulp as Dennis spoke.

"Good lad," he thought, "your pride will carry you through if your courage fails you—and I think it will."

The artillery in the rear of the West Irish line was registering beautifully on the German trenches; all day and all night an incessant rain of shells had been falling on the enemy's position. Despite the infernal uproar, however, Private O'Gara managed to snatch a few hours' sleep. At half past four he was wakened, and breakfasted lightly on broiled bacon, biscuits and tea, cooked on a brazier; following which water bottles were filled, and a small packet of tea, a tin of bully beef and half a dozen hard biscuits were distributed to each man. Dennis had, in addition to these rations, a fruit cake, loving tribute from a colleen at whom he was wont to cast sheep's eyes at mass back home, instead of reading his prayer book. Also, he

had a woolen blanket, for the battalion was to advance in light marching order, and, after capturing the line of trenches allotted to it, was to consolidate the position and hold it until reenforcements could be sent up; hence, it would not do to be without a blanket.

The short scaling ladders were in position and the battalion was ready at five o'clock. Dennis knew that five o'clock was "zero"; that "five-o'clock-in-the-morning courage" was expected of him; and his heart thumped wildly as the company commander spoke cheerily beside him:

"Ready, lads! Up ye go—and the divil take the hindmost!"

The supreme moment had arrived. Private O'Gara swallowed his tongue and placed his right foot on the first rung of the scaling ladder—and hesitated, for his legs had commenced to tremble, his knees were knocking together, and a feeling of weakness that was akin to nausea swept over him.

"Up wit' ye, Denny! Up, ye long black gossoon!" Sergeant McClusky kneed him gently from behind. "Have a care would the divil take ye! Whist, lad! Don't hang behind, like the cow's tail."

Private O'Gara found himself on top. It was still dark enough to conceal their advance from the enemy, but light enough to enable them to avoid the deep shell craters; the advance had been timed to a second in order that darkness might favor the West Irish the greater portion of that fearful journey, with fair fighting light at the finish. Dennis looked across the field, turned, and cast a longing, lingering glance at the trench he had just left.

"Front!" That heartless Sergeant McClusky was still behind him. "Sure, there's no danger to shpeak of; an' if ye're kilt, Denny, 'twill be an accident, pure an' simple."

Did Sergeant McClusky suspect his secret? Dennis wondered. He turned savagely on the sergeant.

"Never mind about me," he reminded the noncom. "If ye're kilt, faith, 'twill be no accident, but a blessin'."

The sergeant chuckled, for he was an old soldier and had long since learned that it isn't very hard to die, once you get used to it. He knew, out of the vastness of his own experience, that Dennis was dying a death a second, despite the fact that the boy was stepping forward as bravely as the others.

When the battalion was halfway across the field the roar of the British artillery suddenly ceased, the gunners raising the range to drop a curtain of fire back of the German front-line trench and discourage the advance of reënforcements.

"There'll be hell to pay now, Denny bhoy!" said Sergeant McClusky. "Fritz knows we're comin'; an' if there's sorra one of him left alive in yonder trinch——"

"The divil scoort ye!" cried the exasperated Dennis. "If ye'd do more fightin' an' less talkin' I'd be obliged to ye."

"For yer impudince," the sergeant replied good-naturedly, "ye shall have one o' two things this day—a wooden leg or a wooden overcoat. We've used too much shrapnel an' not enough high explosive on our objective; an', faith, I'm thinkin' there'll be enough machine guns in position shtill to bid us the top o' the mornin'. Hah! What did I tell ye?"

"Och, wirra, wirra!" moaned Dennis.

Something plucked at his shoulder.

He heard and felt the impact of a bullet passing through his haversack and the tin of bully beef.

"Got it—at last!" cried Sergeant McClusky. "Denny, for the love o' God, man, carry on!"

B Company walked, charging as if on parade and passing in review before the colonel; for many gory experiences had taught this lesson—that when charging a foe who waits for the bayonet it is well to advance at a quickstep rather than at the double, in order that one may not arrive exhausted and out of breath, thus falling an easy prey to an alert and vigorous enemy. The British artillery was in action again; but, now that the hail of shells no longer fell on the German parapet, the resourceful Fritz had emerged in force from his dugouts to meet the advancing West Irish and deluge them with rifle and machine-gun fire, while the German artillery dropped a curtain of fire between the attackers and their objective. Rockets lighted the gray field and, true to the late McClusky's prediction, there was hell to pay—and no shortage of hot pitch, either.

Private O'Gara plodded on, flinching from every shrapnel burst, bracing himself mentally for the shock of the bullet or shell fragment that was to tear him from life. The demoniac noises of the inferno through which he was passing rather dulled his senses; the entire affair was more like a nightmare than reality, and Dennis was sensible of profound astonishment that any human being should find himself in such a perfectly abnormal situation. He wanted to run away from it—whether forward or backward he did not care; brisker physical action seemed very desirable. Behind him he could hear the noncoms. screaming earnest exhortations to dress to the right, and once the entire line paused to correct its alignment!

Presently, above the uproar, Dennis heard another sound—a thin, minor cadence that thrust itself impudently into the babel. It sounded wondrously familiar, and Dennis turned to his right-flank man to ask him what it was. But the right-flank man was gone; so Dennis moved over to the left-flank man.

"What's that whistlin'?" he bawled.

The man he addressed grunted, wilted to the ground, and clapped his hand on his abdomen. Dennis turned away and commenced to whimper, for the man had been a good friend of his.

A figure loomed up alongside him and once more Dennis' ears caught that thin, minor cadence. He gasped his astonishment, for the man was Second Lieutenant Dermot Fitzgerald and he was whistling Garry Owen. There was light enough for Dennis to see the young officer's face clearly, and there was the look of death in it; nevertheless, the gallant fellow whistled the ancient tune right lustily. He observed Dennis staring at him and ceased his warbling.

"We've no band to play us into action," he shrieked, "and Garry Owen is a good quickstep. The men are all whistlin' it."

So that was it, eh? The West Irish were marching to eternity whistling Garry Owen! Denny's craven heart leaped with sheer pride of race, and by a tremendous effort of will he puckered his lips, though no sound came forth. Vague figures moved beside him through alternate gloom and glare; shouts, curses and appeals to the Deity were occasionally distinguishable. Dennis knew his comrades were falling like grain before a reaper; yet he was alive, unharmed and marching on. He couldn't understand it.

Presently he commenced to sob aloud, between sobs reviling himself for not having pitched on his face in the very beginning of the advance, pretending to be wounded, but crawling back into the trench he had just left the instant he was certain the line had passed on and he would not be seen. He would have been safe in the funk hole; and when the fight was over, and this horrible No Man's Land, across which he was marching, should no longer be swept by machine-gun fire and shrapnel, he could have rejoined his company with a cock-and-bull story about having been knocked insensible by a concussion shell.

Now, however, it was too late for him to turn back. The West Irish had almost reached its objective and he would be safer going forward than turning back. He cast a regretful look behind him and saw a thin supporting skirmish line following in his bloody wake. That settled definitely the hope that perhaps, if he ran at top speed, he might manage to get back to the West Irish trenches safely; for, no matter how fast the Germans killed the men in that supporting skirmish line, some were bound by the law of averages to survive, and if one of those survivors should see him retreating——

Ah, no; not that! Better to die than have a whisper go back to Galway that an O'Gara had shown the white feather. Not that the O'Garas would mind, for they had disowned him when he joined the British Army, but because his action would be a slur on the regiment, on the race. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, pray for me!" he sobbed, and faced forward again to evade the sight of men falling or rising grotesquely in the air as a shell burst among them.

Out of the half light a bloody hand came flying and slapped him in the face; close at hand a man shouted: "Carry on! Carry on!"

Dennis looked for the speaker and saw Second Lieutenant Dermot Fitzgerald, with his legs smashed. He smiled at Dennis and waved the boy forward. The lilting notes of Garry Owen steadily thinned in volume, but never faltered. Private O'Gara prayed steadily for a happy death. He thought he had received it once, but discovered he had merely fallen into a shell hole; so he climbed out and plodded on, over dead men, wounded men, fragments of men; he rolled into shell holes and out again; he wailed aloud his terror and his prayers; he died a thousand dreadful deaths—and still he lived and walked unharmed.

The smoke lifted before the dawn wind and he saw his company commander in front of the line, swinging, in playful imitation of a bandmaster with his baton, the stick he had cut from a tree in Plug Street.

"Take My Word for It, Private O'Gara, the Wait Before the Order to Advance is Given is Hardest of All"

Before He Could Draw His Automatic, the German Had Shot Him Through the Left Arm

Then a shell burst just in front of the captain, and a shower, warm and wet, deluged Private Dennis P. O'Gara.

That was the finish. He lost his weak grip on his manhood. Pride and honor were very little things now, for Dennis was demoralized at last and nothing mattered any more. He shrieked in terror, looked about him for a refuge, discovered a deep shell crater, and decided to occupy it. However, there were men behind him; and, for all his cowardice, he did not forget that. He clasped his hand on his abdomen and collapsed on the brink of the crater as if mortally stricken, rolled on his back, and permitted himself to slide helplessly into the hole, where he promptly rolled over on his belly and hid his face in his arms. And there he lay, shuddering, for his poor brain was a screen upon which the devil was projecting endless reels of motion pictures that dealt monotonously with the same scene—the company commander twirling his stick like a bandmaster; and then ——

Undoubtedly the second lieutenant had been right. The Irish have too much imagination, and Private Dennis P. O'Gara had a trifle more than his share.

II

PRIVATE O'GARA had occupied his new quarters a sufficient period to have permitted the war to come to an end, with all the troops sent home, before it began to dawn on him that the number of shells bursting in or screaming across No Man's Land had grown noticeably less; that the machine guns were firing spasmodically now, as if suffering from an insufficiency of targets. Cautiously he stood up and, like an inquisitive gopher, poked his nose over the rim of the crater.

What he saw amazed and puzzled him. British shells once more were bursting on the near-by German trenches; and this, of course, was ample evidence that the West Irish did not occupy them. And, since the West Irish would have been occupying them had they succeeded in entering them in force, Dennis drew the very natural and logical conclusion that the attack of the West Irish had broken down under the fire of the German machine guns. He withdrew his head to consider the situation.

"Shrapnel will not do the trick, except in the open," he soliloquized. "Sure, it only drives them into their holes, and out they come ag'in to play the machine guns as we come over the top. 'Tis as I hear-rd poor Captain Kennedy sayin' to Liftinint Fitzgerald: 'K. of K. found shrapnel good for natives in the Sudan, an' he's been sindin' us five shrapnel to one high explosive.' Wirra, wirra! Faith, the West Irish have paid dear for his eddication in modern warfare!"

Dennis was further confirmed in his diagnosis by another peep over the shell crater and across the field. It was strewn thickly with the First Battalion of the West Irish—so thickly, indeed, that Private O'Gara decided that the battalion had been obliterated. An unending chorus of moans, prayers, curses, sighs and whimperings of rage and pain and helplessness came from the fallen round him, and he withdrew his head in terror. He was unable to withstand the fascination of the awful scene, however; so once more he peered over the rim.

"Down, Denny, ye blackguard! Down!" a voice cried to him. "D'ye want yer light put out?"

Dennis turned to locate the speaker, and at that instant a rifle bullet ricocheted along the crown of his steel helmet. He dropped to the floor of the crater again.

"Faith, that one was meant for me, an' divil a wor-rd o' lie in that!" he soliloquized.

And he was right. A German sharpshooter at a loophole had seen Private O'Gara's head the second time the latter peered out upon the scene, only to be withdrawn before the Hun could pull trigger.

Confident, however, that the head would reappear in the same place, the sniper had taken a set aim and waited, with the result already described.

That shot had a very peculiar effect upon Private Dennis P. O'Gara. For him it resolved the war into a question of the supremacy, not of nations, but of individuals. He felt outraged and insulted, and very angry, indeed; also, he no longer desired a happy death—at least not until he had settled with that sharpshooter who had tried to kill him!

"Ye Sassenach!" he growled. "Wait till I get a crack at ye, an', be the Rock o' Cashel, I'll not miss! I've no doubt ye think ye got me that time, ye beer-swillin', sausage-guzzlin' son of a tinker!"

In view of the fact that he must, perforce, confine himself to the shell crater until dark, Dennis decided to make himself comfortable. His rifle, with fixed bayonet, lay on the rim of the crater; so cautiously he drew it down and leaned it against the wall. Then he removed his belt, water bottle and haversack, spread his blanket, and lay down.

About noon, with the exception of an occasional shell from each side, the firing was practically over, though up and down the German line the machine guns rattled at intervals, and there appeared to be considerable sniping going on. Dennis had by this time recovered from his demoralization; and, being still a growing boy, presently he was aware of an aching void within. So he ate a piece of his fruit cake and washed it down with a swig of water, following which a feeling of comfort stole over him. His nervous exhaustion was very great, now that the reaction had set in, and presently he fell into a sound slumber and dreamed he had killed the German sharpshooter, for which meritorious action he had been given the Victoria Cross. And while the King was pinning it on his tunic what should His Majesty discover but an almost fatal wound in Dennis P. O'Gara's breast—a wound Dennis had manfully concealed for two weeks. This, of course, had resulted in a discharge from the army for disability; and he had gone straight home to Galway, where everybody appeared to have forgotten his treason to Ireland—particularly his mother.

"Ah, mother dear," he murmured in his sleep, "'tis with yer own dear silf I'd rather be! An' 'tis ye I'll never l'ave ag'in ——"

At that instant a boot heel struck Private Dennis P. O'Gara very forcibly between the shoulder blades.

"So 'tis not dead ye are, but shleepin', ye lily-livered blackguard!" a voice growled. "Denny, ye gossoon, if ye're dead, say so; for if ye're alive, an' not hur-rted, I'll kick ye into the middle o' the Christmas holidays."

Dennis sat up with the suddenness of a Jack-in-the-box, to discover that he was in total darkness. He was startled.

"Who's there?" he demanded quaveringly.

"'Tis me—Copril Clancy," his visitor informed him. "Are ye hur-rted at all, at all?"

"Divil a hair, Clancy."

"Glory be to God! I t'ought ye were a corp."

"And ye, copril?"

"A smashed shouldher an' a broken leg, but nothin' wor-rse to shpeak of. Sure, if I ever get out o' this alive I'll be back in three months lookin' for the man that did it."

"And how did ye happen to crawl in here, Clancy?"

"For ye to ask me that is an impertinince, O'Gara. I'm wounded; which ye—bad cess to you!—are not. Sthrike a light, till I have a look at ye. No; never mind. There goes a flare." In the light of the rocket that rose from the German trench and lighted the stricken field, Corporal Michael Clancy looked at Private Dennis P. O'Gara. "Hum-m-m!" he said accusingly. "And, if I may make that bold, what in this an' that are ye doin' in this shell hole, an' ye as red as the divil wit' blood—an' none of it yer own?"

In Clancy's weary voice there was scorn and contempt supernal.

"'Tis the comp'ny commandher's blood," Dennis complained abjectly; "an' sorra one o' me knows how I got in here, at all, at all. I'm thinkin' it must have been a concussion shell, Clancy, that knocked me silly wit'out hur-rtin' me, for I've just woke up; 'n'—glory be to God!—here I am!"

"Now that," quoth Clancy evenly, "is a damned lie, an' the more shame to ye for tellin' it, that made yer last confession not twilve hours gone."

"Have a care what ye say to me, Copril Clancy!" Dennis retorted coldly. "Ye're wounded an' ye're a non-com., so ye have the advantage o' me now; but wait a bit ——"

"Have a care? Me? O' the likes o' ye?" Corporal Clancy permitted himself a brief, mirthless, contemptuous chuckle that brought a rush of tears to Private O'Gara's eyes. "Faith, 'tis well for ye I'm a cripple, else I'd shlap the snoot of ye an' kick the rear of ye till I dhropped wit' exhaustion. So, sorra one o' ye knows how ye got in here, eh? Faith, here's a grand mysthery! Was it yer wet nur-rse, avic, that shpread yer blanket undher ye an' over ye? An' was it yer valet that took off yer belt an' haversack an' wather bottle? An' was it that black head o' yours, or a ghost's, that I saw peerin' out o' this crater this mornin'? D'ye mind I called to ye to keep it down a second before that sniper bounced a bullet off yer helmet?"

Again the corporal indulged in his brief, mirthless, contemptuous chuckle; and Dennis, realizing that he could not cozen this veteran, broke down and confessed. Clancy sat silent until the boy had finished his spell of weeping. Then:

"L'ave be, lad; l'ave be," he said gently. "Sure, I undhershtand betther nor ye can explain it; an', knowin' what I know, maybe I've been a bit hard on ye. Do ye recall Sergeant McClusky givin' ye the knee to help ye up the scalin' laddher this mornin'? Well, McClusky an' mesilf were detailed be the

(Continued on Page 30)

"May God Bless Her an' May Sorrer Never Touch Her! For She's Sint Ye All the Four-Leaved Shamrocks in Ireland!"

Tales From a Safe-Deposit Box

A Bull on America—By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES C. McKELL

"This Country's as Sound as a Nut—Absolutely! But That Big Smash Is Going to Crash Them All Down There"

THE first stock I ever bought on margin was in 1906. It was Union Pacific. I paid 166½ for it. And I bought it of the broker they used to call the Bull on America. John Sinclair was his name.

He was a tall, cadaverous, black-complexioned man, very enthusiastic and excitable, who was always talking about his "principle" of Americans' investing in America. A New York firm had put in this branch brokerage office for him in that wild boom year. And he used to stand there in his shiny new glass-and-mahogany private office, as you went in, boosting the market in general, and Union Pacific in particular, in that hectic overexcited way he had of putting things.

"Look at her assets! Look at her territory! Look at her history!" he'd say. "And her management—that little Harriman! There's a real investment! There's a good, sound, representative stock for an American citizen to invest his money in."

He got especially excited when he started talking on that subject. The whites of his eyes showed wider and wider, and every now and then he'd press his hand against the side of his head. He had some kind of chronic nervous headache.

"You mark my words!" he said: "Before you and I are two years older you'll see Union break on up through 200. And before it does I want all my friends on board—you among them."

He always called his customers his "friends." I could see them out behind us, in front of the long blackboard, while he waved his hand and talked to me. The ticker raved and chattered; the lean, wise, white-faced boy he had hustled to and fro writing down quotations; and the customers—those friends of his—sat there, laughing and swearing happily, and spouting cigar smoke like young volcanoes, watching the new fractions go dancing upward in that great roaring bull market of 1906.

"This is the biggest bull market in the history of the world," he said to me. "All my friends are in on it, on my recommendation. And not one of them has any fault to find with what I have advised him, yet. Here's one now. He's made thirty thousand dollars if he's made a cent—on Union alone!"

"How's she going?" he called behind me, out the door.

That big Bill Runciman—one of those two they used to call the Star Boarders of the place—was coming out from the rear.

"Jumping and boiling!" said Runciman, walking on by.

He had a big red beard, and teeth like a horse. When he talked he always looked as if he wanted to bite you.

"How's Union?"

"Down a half." The outside door banged after him.

"Now's the time to get in on it yourself—to get those fifty shares we were talking about," said Sinclair.

"No," said I.

"Why not?"

"Because I haven't got the money—quite. And I never have bought on margin yet."

"How much have you got?" he asked me; and I told him.

"Margin!" he said. "You don't call that buying on margin, do you?"

It was some eighty or eighty-five points on the transaction. So finally he put in my order for fifty shares.

"You'll never regret it," he said. "It's bound and certain to break through 200. It's worth that now."

"I think so myself," said I.

"But that isn't the main thing," he said. "The main thing is, it gets you headed right—on the right idea of investing money."

And then he started on that principle of investment of his—the way he always did; talking faster and faster, and every now and then pressing his hand against the ache in the side of his head.

"There's only one absolutely rational simple theory of investment in this country," he said; "and I always mean that my friends shall get a hold of it. Sooner or later you, or anybody else, have got to learn to invest your money in the future of this country."

And he went on enlarging on the future of the United States in that jerky overenthusiastic way of his.

"Bonds—yes!" he said, talking still louder. "They're all right for a dead man or the funds of an old ladies' home! But not for us, at our age. What we want is a good, sound representative stock. And I'll tell you why.

"I'll tell you why," he said, warming still further to his work. "When you buy a bond what do you buy? Something done, and laid away, and finished. When you buy a good stock, conservatively chosen, what do you buy? You're buying a share in the future of your country.

"I'm an American," he went on orating—"first, last and always. I believe, if you have a country, you want to back it up with your money, just the same as you would with yourself. That's my religion; that's what I believe—about all I do believe, for any man in any country! The only difference with us in the United States is that whatever we invest in our country we'll get back over and over again; in one year, or ten years, or twenty years from now, she'll still be paying you back for your faith in her!

"I'm a crank," he went along, leaning down over me. "I admit it. But I'm right. I've got the right idea. I'm an idealist—an optimist! And I've got the advantage an idealist always has over you conservative fellows. I've got vision. I can see. And I know there's just one principle for investing your money in this country, where you can't possibly lose.

"Oh, I know!" he said, when I started grinning at him outright. "I've told it to you a hundred times; but I'm going to keep telling it to you and all my friends as long as I can keep my lips moving. For it's right. And you know it's right. In order to make a success of anything in this country—investment or anything else—you've got to be just one thing: You've got to be a Bull on America. There never was a man who ever did anything or made any money here—from Morgan down—who wasn't a Bull on America—first, last and always."

He was yelling now like a country lawyer on Fourth of July. Back of me, outside the private office, somebody had started whistling something that had a kind of faint, blurry family resemblance to the Star-Spangled Banner.

"Be a Bull on America!" said Sinclair, talking louder and faster yet. "That's what I am. And I don't care who knows it!"

I turned round to see who it was he was looking at; and that Ben Masury, that other one of his two Star Boarders, stood there looking at him with that sad blank stare he always wore. He was a short fat man with a wrinkled forehead and a sticky breath. When he hadn't been drinking cocktails he talked so, anyway. It was part of his stock in conversation.

"Poor nut!" he said, shaking his head sadly.

"No sir," Sinclair said over again. "I don't! Not even the town drunkard!"

"Come on!" this Masury said to him. "It's lunchtime."

"I couldn't eat anything for a thousand dollars," said Sinclair, with his hand to his head again.

"Who asked you to eat?" said Masury, and grabbed his arm. "What you want is a drink."

"That's what you've got to get in your head," Sinclair went on, talking to me. He was too big for the fat man. "I've taught it to all my other friends, including this one; and they've never any of them regretted it. Not this year, that's sure—not in 1906. But it is the principle of the thing I want you to get—the one first principle of investment here. Be a Bull! Be a Bull on America!"

"Come on," said Masury, pulling. "Come on to lunch, you poor old sacred bull of My Country 'Tis of Thee."

But he didn't budge him.

"And I'll tell you another thing," said Sinclair, keeping up his lecture to me. "I'll go further: I'll say there aren't any bears in this country, strictly speaking—not among people of any judgment and intelligence. No, sir! And when you get with the big men of the United States you'll never find any bears—because no big men could be senseless enough to believe that this country's ceased growing."

And Masury stopped pulling for a minute.

"There are, of course," Sinclair kept along to me, "there are these gigantic manipulators and short sellers that Tom Lawson's been exposing in the magazines, that have got control of Wall Street these last ten years."

"Lawson!" said I. "You don't believe that stuff?"

"Believe it!" said Sinclair, a queer quick light coming into his eyes. "Certainly I do—in its main outlines. And everybody else who watches Wall Street closely. How else do you account for what happens down there—those big bear movements every so often, shaking out the public's money that they've got invested in stocks of this country?

"Believe it!" he said, showing still more of the whites in his eyes. "Everybody does who sees on the inside. There's a central branch of devils in there—a crowd of gigantic short sellers and manipulators in the middle of Wall Street that have been engaged for years in manipulating and tearing down this country to suit their purposes. Every time she gets on her feet they knock her flat again, and rob us all of what we've got—the part we own in it in our stocks. You know that as well as I do. Everybody does who reads the papers. You know about this System down there. Believe it? You bet I believe it!

"A bunch of gigantic lizards and hellhounds, and arch enemies of this country—that's all!" he said, getting more and more hectic in his expressions as he went on. "Benedict Arnold was a Christian gentleman beside them. By ——" something or other pretty strong—"if I was President of the United States I wouldn't shoot them; I'd skin them alive and hang their pelts up on the Stock Exchange, like skunks and muskrats on an old barn door—for treason. Treason to this country!"

And he stopped, tired out with talking.

By this time this Masury got his breath back and started in again. And suddenly that Big Bill Runciman came in.

"What's this?" said he.

"He won't drink," Masury told him. "The old Bull on America refuses food and drink—that's all."

And Runciman got the other arm.

"I'll tell you all about them," Sinclair had started in to me as this Runciman first jerked him.

"Come on!" said Runciman. Even when he laughed he looked as if he were just baring those teeth to bite you. "Oh yes you will," he said through his beard, "when I get hold of you."

You'd think he was murdering him, instead of taking him out to lunch.

"We're appointed," said Masury, pulling and puffing, "a committee by the President of the United States to see that the sacred Bull on America is insured proper food and drink three times a day. 'If he resists, use force!' says the President."

"Sergeant at Arms, do your duty!" said Runciman.

"I'll tell you all about them—how they work—sometime. And how we're going to get rid of them now—and own our own stocks," said Sinclair, dragging and struggling. "That's what we're doing now," he said between jerks; "we're beginning to own our country—take the stocks away from them. That's why we've got on to-day the biggest bull market the world has ever seen. And nowhere near the top yet, either! I'll tell you—I'll explain it all to you—some day, when I get loose from these wild ——"

Bang! went the outside door after them.

I saw Masury, the small one with the sticky breath, one day after that, when I went in to see the blackboard.

"A good old scout—John," he said, watching Sinclair; "if he could only find some treatment for that enlargement of the hopes he's got."

"How much Union did he sell you?" he asked me with his blank stare. And I told him.

"Well, you're all right," he said. "I guess we all are, for a while yet. But, ooh! If she got started down once—the whole thing!" he said, and turned his sad, round, fishlike eyes on me. "If something slipped a cog in My Country 'Tis of Thee now! Ooh! What a slide! What a slide to the bottom!

"We're all loaded up, every one of us," he told me—"especially with Union. And especially the old Bull on America. All loaded up," he said, shaking his sad wrinkled forehead, "like the poor washerwoman's child on Saturday night. And not one of us has got sense enough to let go."

We stood right on top of it then, of course—right on the ragged edge. That was the very last of 1906. Right after that 1907 started!

I was in there, with the rest, that worst day in the middle of March, when the Stock Market stumbled and took that first great perpendicular fall. I thought perhaps I would take my stock over into my own name.

Those friends of Sinclair, those Napoleons of finance of 1906, sat there, settled down on their shoulder blades, staring ahead of them, their deep-fringed cigars smoldering in their teeth. The ticker chattered like a town gossip telling of a murder, and the white-faced boy with long fingers jumped back and forth before the blackboard, chalking down those awful fractions. I looked in my own line of squares for Union Pacific, and caught my breath. It was 132—over twenty points lower than what I'd paid for it.

"You know those fellows we were talking about that day?" said a hoarse voice beside me. "You know those great hellhounds and traitors Tom Lawson wrote about—that System you didn't believe in?"

"Aha!" I said; and looked at the man—this Sinclair.

He looked bad to me. Great blue holes under his eyes, and more jumpy in his actions than ever.

"Well, here's where you see them in action," he said, and started cursing them.

"If you don't believe it," he said, his big dark eyes on the blackboard, "look what's happening here right now. Country prosperous; business booming; crop prospects A1. Everything top notch! All of a sudden something slugs the market between the eyes. What did it?

"What did it?" he asked, pounding his long hand with his other fist. "I'll tell you what did it: Only one possible natural thing—that System; that big central crowd of crooks—that bunch of gigantic lizards and hellhounds and arch traitors that have got Wall Street in their hands."

And he started loose on his idea again.

"I didn't think they could do it; I thought we were getting free from them," he said; "that the people were taking over the stocks of their own country in their own hands. There's where I was mistaken. And I've paid for it—and don't you forget it!"

"Your face looks it," I thought to myself.

"But now they're through. They've shot their bolt. And we'll get our money back—all of us that understand the idea of investing in this country. There's one way you can always beat these fellows. It never fails. Just stick and trust to the underlying values in this country. Whatever they do, you know they can't beat that. If you have Vision you will always see it.

"And now," he said to me, "what you want to do is to go right in and buy some more Union Pacific. Beat them at their own game. My friends are nearly all doing the sensible thing, the best they can do—hanging on. But you're in luck. You can average up and buy your stock the way those great devils do—at the bottom of a panic. You can average up on your holdings."

He finally convinced me; and I bought fifty more shares of Union Pacific. I believed in it myself; and, with what more money I put in, I had still fifty or sixty points margin.

"Hello!" said somebody then; and I looked over and saw that Masury.

"Haven't they got you yet?" he asked me, full of sad surprise.

"No," said I. "How about you?"

"Oh, we're still here—most of us—hanging on. Hanging on still. We're like the poor child that hung on to the bottom of the elevator—we can't ever quite make up our minds to let go. You see," he said, "we're still optimists; we're still Bulls on America, like John here."

That Bill Runciman, on the other side of him, opened up his beard for the first time.

"Aw! Eat it!" he said.

"You been in to hear him rave?" asked Masury.

"He looks bad to me," I said. "What's the matter with him, anyhow?"

"Lizards," said Masury. "Gigantic lizards! Ghosts, and blood-red hellhounds down in Wall Street—tearing down this country!

"But at that," he said, and turned his round, dead eyes on me, "I believe there is something damn peculiar going on down there—don't you? There's something big down in under there that they don't explain."

They never did explain it, for that matter; and never have, in my opinion, in spite of all their talking—on banks and politics and foreign exchange and overspeculation. There was something else in there; I've heard it whispered of once or twice—just whispered, and no more! No one I ever heard has ever really explained to me that last peculiar secret thing which happened underneath in Wall Street in 1907, with more convincingness than that man Sinclair did while it was still going on, and growing, and giving us all night sweats watching it; nor with one-quarter of his positiveness.

He Didn't Want to Go, but He Couldn't Resist Much Now

"It's unnatural—that's all; absolutely unnatural! Like an empty boat, creeping upstream against the current," he'd say when I used to go in and hear him rave, as Masury called it.

"Look at her! Look at this country! Bumper crops; steel mills at capacity. Corn, cotton, wheat—a record it will be, two years now running. Nothing like it! Nothing like it in the history of the world. And the market stationary, or drifting against the tide.

"If you want to see it," he said to me, in that August break in the market—"if you want to get an idea of what their power is, you want to sit here the way I do, day after day, and see them take a country like this and drag its Stock Market round after them, like a small boy dragging a sled."

And he talked about them and their machinery for it—the banks they owned, and the insurance companies, and the newspapers.

"If you doubted before—if any sane man ever doubted that System down there before, he never will again," he said. "This proves it!"

And then he let loose to me again on those gigantic lizards and blood-red hellhounds, as Masury called them.

He looked worse and worse to me. I said so at the time—leaner and more cadaverous every day; so thin you could count the bones in his face, like a dying monk's.

"Why wouldn't he?" said Masury when I spoke of it. "Here all day, watching this damned unnatural crazy market. Sitting here all night fighting off these gigantic lizards out of Wall Street; driving them back off this country with a pencil and a pad and a slip of crop statistics. I see him in there when I'm going home nights. He's always there."

"That man," said another one of the friends—a speculative young doctor with an account there—"looks bad. He wants to take care of himself."

"Lizards!" persisted Masury. "In the doorways. The worst one comes about midnight. He represents the Standard Oil and the New York Money Trust. His name is Bogog!"

"Oh shut up, you poor drunk!" said that Runciman. He was as ugly as a white-faced Alaskan bear in a trap—getting worse now every day.

"I see it," said Masury, making his voice thicker than it was, "because I sympathize with him. You wouldn't sympathize with anybody, Bill. You can't—unless they'd bought U. P. at top and were holding on to it."

And Runciman opened the hole in his beard and shut it again without saying anything more.

"They've got him—poor devil!—I believe. They've about cleaned him out," said Masury.

"A damn good job," said Runciman. "I wish they'd kill him."

"They've got him," said Masury in his monotonous voice, "just as they are going to get the rest of us before they get through in this damn nutty market.

"For—you can talk as you like—there's something big that has got its hand on this market down there, which you and I don't see," he said, setting those sad round eyes of his on mine. "There's something strange going on down there."

He wasn't the only one who thought that, either—nor Sinclair—not during those last days of 1907. We all had our turns at feeling that way, watching it. The whole thing got hazier and hazier as it got more threatening, and as the nerves of men got raggeder and raggeder from their losses. Wall Street was getting as full of ghosts and influences and controls as a cheap spiritualist's back parlor.

And every day, in that branch broker's office, with us in the "Country," the friends in the big room, the ex-millionaires of 1906, got fewer and fewer, dropping sadly out; and the Bull on America sat or walked round, in his empty shiny office in the front, urging them to stick; cursing the arch devils and traitors that had got their hold upon the throat of the country through Wall Street.

"But there's one thing we can do—always," he'd say, "if they drive us in a corner: We can take the stocks out of Wall Street if we have to. We could; but we won't have to, in my opinion. In my opinion they've got as far as they dare go now—for their own good! About two steps and a half more and they'll have the whole thing down; they'll tear their own trap down round their ears," he said, and cursed them again.

"Come here, Bogog!" said Masury to that imaginary lizard he always brought into the conversation with Sinclair about Wall Street now. "Lie down!"

"But when they let up once," said Sinclair in a more cheerful voice, paying no attention to him, "up she'll go again, right back where she was. You'll be rewarded—everybody that sticks. Mark my word! You'll see Union break through 200 before you and I are two years older. For, whatever they do—those traitors down there—there's one thing to count on always: the strength of this country. You or I can't ever lose faith in this country—in the long run. You've got to be a bull on this country—if you're sane."

"Oh whistle it!" said Runciman with a great major oath.

"No sir!" said Sinclair. "All we've got to do is stick. We're bumping bottom now. Pretty soon we'll begin to get our money back!"

And right after that came that last of October, 1907.

I was in there that first day of the first partial slide. The friends of Sinclair sat there—what were still left from those

good old days of 1906. The ticker chattered; the white-faced boy went rushing back and forth; and those crazy fractions, for reasons of their own, started dancing down again. The friends of 1906 sat huddled up, watching, like a little band of deaf mutes brought in to see a play at a madhouse.

Masury was about the only one who could talk out loud, and he was heavily fortified.

"Oh, mother!" I heard his monotonous voice beside me. "Oh, fireman, save my child! There he hangs by the eyeballs on that broken fire escape!"

And big Runciman opened his beard a crack to curse. He was becoming impossible—for civilization.

"Where is Sinclair?" I asked Masury.

"In there," said Masury: "alone with Bogog."

So I went in where he was, alone in his office, and saw him tramping round.

"They'll do it yet," he said, staring at me, with the whites of his eyes showing clear round the pupils. "I believe they're going to do it before they're through. I believe they'll smash the whole machine—pull that whole cursed network of banks and insurance companies and newspapers they've got there all down. And Wall Street with it!

"I don't care," he said. "I don't care for myself. They've got me—now. It's my friends I'm thinking about now."

"Don't think too much," I said. "You can't change it by thinking. What you want's to go home and get some sleep."

He looked like a man six days buried. His eyelids were all black over his eyeballs.

"Somebody wants to take care of that man," said the doctor who came in there. "He can't keep this up."

All at Once That Last Hour Broke—and the Bottom of the World Dropped Out

The trouble was, there was apparently nobody who was interested to do anything. He wasn't married; he lived in a boarding house. And, so far as anybody knew, there wasn't a soul who cared about him personally. And all his "friends" there in his office had troubles of their own just then.

After that there were three or four days, as I remember it, when things were not much worse in Wall Street, anyway; though the thing was rumbling all the time. And then came Tuesday—I think it was—when that second slide came.

I went in and saw the few in there—that still smaller huddle of the ex-princes of 1906—sitting gaping at the end of the world, expressed in fractions. And Union Pacific round 110! Still, I wasn't so badly off myself—though I was pretty well scared. I had a margin of twenty or twenty-five points kept clear.

I saw this man Sinclair on Tuesday and Wednesday. He didn't look any better—that was certain. He talked about his friends, and sticking, and the fundamental resources of the country, in the thick jumpy voice of a man who has stopped sleep entirely; and raved about his secret System—those gigantic enemies of the country!

"They can't do it!" he said. "They can't get my friends—not if they can hang on; not if there's any way I can keep them and save them. Not without wrecking that whole thing down there!"

He certainly did look bad.

"The great lizards have got him," said Masury as I was coming out. "Bogog sits there beside him every night now and wags his horny tail—waiting. Nights! I know just how it is."

Masury didn't look any too well himself. He wasn't drinking any less those last few days.

So there was Tuesday, pretty bad; and then Wednesday, still worse, as I remember it—an awful strain on everybody. We didn't have much time to think of Sinclair.

It was Wednesday night, a little after dinner, when I got that telephone from him.

"What?" said I. I knew his voice, but I couldn't understand him; he talked so fast.

"She's going!" I thought he said. "Sure! They've gone too far. They've smashed her!"

"What?" said I.

"Wall Street!" the voice yelled and jangled on the wire. "All the stocks coming up," I thought he said. "All my friends!"

"Stand away from the instrument," I said. "Don't yell so!" The receiver was rattling like castanets. "Now then, what is it?"

"A messenger—by train—at eleven o'clock," he said, plainer. "To-night! To-night! It's the only way. I acted quick. I had to. To-morrow it'll all be gone!"

"Who?" I yelled again. "What?"

"Wall Street! They've done it—what I was afraid they would. Pulled it down on their own heads! Wall Street's gone! Gone! They've done it!"

"Who—what are you talking about?" said I, and caught my breath.

"Who have? They have! They have!" said the receiver, and jangled full of hellhounds and Systems and gigantic traitors and lizards.

"And so," said the voice, lowering suddenly, with a kind of stealthy tone to it—"so I used diplomacy. So to-night I made the escape—for my friends. I got all your shares of stock out from there by strategy," he said, whispering now.

"I'm telling you right off," he said, louder again. "I'm telling you, now I done it, so you can come and take them up to-morrow. Before to-morrow noon. That's all. That's all. Good-by! Good-by!" Slam! Up went the receiver.

"Hello! Hello!" I yelled, and caught him while he was trying for Central again. "What is this?" I called sharply. "What are you talking about? What have you done?"

"Good-by! Good-by!" said the telephone. "I'll be down here all night. Come down. I'll explain it to you; but now—good-by! good-by! good-by! I've got to call up all the rest of them." And the telephone closed up again.

In a quarter of an hour I was down there in the office, out of breath.

"What's happened here?" I asked the two or three who were there ahead of me.

"We don't know," they said. "Bill Runciman's in there now, trying to find out."

You could hear them bawling at each other. Sinclair was still telephoning somebody and wouldn't stop. Their talk came out in a kind of series of explosions.

"Bogog!" said Masury in one of the still periods in between, and rolled his little, round, red-ringed eyes. "Lie down! Be still!" And he patted the imaginary lizard on his head—about halfway up the wall.

"He is crazy, I believe!" somebody whispered, looking at the door, listening. Finally it opened suddenly, and the man himself came out and stood there, taller and leaner and more sincere than Don Quixote.

"I'll tell you, friends," he said, standing there in the doorway, bending over, with one hand to his forehead, "all there is to tell: I saw to-night I had to act. I had to act quickly in the interest of my friends. I had to get out their stocks. I saw to-night it couldn't last! It was going!"

"Going—what?" said somebody back of me.

"Wall Street!" said the man in the doorway. And big Runciman cursed.

"Shut up, you fool!" that young doctor back of me called in to him.

All our nerves were wound up pretty tight.

"Wall Street!" said Sinclair, starting jabbering. "The signs are out. It's cracking, going—bound for hell's bottom!

"They've done it! They've pulled her down finally—on top of themselves!"

"Who has?" asked some fool back of me.

"That System—those hellhounds; those archtraitors that have had control there."

Nobody spoke for a moment; we all stood still. Back of me I could hear Masury, under his breath, say "Down, Bogog; down!" to his imaginary lizard again.

"But look here," said somebody else back of me; "just what have you done?"

"He's ruined us, as far as I can find out," said the voice of Runciman back in the private office, and cursed him.

"Shut up!" said that doctor again. "Let him talk!"

"What I did," said Sinclair—"I acted quick. I saved my friends their stock. I knew if it was down there in that general smash to-morrow, or next day, when it comes, it would all be lost—every dollar. So I sent for it and got it out of there! I had it sent up by messenger to-night.

"You see my reasoning," he said, sticking his long finger out, intensely logical. "This country's as sound as a nut—absolutely! But that big smash is going to crush them all down there—every one. They're all going—every one; banks, insurance companies, brokers; every one of them—those chief devils themselves. Yet the country's sound. Your stock is sound. You know that! The only thing was, I had to act. I had to get them here to-night—in your own hands before it was too late!"

"What can we do with them? How can we get the money now to take them up with when they get here?" somebody asked him.

"You've got to—that's all! You've got to!" he yelled suddenly. "Or they'll get you. They'll get you—just as sure as they've got all Wall Street now. You've got to! Because I got them up here for you. I had to save my friends! My friends——" And all at once he burst out crying. Nobody spoke or looked at him.

"Let's you and I," said the monotonous voice of that drunken Masury—"let's you and I step aside where we can be alone to pray."

(Continued on Page 76)

JAPAN'S INFLUENCE IN CHINA

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

A Popular Japanese Demonstration

WITHOUT China, Japan cannot be a much greater Japan than Japan already is. With China, the limits of Japan's expansion as a military power, as a commercial power, as a dominant factor in world politics, as the Japanese think, are the limits of Japan's ambitions; and those are limitless.

So, put it down that Japan intends to have China, must have China, plans to occupy the predominating and dictatorial position in China; and has no other design than to utilize the vast resources of China, both active and passive, for the glory and increment of Japan; for the firm establishment of Japan at the pinnacle where the Japanese have convinced themselves they most properly belong—in the leadership and dominion of the yellow men of the world—for the ultimate supreme authority in all the East.

Men will rise up to say that these statements are immoderate. That is to be expected. Until the very moment of it men rose up to say there could be no war like the present war. Until the actual happening men rose up to say the United States could, by no possibility, be intermixed—as the United States is—in international affairs. Many men in our country have been hypnotized by the acute, assiduous and fair-spoken Japanese—many more men than those would wish who can see clearly what our dangers are—into the attitude of mind and speech that is so pro-Japanese as to be anti-American in many of its phases. These men are ardently articulate, as are all their class; but what they say cannot change the facts.

Two years ago, when writing about the relations between the United States and Japan, I said, in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, after a patient and well-advantaged first-hand investigation, that Japan, *per se*, would not fight the United States; had no intention of fighting the United States, for economic reasons mostly. That statement was true then and it is true now, though, through a large war prosperity, Japan is in a far better financial position now than then.

Nippon's Dream of Dominion

THE Japanese are an arrogant people, but they are not simple-minded. They know that, whatever preliminary advantage they might gain because of their heavy military establishment, inevitably and eventually they would be overcome by the resistless force of the resources, both in men and in money, of the United States. Taking it for granted, even, that Japan desires—now, say—to fight the United States, or has so desired in past years, Japan has understood that Japan isn't big enough or rich enough, notwithstanding Japan's very successful efforts to create that impression in the United States.

There are various reasons why Japan, as at present constituted, cannot and will not make war upon the United States; but the chief and most potent reason is money. Japan has not the financial resources to make such war. Japan never will have, if the people of the United States of America can be brought to a comprehension of their plain, patriotic duty in the premises; and that does not mean that any policy or act of ours shall, in any way, hinder or intercept the legitimate expansion of Japan in any peaceful direction. It simply means that we shall protect ourselves, as we may easily and profitably do, and remain on level terms with all countries while so doing.

The alarmists, on one side, proclaim that Japan has a wild desire to foray against us, and that war is inevitable between the two countries. The pro-Japanese, on the other side, can see nothing in any Japanese act or attitude but the most pacific and benign intentions. The truth is exactly between these states of mind. The keen concern of the United States in the problem of the Far East rests in taking present steps to guard against future possibilities, and in an adequate understanding of what those future possibilities are. Our principal danger is comprehended in our attitude toward those dangers; our lack of understanding; our careless and incidental consideration; our mawkishly altruistic attitude; our tendency to believe honeyed protestations and assurances; our childish acceptance of what the Japanese say about themselves, and claim concerning their high motives.

Japan must have China if Japan is to be a greater Japan than Japan is to-day. The primary reasons are concrete and obvious. Japan must expand. She has reached the practical limit of her resources for the support of her rapidly growing population. She has not land enough. She has not market enough. She has not the commodities she insistently needs. She must go elsewhere; and the logical place for her to go is to China, her near neighbor, populated by a race with which Japan has been closely associated for a thousand years, and to which Japan is bound by racial, religious, temperamental and many other close ties.

China is a fair field; and there could be no objection to the exploitation of China by Japan if it were Japan's policy or plan to exploit the fair field of China by fair methods. That would give Japan her undisputed right for trade, commerce, prosperous business, and supply an outlet for the necessities of her people. An objection or an obstruction to that would lay open the nation making that objection or framing that obstruction to exactly the same criticism to which the policy and plan of Japan in China subjects Japan—the criticism of seeking to control, dominate and absorb China.

The fact is, Japan wants more in China than the opportunity for trade, commerce and an outlet for her constricted people. Japan wants China bodily, and for these reasons:

Japan, in the fullness of her projected imperialism and her belief in her divinely appointed mission to lead the Asiatic races, has no intention of remaining an Island Empire, however as such she may transcend her close and racial neighbors. Japan considers herself the instrument whereby the destiny of the East shall be worked out by means of the powers she has and the powers she may be able to secure and assume. Japan does not intend, if so be it can be brought about, to be merely a dominant factor in the Far East. Japan intends to be a dominant factor in the world.

The Japanese statesmen know Japan, and realize that this ambition is unattainable through the resources which are at present entirely Japanese. Japan turns to China: for in China are all the elements that, when utilized and controlled by Japan, give Japan the added power she must have. China has iron, for the making of the steel Japan needs for munitions, ships, all the instruments that must be called into play if Japan is to achieve the position in world affairs she holds to be her right. Japan has but little iron. In China she can get that invaluable commodity in inexhaustible supply.

China, as a source of funds, is rich beyond the computations of man—undeveloped, but rich. If Japan dominates and controls that development Japan gets the money that comes from it; and Japan must have more money than she can get or make, in her present situation, to forward her plans and hold her in the position she hopes to assume. China is the prospective and potential treasury of Japan, as Japan views China—the producer that shall give Japan the required additional financial strength.

China, as a source of man power, is greater than any other country. Put Japan in control of China, and Japan could and would make of the men of China the most formidable fighting machine ever known, even with all the men now on the battlefields of the world considered. The Chinese is a good soldier, when trained. There are millions upon millions of men in China—twenty—thirty—forty—who can be made into strong and brave fighters; men accustomed to meager fare and to small pay; men beaten into unquestioning obedience by centuries of despotic control; men who could soon be bent to the military will of Japan, and who would give Japan, with her own soldiers, a fighting machine that could withstand a universe.

Japan Taken at Her Own Valuation

IN ADDITION to these essentials, China offers to Japan a place for the marketing of her wares, a place for the growing of the food she needs, an abode for her surplus population, for the hundred other necessities that she has—a place she understands; and a submissive people, in the main. But chiefly China can be made to supply iron, money and men—the three great elementals of dominion.

Because Japan, since 1866, has emerged so rapidly from her feudalism; because Japan has adopted many of the expedients, devices and conventions of Western civilization; because the Japanese have made such great apparent strides in assimilation of the Western method and manner of living; and because, most of all, racially they are such opposites to the Western people, and their changes seem greater because more marked—the Western world has come to regard the Japanese as a super-people, and has listened to, and in large measure believed, all the claims the Japanese have made for themselves, as well as all the claims the impressionable visitors to Japan and the doubly impressionable writers about Japan have set up.

Similarly Japanese statesmen, politicians, warriors and sailors have been held to be remarkable in their lines; greater, more sagacious, more fearless, more skilled, not because they really are so, or have been, but because they are great, or sagacious, or fearless, or skilled in any degree. Japan and the Japanese have been considered atmospherically, not critically. It isn't that they do these things, and many others, well, but that in so short a time they do them at all; and from this consideration it is but a short step to the extravagances of the super side of it. Realizing this, the Japanese have skillfully, intelligently and persistently advanced the idea. And they have achieved in no small measure in addition. The combination of achievement and press-agenting has established a rather fictitious Japan in the Western mind; also in the Japanese mind. The Japanese, observing that the Western people have accepted their own valuation of themselves, have come to consider that self-appraisement as true.

To this condition and attitude there must be coupled the basic, ineradicable national protest because of it that has arisen among all Japanese against being lumped racially as Orientals, as opposed to Occidentals. The Japanese, planning to dominate the Asiatic races, claim the right to be judged by Occidental standards on their Occidental merits on their own account. They resent any discrimination or intimation of discrimination against them as an Asiatic people; and a considerable number of misunderstandings, both past and prospective, with Japan come from this intense and nation-wide protest.

Now this, of course, presupposes a national egoism that has led Japan, and is leading Japan, into difficult paths; and none is more difficult than her path in China. The Japanese are an Oriental race, and never will be anything else, so far as that goes; and they fail to realize that this very fact is what has given them their Western prestige, and has led to the Western assumption of their remarkable abilities; for to the Western mind anything Oriental is mysterious, such has been the reading and thought of our practical people; and anything that is mysterious has a tinge of superpower about it. Therefore, we have come to ascribe greater values than they have to Japanese plans and procedures, greater efficiencies and greater possibilities.

Thus, when we know, as we do or should know, that the ultimate plan of Japan is the domination of China, for the reasons I have set forth above, we are likely to consider that domination as near accomplishment, and the plans and diplomacies and mechanism of it as fixed, determined and operative, owing to our extravagant overappraisement of the Japanese and what they can do. The fact of it is, the Japanese are not nearly so clever as regards China, or with their plans in and concerning China, as we hold them to be. They have the groundwork idea and policy, of course. They want and intend to have China; but they are sorely puzzled as to how they are going to secure China and get away with the goods.

A Policy of Opportunism

THE Japanese policy concerning China, and for China, and in China, is a policy of opportunism—no more and no less. The only determinate quality of that policy is the urgent opposition to every constructive step that China tries to take—the attempt to defeat every progressive movement in China; a tyranny of diplomacy that has for its fundamental idea and for its entire scope the delaying of reconstruction that will make the apparent necessity for intervention in China by force of arms to "establish peace, protect the interests of other nations, and bring about good government"; this necessity to be followed promptly by such intervention, because of the disordered state of China. And, once in, as Japan desires to be in, Japan will not get out.

There are two phases to this opportunist policy: The first is the subtle but effective opposition to all progress in China, to all constructive measures, to political serenity and reconstruction. The second is the attempt to dominate politically, by the loaning of money to China, the plan to gain financial ascendancy in China; to obligate China until China must obey the wish of Japan.

The Harbor at Hankow

That is all there is to it—obstruction and financial control. And, with this basic idea, Japan kisses China on one cheek and slaps her on the other, as the affair of the moment may suggest—shifting, changing, trying this and that; experimenting to see how far China can be forced; speaking fair words to discover to what degree China may be cajoled or deluded; suiting the attempt of the moment to what the situation seems to require; but always steadily pushing farther and farther into China and consolidating China for Japan's final foray. The root idea is firm enough and fixed enough, but its execution is hazarded to a hit-or-miss opportunism, a blow-hot or blow-cold policy. If one scheme does not work try another, but never relax on China.

"We do not desire to interfere with internal affairs, or support one or the other of the political parties in China," said Baron Motono, the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, in his speech at the opening of the Japanese Diet early in the present year.

The baron preceded that excellent declaration by a few remarks deploring the tendency of Japan to interfere in the internal affairs of China. He said that, after the fall of the Manchus, well-meaning but mistaken Japanese undertook to assist various parties in China, with disastrous results. Premier Terauchi also spoke in the same kindly manner. Whereupon the Diet, having ideas of its own concerning China, and other things, promptly passed, by an overwhelming vote, a resolution of no confidence in Premier Terauchi and Baron Motono, and their government and policies, forced the dissolution of the Diet and a general election, which has not been held at the time of writing.

However, the fair words of Premier Terauchi and Baron Motono and the actions of the Japanese diplomatists in China do not jibe. It is a four days' journey by the fastest train from Tokio to Peking, and what is said for public consumption in Tokio may not correspond with what is being done in Peking, and elsewhere. One of the first lessons of the Western manner the Japanese learned was that what diplomatists say and what diplomatists do are not necessarily in close accord. This article has no concern with what is said in Tokio. It relates exclusively to what has been done and what is being done in China.

It so happened that I was in Peking in March, April and May of 1915, and knew, at first hand, just what the Japanese tried to do when they took advantage of the fact that the other nations—except the United States—who have interests in China were so busily engaged with warlike affairs that they had no time to watch Chinese developments or their correlated Chinese aspects. The Japanese, on that occasion, presented twenty-one demands to China, in five groups, and told the other nations of the world, including England, the ally of Japan, and the country with two and a half billion dollars invested in China, that the number of their demands was eleven; and that they related entirely to administrative matters concerning Southern Manchuria, peculiarly of Japanese concern.

Japan's Twenty-One Demands

IN REALITY those twenty-one demands, in terms, meant the positive subjugation of China by Japan; and there is no doubt that if the Japanese could have secured the secrecy about their project which they tried to force from China they would have made the entire twenty-one operative, under cover, and, having thus secretly secured their advantage, held to it. There were certain men in China, representing American and English newspapers and magazines, who saw what this foray against China meant; and they eventually succeeded in informing the world just what Japan had in mind. There was an immediate protest. And, though Japan presented an ultimatum to China, and threatened armed invasion, Japan eventually held some of the demands in abeyance, waiting for another opportune moment; and tried to convince the other nations of the world that Japan didn't mean it, and had none but the most honorable intentions toward China.

Many things happened in China after the enforced acceptance by China of the greater part of this program of Japan's, including an attempt by Yuan Shi Kai to become emperor, in which he had some Japanese support; an ensuing revolution; the death of Yuan Shi Kai, on June 6, 1916; and the accession of Li Yuanghung as president. Early in August of the same year a dispute arose between a Japanese hawker named Yoshimoto, in Chengchiatun, which is a settlement in Southern Manchuria, and a Chinese soldier of the Twenty-eighth Chinese Division, stationed at that place. This dispute led to a clash between the Chinese soldiers and the

PHOTO. BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

Japanese Troops Landing at a Port on the Shantung Peninsula, on Their Way to Tsingtau

Japanese soldiers who, without warrant, justification, or permission from China, had been stationed in Chengchiatun for two years. The Chinese Government had repeatedly protested to the Japanese Government against the presence of the soldiers, but the Japanese had refused to move them.

In addition to Japanese soldiers, there are Japanese policemen in large numbers in Southern Manchuria, also necessary adjuncts to Japan's pacific policy, it would seem; and one of these Japanese policemen, after this first affray, induced a Japanese lieutenant to lead some Japanese soldiers to the Chinese barracks. There was another row, and four Chinese and twelve Japanese soldiers were killed, and others wounded. Then the Japanese troops were reënforced immediately, and large bodies stationed at points on the highway between Chengchiatun and Supinkia.

It did not take Japan long to act on this lead. On September second, less than a month after the row, the Japanese Minister to China handed to the Chinese Foreign Office, in Peking, a series of eight demands, based on this tremendous insult to Japan at Chengchiatun—this killing of Japanese soldiers stationed in a foreign and friendly country without the consent and over the protest of that foreign and friendly country, and maintained there for two years. These eight demands were divided into two categories. The first four were demands. The second four were labeled "desiderata." The Japanese had profited by their experience with the twenty-one demands of 1915. They were not quite so impetuous or arrogant this time; but they knew what they wanted, just the same.

The four demands concerned the punishment of the Chinese general commanding the Twenty-eighth Division; the dismissal of the officers responsible for the occurrence at Chengchiatun; the posting of a proclamation warning all Chinese in Southern Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia to refrain from any act tending to wound the susceptibilities of the Japanese soldiers and civilians in those sections; and, finally, the agreement by China to the stationing by Japan of police officers in places in Southern Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia where their presence was considered necessary by the Japanese for the protection of Japanese subjects. Also, China was to agree to the engagement of Japanese police advisers by the Chinese officials of Southern Manchuria.

Chinese Territory Policed by Japan

NOW that, on the face of it, seemed to be a sufficient reparation for this insult to Japan—especially that fourth demand, which would make legal and binding the former putting of Japanese police in Southern Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, and give the consent of China to this thing that had been done; for the two sections of China swarmed with Japanese police at the time. It was Japan's attempt to legalize her act of invasion by those police. The second part of the demand was in strict consonance with Japanese projects in China. It meant simply the turning over of all policing of these sections of China to the Japanese.

It was not enough for the Japanese, however. There were a few other little things they desired—desiderata—and these were: The Chinese troops stationed in Southern Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia were to employ a certain number of Japanese military officers as military advisers; the Chinese military cadet schools were to employ a certain number of Japanese military officers as instructors; the military governor of Mukden was to go personally to Port Arthur and apologize to the Japanese military governor at that place; and the Chinese were to pay adequate compensation to the families of the Japanese killed and wounded for their losses and sufferings.

Thus, there appeared again, in another and localized form, as it appeared in Group Five of the twenty-one demands of 1915, the intention and desire of Japan to secure control of the Chinese military establishment. Japanese military advisers with the Chinese Army and in the Chinese cadet schools mean Japanese control ultimately and immediately—Japanese knowledge of all the Chinese military information there is, as well as the diversion of Chinese soldiers and of forthcoming Chinese officers to Japanese methods, standards and influences.

As is customary, Japan refused to accept any other consideration of the facts of the affair than that China was guilty; and would not discuss the rights or wrongs of the case. Japan said China was guilty, and that settled that phase of it. So the discussion began on the demands and desiderata. There were long negotiations; and the result of them was that China agreed to the punishment of the men engaged in the brawl, to an apology by the military governor of Mukden to the Japanese authorities of Southern Manchuria, the reprimand of the Chinese division commander, the publication of a proclamation warning the Chinese to be careful not to ruffle the feelings of the Japanese, and compensation to the Japanese hawker whose action started the original brawl.

These agreements were made in a formal letter to the Japanese Minister, in Peking; and the other demands and desiderata, the opinions of China about them and the insistences of Japan upon them were embodied in a series of *aides mémoire*, issued at the same time these agreements were issued.

Thus, the direct issues sharply demanded by Japan, over a mere brawl, were settled in favor of Japan under pressure of *force majeure*. The indirect issues—and this is the significance of the whole matter—were left unsettled. Both sides recorded their views on them and left them open; and that was all that Japan expected to get, and it was all Japan needed, for, under cover of this leaving open, Japan still retains her police in Southern Manchuria and in Eastern Inner Mongolia. Japan does not remove a single policeman or take away a single soldier. Instead, Japan has increased the number of police boxes in these sections of China.

What this amounts to is that these police in these sections, with their police boxes and stations, constitute not only an infringement on the national rights of China but also an impediment to the Chinese administration of justice, to the preservation of law and order, and become, from their very nature, instruments for disorder; for the Chinese are human and resent their presence, and the Japanese are rather contemptuous of the Chinese. Further clashes are inevitable, which will mean, of course, further opportunity for Japan to make other and increasing demands on China, inasmuch as, in these matters, it is the position of Japan that the fault always rests with the Chinese.

Moreover, Japan did not stop with pressing police invasion in the remoter sections of Southern Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, but set up police boxes in Amoy, in Fu-kien, in which province Japan claims an unrestricted sphere of influence, with the same disregard of the sovereignty of China; thus getting further hold on China. For, whatever point of China Japan enters, that point becomes Japanese to all intents and purposes. China protested against these Fu-kien police invasions; but the matter has come to no settlement as yet. However, the Japanese police will remain in Fu-kien.

These and similar aggressions of Japan on the sovereignty of China are capable of but one interpretation: Japan, with the slightest and most tenuous justification, creates in China centers of disorder under the guise of maintaining order; finding in the disorders that must ensue an excuse for further aggression in China. The policy is not a new one for Japan. It is being worked in Shantung. She did the same thing in Korea—precisely: established police boxes, demanded military and police adviserships, proceeded as she is proceeding in China, and ultimately absorbed Korea, which was a smaller but the same sort of weak and helpless nation that China is at present. And Japan is doing all this under cover of the war in Europe, which prevents close scrutiny of her acts in China by England and France, and other countries that might not be in accord with Japan's intentions as to China.

Japan's announced national idea concerning China is the commercial development of China; but these constantly recurring suggestions, demands and insistences for military advantage in China, in the guise of military advisers, and so on, make it clear that Japan's first idea as to China is a military idea. Japan wants to be in control of the Chinese Army, so far as possible, pending the time when Japan will make her final and decisive military demonstration toward China; and not only the Chengchiatun demands, the postulates of Group Five of the twenty-one demands, show this, as well as the various police plantings and the maintaining of large forces of Japanese soldiers at various points, but the firm and successful insistence of Japan that General Aoki be made the Japanese military adviser for the entire Chinese military establishment. Aoki is a man of very high rank, who was in command at Port Arthur during the Japanese-Russian War, and is one of the great soldiers of Japan.

Control of the Chinese Army

CHINA has had military advisers before, some of them Japanese; but this is the first time any nation insisted on sending a man of the high rank of Aoki to China. Ordinarily the rank of a military adviser is not above colonel, and some have been of lesser rank than that; but here comes Japan, insisting against the protest of an unwilling but helpless Minister of War that this great general, of exalted rank, shall take this supposedly subordinate position. He has taken it. The reason for that is plain enough. Aoki is not only experienced in Chinese affairs, as shall be shown in another place in this article, but he is one of the best soldiers Japan has; and, because of his strength and ability and Chinese adaptability, Japan expects him to dominate the military establishment of China and mold it to the desires of Japan.

Moreover, this policy was followed when the new minister to Japan was appointed, upon the retirement of Mr. E. Hioki, who was of subordinate diplomatic rank—a minister, for Japan, like all other countries, maintains only a legation in China, and not an embassy. However, Japan maintains Baron Hayashi, who is of full ambassadorial position, in China. He outranks his job in exactly the same way General Aoki outranks his job. Baron Hayashi, the ambassador, who has served as such in Rome, working as a minister; and General Aoki, one of Japan's great soldiers, working as a colonel—and Japan claims that her only intentions toward China are to "secure a cordial entente"! The Chinese did not want Aoki. They understood the motives of Japan in insisting that China should accept Aoki. The Chinese protested as well as they could. But Aoki is there, and he is the military adviser of the Chinese, forced upon China by Japan; and that fact is of significance in considering the real attitude of Japan.

Another significance that attaches to the forcing of Aoki upon the Chinese Central Government is that Aoki was practically the strategic general in charge of the rebel forces in the Yunnan Rebellion, which began in December, 1915, and which resulted in the defeat of Yuan Shi Kai's plot to restore the monarchial form of government in China and make himself emperor. During the course of that rebellion Aoki went to Shanghai and established headquarters. And at those headquarters he was in constant consultation with the revolutionary leaders.

And, as if to prove conclusively a plan to keep China in a foment, the Japanese in Peking were on the side of Yuan Shi Kai—that is, the Japanese were playing the North of China against the South of China, arraying the two sections against each other. For the South is where the radicals of China live, mostly, and where this

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A Chinese Artillery Corps With Rapid-Firing Guns

Over, Under, Around or Through

XVI

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

BEFORE the two adventurers left Vesper, Johnson wired to José Benavides the date of his arrival at Tucson; and from El Paso he wired Jackson Carr to leave Mohawk the next day but one, with the last load of water. Johnson and Boland arrived in Tucson at seven-twenty-six in the morning. Benavides met them at the station—a slender, wiry, hawk-faced man, with a grizzled beard.

"So this is Francis Charles?" said Stanley.

"Frank—by brevet now. Pete has promoted me. He says that Francis Charles is too heavy for the mild climate, and unwieldy in emergencies."

"You ought to see Frankie in his new khaki suit! He's just too sweet for anything," said Pete. "You know Benavides, Stan?"

"Joe and I are lifelong friends of a week's standing. *Compadres*—eh, Joe? He came to console my captivity on your account, at first, and found me so charming that he came back on his own."

"*Ah que hombre!* Do not believing heem, Don Hocaleece. He ees begging me efery day to come again back—that leetle one," cried Joe indignantly. "I come here not wis plessir—not so. He is ver' *triste*, thees boy—ver' dull. I am to take sorry for heem—*sin vergüenza!* Also, perhaps a leetle I am coming for that he ordaire always from the *Posada* the hes' dinners, lak now."

"Such a care-free life!" sighed Francis-Frank. "Decidedly I must reform my ways. One finds so much gayety and happiness among the criminal classes, as I observed when I first met Mr. Johnson—in Vesper Jail."

"Oh, has Pete been in jail? That's good. Tell us about it, Pete."

That was a morning which flashed by quickly. The gleeful history of events in Vesper was told once and again, with Pete's estimate and critical analysis of the Vesperian world. Stanley's new fortunes were announced, and Pete spoke privately with him concerning McClintock. The coming campaign was planned in detail, over another imported meal. Stanley was to be released that afternoon, Benavides becoming security for him; but, through the courtesy of the sheriff, he was to keep his cell until late bedtime. It was wished to make the start without courting observation. For the same reason, when the sheriff escorted Stanley and Benavides to the courthouse for the formalities attendant to the bail giving, Pete did not go along. Instead, he took Frank-Francis for a sight-seeing stroll about the town.

It was past two when, in an unquiet street, Boland's eye fell upon a signboard which drew his eye:

THE PALMILLA

THE ONLY SECOND-CLASS SALOON IN THE CITY

Boland called attention to this surprising proclamation.

"Yes," said Pete; "that's Rhiny Archer's place. Little old Irishman—sharp as a steel trap. You'll like him. Let's go in."

They marched in. The barroom was deserted; Tucson was hardly awakened from siesta as yet. From the open door of a side room came a murmur of voices.

"Where's Rhiny?" demanded Pete of the bartender.

"Rhiny don't own the place now. Sold out and gone."

"Shucks!" said Pete. "That's too bad. Where'd he go?"

"Don't know. You might ask the boss." He raised his voice: "Hey, Dewing! Gentleman here to speak to you!"

At the summons Something Dewing appeared at the side door; he gave a little start when he saw Pete at the bar.

"Why, hello, Johnson! Well met! This is a surprise."

"Same here," said Pete. "Didn't know you were in town."

"Yes; I bought Rhiny out. Tired of Cobre. Want to take a hand at poker, Pete? Here's two lumberjacks down from up country, and honing to play. Their money's burning holes in their pockets. I was just telling them that it's too early to start a game yet."

He indicated the other two men, who were indeed disguised as lumberjacks, even to their hands; but their faces were not the faces of workingmen.

"Cappers," thought Pete. Aloud he said: "Not to-day, I guess. Where's Rhiny? In town yet?"

"No; he left. Don't know where he went exactly—somewhere up Flagstaff way, I think. But I can find out for you if you want to write to him."

"Oh, no—nothing particular. Just wanted a chin with him."

"Better try the cards a whirl, Pete," urged the gambler. "I don't want to start up for a three-handed game."

Pete considered. It was not in good taste to give a second invitation; evidently Dewing had strong reasons for desiring his company. "If this tinhorn thinks he can pump me I'll let him try it a while," he reflected. He glanced at his watch.

"Three o'clock. I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Dewing," he said: "I'll disport round till suppertime, if I last that long. But I can't go very strong. Quit you at suppertime, win or lose. Say six o'clock, sharp. The table will be filled up long before that."

"Come into the anteroom. We'll start in with ten-cent chips," said Dewing. "Maybe your friend would like to join us?"

"Not at first. Later, maybe. Come on, Frankie!"

Boland followed into the side room. He was a little disappointed in Pete.

"You see, it's like this," said Pete, sinking into a chair after the door was closed: "Back where Boland lives the rules are different. They play a game something like Old Maid, and call it poker. He can sit behind me a spell and I'll explain how we play it. Then, if he wants to, he can sit in with us. Deal 'em up."

"Cut for deal—high deals," said Dewing.

After the first hand was played Pete began his explanations:

"We play all jack pots here, Frankie; and we use five aces. That is in the Constitution of the state of Texas, and the Texas influence reaches clear to the Colorado River. The joker goes for aces, flushes and straights. It always counts as an ace, except to fill a straight; but if you've got a four-card straight and the joker, then the joker fills your hand. Here; I'll show you." Between deals he sorted out a ten, nine, eight and seven, and the joker with them. "There," he said; "with a hand like this you can call the joker either a jack or a six, just as you please. It is usual to call it a jack. But in anything except straights and straight flushes—if there is any such thing as a straight flush—the outer card counts as an ace. Got that?"

"Yes; I think I can remember that."

"All right! You watch us play a while, then, till you get on to our methods of betting—they're different from yours too. When you think you're wise, you can take a hand if you want to."

Boland watched for a few hands and then bought in. The game ran on for an hour, with the usual vicissitudes. Nothing very startling happened. The "lumbermen" bucked each other furiously, bluffing in a scandalous manner when they fought for a pot between themselves. Each was cleaned out several times and bought more chips. Pete won; lost; bought chips; won, lost, and won again; and repeated the process. Red and blue chips began to appear; the table took on a distinctly patriotic appearance. The lumbermen clamored to raise the ante; Johnson steadfastly declined. Boland, playing cautiously, neither won nor lost. Dewing won quietly, mostly from the alleged lumbermen.

The statement that nothing particular had occurred is hardly accurate. There had been one little circumstance of a rather peculiar nature. Once or twice, when it came Pete's turn to deal, he had fancied that he felt a stir of cold air at the back of his neck; cooler, at least, than the smoke-laden atmosphere of the card room.

On the third recurrence of this phenomenon Pete glanced carelessly at his watch before picking up his hand, and saw in the polished back a tiny reflection from the wall behind him—a small horizontal panel, tilted transomwise, and a peering face. Pete scanned his hand; when he picked up his watch to restore it to his pocket the peering face was gone and the panel had closed again.

Boland, sitting beside Johnson, saw nothing of this. Neither did the lumbermen, though they were advantageously situated on the opposite side of the table. Pete played on, with every sense on the alert. He knocked over a pile of chips, spilling some on the floor; when he stooped over to get them he slipped his gun from his waistband and laid it in his lap. His curiosity was aroused.

At length, on Dewing's deal, Johnson picked up three kings before the draw. He sat at Dewing's left; it was his first chance to open the pot; he passed. Dewing coughed: Johnson felt again that current of cold air on his neck. "This must be the big mitt," thought Pete. "In a square

game there'd be nothing unusual in passing up three kings for a raise—that is good poker. But Dewing wants to be sure I've got 'em. Are they going to slide me four kings? I reckon not. It isn't considered good form to hold four aces against four kings. They'll slip me a king-full, likely, and someone will hold an ace-full."

Obligingly Pete spread his three kings fanwise, for the convenience of the onlooker behind the panel. So doing, he noted that he held the kings of hearts, spades and diamonds, with the queen and jack of diamonds. He slid queen and jack together. "Two aces to go with this hand would give me a heap of confidence," he thought. "I'm going to take a long chance."

Boland passed; the first lumberman opened the pot; the second stayed; Dewing stayed; Pete stayed, and raised. Boland passed out; the first lumberman saw the raise.

"I ought to lift this again; but I won't," announced the lumberman. "I want to get Scotty's money in this pot, and I might scare him out."

Scotty, the second lumberman, hesitated for a moment, and then laid down his hand, using language. Dewing saw the raise.

"Here's where I get a cheap draw for the Dead Man's Hand—aces and eight." He discarded two and laid before him, face up on the table, a pair of eights and an ace of hearts. "I'm going to trim you fellows this time. Aces and eights have never been beaten yet."

"Damn you! Here's one eight you won't get," said Scotty; he turned over his hand, exposing the eight of clubs.

"Mustn't expose your cards unnecessarily," said Dewing reprovingly. "It spoils the game." He picked up the deck. "Cards?"

Pete pinched his cards to the smallest compass and cautiously discarded two of them, holding their faces close to the table.

"Give me two right off of the top."

Dewing complied.

"Cards to you?" he said. "Next gentleman?"

The next gentleman scowled. "I orter have raised," he said. "Only I wanted Scotty's money. Now like as not somebody'll draw out on me. I'll play these."

Dewing dealt himself two. Reversing his exposed cards, he shoved between them the two cards he had drawn and laid these five before him, backs up, without looking at them.

"It's your stab, Mr. Johnson," said Dewing sweetly.

Johnson skinned his hand slowly and cautiously, covering his cards with his hands, clipping one edge lightly so that the opposite edges were slightly separated, and peering between them. He had drawn the joker and the ace of diamonds. He closed the hand tightly and shoved in a stack.

"Here's where you see aces and eights beaten," he said, addressing Dewing. "You can't have four eights, 'cause Mr. Scotty done showed one."

The lumberman raised.

"What are you horning in for?" demanded Pete. "I've got you beat. It's Dewing's hide I'm after."

Dewing looked at his cards and stayed. Pete saw the raise and reraised.

The lumberman sized up to Pete's raise tentatively, but kept his hand on his stack of chips; he questioned Pete with his eyes, muttered, hesitated, and finally withdrew the stack of chips in his hands and threw up his cards with a curse, exposing a jack-high spade flush.

Dewing's eyes were cold and hard. He saw Pete's raise and raised again, pushing in two stacks of reds.

"That's more than I've got, but I'll see you as far as my chips hold out. Wish to heaven I had a bushel!" Pete sized up his few chips beside Dewing's tall red stacks. "It's a shame to show this hand for such a pitiful little bit of money," he said in an aggrieved voice. "What you got?"

Dewing made no move to turn over his cards.

"If you feel that way about it, old-timer," he said as he raked back his remainder of unimperiled chips, "you can go down in your pocket."

"Table stakes!" objected Scotty.

"That's all right," said Dewing. "We'll suspend the rules, seeing there's no one in the pot but Johnson and me. This game, I take it, is going to break up right now and leave somebody feeling mighty sore. If you're so sure you've got me beat—dig up!"

"Cash my chips," said Scotty. "I sat down here to play table stakes, and I didn't come to hear you fellows jaw, either."

"You shut up!" said Dewing. "I'll cash your chips when I play out this hand—not before. You're not in this."

"Hell; you're both of you scared stiff!" scoffed Scotty. "Neither of you dast put up a cent."

"Well, Johnson, how about it?" jeered Dewing. "What are you going to do or take water?"

"Won't there ever be any more hands of poker dealt?" asked Pete. "If I thought this was to be the last hand ever played I'd sure plunge right smart on this bunch of mine."

"Weakening, eh?" sneered Dewing.

"That's enough, Pete," said Boland, very much vexed. "We're playing table stakes. This is no way to do. Show what you've got and let's get out of this."

"You let me be!" snapped Pete. "No, Dewing; I'm not weakening. About how much cash have you got in your roll?"

"About fourteen hundred in the house. More in the bank if you're really on the peck. And I paid three thousand cash for this place."

"And I've got maybe fifty or sixty dollars with me. You see how it is," said Pete. "But I've got a good ranch and a bunch of cattle, if you happen to know anything about them."

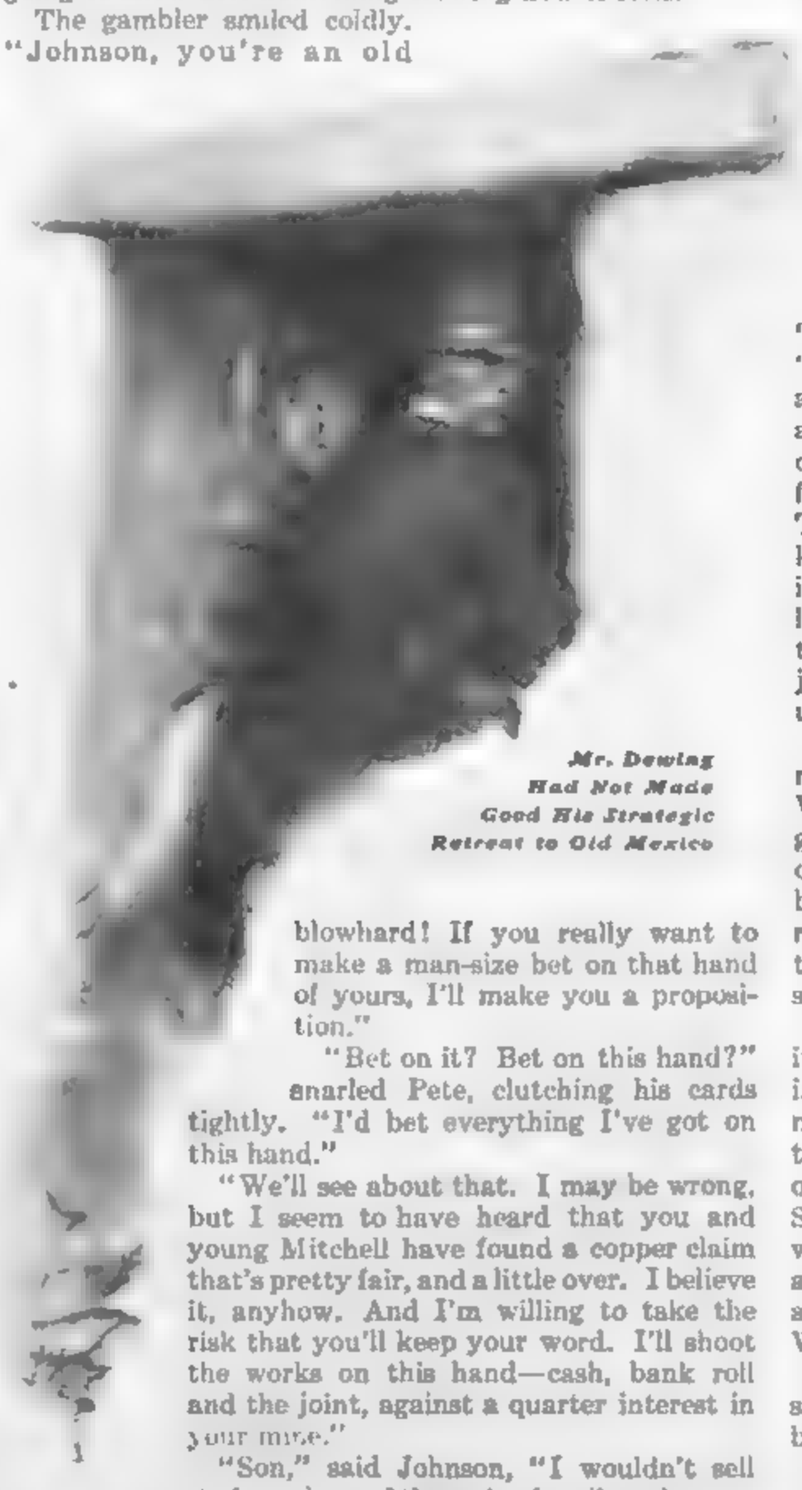
"Pete! Pete! That's enough," urged Boland.

Pete shook him off.

"Mind your own business, will you?" he snapped. "I'm going to show Mr. Something Dewing how it feels."

The gambler smiled coldly.

"Johnson, you're an old blowhard! If you really want to make a man-size bet on that hand of yours, I'll make you a proposition."



Mr. Dewing Had Not Made Good His Strategic Retreat to Old Mexico

"Bet on it? Bet on this hand?" snarled Pete, clutching his cards tightly. "I'd bet everything I've got on this hand."

"We'll see about that. I may be wrong, but I seem to have heard that you and young Mitchell have found a copper claim that's pretty fair, and a little over. I believe it, anyhow. And I'm willing to take the risk that you'll keep your word. I'll shoot the works on this hand—cash, bank roll and the joint, against a quarter interest in your mine."

"Son," said Johnson, "I wouldn't sell you one per cent of my share of that mine for all you've got. Come again!" The gambler laughed contemptuously.

"That's easy enough said," he taunted. "If you want to wiggle out of it that way, all right!"

Pete raised a finger.

"Not so fast. I don't remember that I've wiggled any yet. I don't want your money or your saloon. In mentioning my mine you have set an example of plain speaking which I intend to follow. I do hereby believe that you can clear Stanley Mitchell of the charge hanging over him. If you can, I'll bet you a one-quarter interest in our mine against that evidence. I'll take your word if you'll take mine, and I'll give you twelve hours' start before I make your confession public.—Boland, you mind your own business. I'm doing this. . . . Well, Dewing, how about it?"

"If you think I've got evidence to clear Stanley ——"

"I do. I think you did the trick yourself, likely."

"You might as well get one thing in your head, first as last: If I had any such evidence and made any such a bet—I'd win it! You may be sure of that. So you'd be no better off, so far as getting your pardner out of trouble is concerned—and you lose a slice of mining property. If you really think I can give you any such evidence, why not trade me an interest in the mine for it?"

"I'm not buying, I'm betting! Who's wiggling now?"

"You headstrong, stiff-necked old fool, you've made a bet! I've got the evidence. Your word against mine?"

"Your word against mine. The bet is made," said Pete. "What have you got? I called you."

"I've got the Dead Man's Hand—that's all!" Dewing spread out three aces and a pair of eights, and smiled exasperatingly. "You've got what you were looking for! I hope you're satisfied now!"

"Yes," said Pete; "I'm satisfied. Let's see you beat this!" He tossed his cards on the table. "Look at 'em! A royal straight flush in diamonds, and a gun to back it!" The gun leaped up with a click. "Come through, Dewing! Your spy may shoot me through that panel behind me; but if he does I'll bore you through the heart. Boland, you've got a gun. Watch the wall at my back. If you see a panel open, shoot! Hands on the table, lumbermen!"

"Don't shoot! I'll come through," said Dewing, coolly enough, but earnestly. "I think you are the devil! Where did you get those cards?"

"Call your man in from that panel. My back itches and so does my trigger finger."

"What do you think I am—a fool? Nobody's going to shoot you." Dewing raised his voice: "Come on in, Warren, hands up, before this old idiot drills me."

"Evidence," remarked Johnson softly, "is what I am after. Evidence! I have no need of any corpses. Boland, you might go through Mr. Warren and those other gentlemen for guns. Never mind Dewing; I'll get his gun, myself, after the testimony. Dewing might play a trick on you if you get too close. That's right. Pile 'em in the chair. Now, Mr. Dewing—you were to give some testimony, I believe."

"You'll get it. I robbed Wiley myself! But I'm damned if I tell you any more till you tell me where you got that hand. I'll swear those are the cards I dealt you. I never took my eyes off of you."

"Your eyes are all right, son," said Johnson indulgently, "but you made your play too strong. You showed an ace and two eights. Then, when Mr. Scotty obliged by flashing another eight, I knowed you was to deal me two aces for confidence cards and two more to yourself, to make out a full hand to beat my king-full. So I discarded two kings. Turn 'em over, Boland. I took a long chance. Drew to the king, queen and jack of diamonds. If one of the aces I got in the draw had been either hearts or black, I'd have lost a little money; and there's an end. As it happened, I drew the diamond ace and the joker, making ace, king, queen, jack and ten—and this poker game is hereby done broke up. And I'm ready for the evidence now."

"You've earned it fair, and you'll get it. I told you I'd not implicate anyone but myself, and I won't. I robbed Wiley so I could saw it off on Stan. You know why, I guess," said Dewing. "If you'll ask that little Bobby kid of Jackson Carr's he'll tell you that Stan lost his spur beyond Hospital Springs about sunset on the night of the robbery, and didn't find it again. The three of us rode in together, and the boy can swear that Stan had only one spur.

"I saw the spur when we were hunting for it; I saw how it would help me get Stan out of the way; so I said nothing, and I went back that night and got it. I dropped it near where I held Wiley up, and found it again, very opportunely, when I came back to Cobre with the posse. Everyone knew that spur; that was how the posse came to search Stan's place. The rest is easy: I hid the money where it was sure to be found. That's all I am going to tell you, and that's enough. If it will make you feel any better about it, though, you may be pleased to know that Bat Wiley and the rest were acting in good faith."

"That is quite satisfactory. The witness is excused," said Pete. "And I'll give you twelve hours to leave Tucson before I give out the news."

"Twelve minutes is quite enough, thank you. My address will be Old Mexico hereafter, and I'll close out the shop by mail. Anything else?"

"Why, yes; you might let me have that gun of yours as a keepsake. No; I'll get it," said Pete kindly. "You just hold up your hands. Well, we gotta be going. We've had a pleasant afternoon, haven't we? Good-by, gentlemen! Come on, Boland!"

They backed out of the room.

XVII

THAT night, between ten and eleven, Stanley Mitchell came forth from Tucson Jail. Pete Johnson was not there to meet him; fearing espionage from Cobre, he sent Boland, instead. Boland led the ex-prisoner to the rendezvous, where Pete and Joe Benavides awaited their coming with four saddle horses, the pick of the Benavides *caballada*, and two pack horses. Except for a small package of dynamite—a dozen sticks securely wrapped, an afterthought that Pete put into effect between poker game and suppertime—the packs contained only the barest necessities, with water kegs, to be filled later. The four friends were riding light; but each carried a canteen at the saddle horn, and a rifle.

They rode quietly out through the southern end of the town, Joe Benavides leading the way. They followed a trail through Robles' Pass and westward through the Altar Valley. They watered at the R E Ranch at three in the morning, waking Barnaby Robles; him they bound to silence; and there they let their horses rest and eat of the R E corn while they prepared a hasty breakfast. Then they pushed on, to waste no brief coolness of the morning hours. Pete kept word and spirit of his promise to Dewing; not until day was broad in the sky did he tell Stanley of Dewing's disclosure, tidings that displeased Stanley not at all.

It was a gay party on that bright desert morning, though the way led through a dismal country of giant cactus,

cholla and mesquite. Pete noted with amusement that Stanley and Frank-Francis showed some awkwardness and restraint with each other. Their clipped *g*'s were carefully restored and their conversation was otherwise conducted on the highest plane. The dropping of this superfluous final letter had become habitual with Stanley through carelessness and conformance to environment. With Boland it was a matter of principle, practiced in a spirit of perversity, in rebellion against a world too severely regulated.

By ten in the morning the heat drove them to cover for sleep and nooning in the scanty shade of a mesquite motte. Long before that, the two young gentlemen had arrived at an easier footing and the *g*'s were once more comfortably dropped.

But poor Boland, by this time, was ill at ease in body. He was not inexperienced in hard riding of old; and in his home on the northern tip of Manhattan, where the Subway goes on stilts and the Elevated runs underground, he had allowed himself the luxury of a saddle horse and ridden no little, in a mild fashion. But he was in no way hardened to such riding as this.

Mr. Peter Johnson was gifted with prescience beyond the common run; but for this case, which would have been the first thought for most men, his foresight had failed. During the long six-hour nooning Boland suffered with intermittent cramps in his legs, wakeful while the others slept. He made no complaint; but, though he kept his trouble from words, he could not hold his face straight. When they started on at four o'clock Pete turned aside for the little spring in Coyote Pass, instead of keeping to the more direct but rougher trail to the Fresnal, over the Baboquivari, as first planned. Boland promised to be something of a handicap; which, had he but known it, was all the better for the intents of Mr. Something Dewing.

For Mr. Dewing had not made good his strategic retreat to Old Mexico. When Pete Johnson left the card room Dewing disappeared, indeed, taking with him his two confederates. But they went no farther than to a modest and unassuming abode near by, known to the initiated as the House of Refuge. There Mr. Dewing did three things: First, he dispatched messengers to bring tidings of Mr. Johnson and his doings; second, he wrote to Mr. Mayer Zurich, at Cobre, and sent it by the first mail west, so that the stage should bring it to Cobre by the next night; third, he telegraphed to a trusty satellite at Silverbell, telling him to hold an automobile in readiness to carry a telegram to Mayer Zurich, should Dewing send such telegram later. Then Dewing lay down to snatch a little sleep.

The messengers returned; Mr. Johnson and his Eastern friend were foregathered with Joe Benavides, they reported; there were horses in evidence—six horses.

Mr. Dewing rose and took station to watch the jail from a safe place; he saw Stanley come out with Boland. The so-called lumberman had provided horses in the meanwhile. Unostentatiously, and at a safe distance, the three followed the cavalcade that set out from the Benavides house.

Dewing posted his lumbermen in relays—one near the entrance of Robles' Pass; one beyond the R E Ranch, which they circled to avoid; himself following the tracks of the four friends until he was assured, beyond doubt, that they shaped their course for the landmark of Baboquivari Peak. Then he retraced his steps, riding slowly perforce, lest any great dust should betray him. In the burning heat of noon he rejoined Scotty, the first relay; he scribbled his telegram on the back of an old envelope and gave it to Scotty. That worthy spurred away to the R E Ranch; the hour for concealment was past—time was the essence of the contract. Dewing followed at a slowed rate.

Scotty delivered the telegram to his mate, who set off at a gallop for Tucson. Between them they covered the forty miles in four hours, or a little less. Before sunset an auto set out from Silverbell, bearing the message to Cobre.

At that same sunset time, while Pete Johnson and his friends were yet far from Coyote Pass, Mayer Zurich, in Cobre, spoke harshly to Mr. Oscar Mitchell.

"I don't know where you get any finger in this pie," he said implacably. "You didn't pay me to find any mines for you. You hired me to hound your cousin; and I've hounded him to jail. That lets you out. I wouldn't push the matter if I were you. This isn't New York. Things happen providentially out here when men persist in shoving in where they're not wanted."

"I have thought of that," said Mitchell, "and have taken steps to safeguard myself. It may be worth your while to know that I have copies of all your letters and reports. I brought them to Arizona with me. I have left them in the hands of my confidential clerk; at a place unknown to you, with instructions to place them in the hands of the sheriff of this county unless I return to claim them in person within ten days, and to proceed accordingly."

Zurich stared at him and laughed in a coarse, unfeeling manner.

"Oh, you did, hey? Did you think of that all by yourself? Did it ever occur to you that I have your instructions, over your own signature, filed away, and that they would make mighty interesting reading? Your clerk can proceed accordingly any time he gets good and ready. Go on, man! You make me tired! You've earned no share in this mine, and you'll get no share unless you pay well for it. If we find the mine we'll need cash money, to be sure; but if we find it we can get all the money we want without yours. Go on away! You bother me!"

"I have richly earned a share without putting in any money," said Mitchell with much dignity. "This man Johnson, that you fear so much—I have laid him by the heels for several years to come, and left you a clear field. Is that nothing?"

"You poor, blundering, meddling, thick-headed fool," said Zurich unpleasantly; "can't you see what you've done? You've locked up our best chance to lay a finger on that mine. Now I'll have to get your Cousin Stanley out of jail; and that won't be easy."

"What for?"

"So I can watch him and get hold of the copper claim, of course."

"Why don't you leave him in jail and hunt for the claim till you find it?" demanded lawyer Mitchell, willing to defer his triumph until the moment when it should be most effective.

"Find it? Yes; we might find it in a million years maybe, or we might find it in a day. Pima County alone is a fourth the size of the state of New York. And the claim may be in Yuma County, Maricopa or Pinal—or even in Old Mexico, for all we know. We feel like it was somewhere south of here; but that's only a hunch. It might as well be north or west. And you don't know this desert country. It's simply hell! To go out there hunting for anything you happen to find—that's plenty bad enough. But to go out at random, hunting for one particular ledge of

(Continued on Page 90)

That Was a Weird Race. There Was No Running, No Galloping; Only a Steady, Relentless Trot

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 19, 1917

The Call to Arms

THERE are about twenty-two million males of militia age in the United States. Only five per cent of them will be called to the colors; and it will probably be a year before they can render any immediately effectual service toward winning the war.

Meantime every other man, woman and child above sixteen years of age can render immediately effectual service to the country. The call to arms means them.

Food is an exigent problem. To conserve and increase the supply is to lighten the task the United States has undertaken. Every waste of food, every neglected opportunity to increase the food stock, is a veritable weight on the shoulders of the allied armies. Everybody can help here.

Every ounce of increased production in any useful line, every penny's weight of genuine economy in household, shop, or anywhere else, is an immediately effectual help. Every individual act that contributes at all toward increasing the industrial and financial power of the United States is a real response to the call to arms.

Arms have the center of the stage and naturally are the first object of patriotic emotion. The inclination is to insist upon doing something that has a distinctively military value. But, when a hundred million people wage war, only a few of them can actually fight; and how effectively they fight depends upon the combined efforts of the remainder. In the net result a given farmer may outweigh a given soldier; a school-teacher's shirt waist may be the badge of as high service to the country as the uniform of a camp nurse.

The call is not merely for young men eligible to bear arms or for women to minister directly to the army. The honor is for all who respond, in whatever ways they can.

Farm Costs

ONE of the most successful farmers we happen to know propounds this conundrum:

How can farming be made more profitable unless farmers know whether they are making a profit or not?

Farmers, he said, are manufacturers of raw materials. Any other manufacturer compares what it costs him to produce and sell a given article with what he gets for that article, and turns his attention to those articles that show the best profit; but hardly one farmer in a hundred knows what it actually costs him to produce and sell any given article. Farmers, by the thousand, keep milch cows that an accurate system of accounting would show cost more than they produce. They maintain a berry patch year after year because one year out of three they get quite a bit of ready money from it, when a few simple but exact figures set down on the back of an envelope would prove that, taking one year with another, they were throwing away their land and labor. Out of abundant practical experience he cited many other instances.

Farm bookkeeping may be quite simple, involving almost no expenditure of money and but a small expenditure of time, and yet give a really dependable indication of the directions in which any given farmer should apply his energy. A lead pencil and a memorandum book that costs five cents, and can be carried in a coat pocket, provide as much paraphernalia as is absolutely necessary. Without that much paraphernalia—habitually used—a farmer is doing business with his eyes shut.

French Science and Learning

DEAN WIGMORE, of Northwestern University, heads an admirable movement to establish graduate fellowships for American students in French universities.

For many years graduates of American colleges have followed the fashion of going to Germany for their higher degrees; so that American professors trained in Germany are common, while those trained in France are rare. Inevitably the German-taught teachers have spread the cult of German scholarship until it has become the accepted notion that, though France may be preeminent in those intellectual activities which depend upon taste, one must go to Germany for science and learning, just as one goes to Paris for gowns.

Dean Wigmore shows there is no ground whatever for this tacit derogation of French science and scholarship. Inquiry among specialists in every branch of science and learning shows that France can speak with an authority second to none, and is as competent to teach as Germany, or any other nation.

Beyond the ability to teach any given branch of exact knowledge, France offers an intellectual atmosphere of freedom and democracy, a respect for general ideas and a stimulus to sound taste, which ought to make French universities especially attractive to Americans.

The idea is not to cry down German learning, but to redress a balance which has been artificially upset, and to make it generally known that, in teaching exact knowledge in all departments, France can offer every advantage found in Germany.

We should say offhand that, before this war, when any question of exact knowledge and its practical application came up for popular discussion, Germany was quoted ten times to France's one; and there was a rather popular notion that, of all nations, we had most to learn from Germany.

Events not of an academic nature have given that notion a great setback of late. We perceive in a broad outline what France has to teach. The proposal to establish graduate American scholarships there is a step forward in the democratic march.

Monroe Revised

NO SUCH opportunity for a cordial understanding among the nations of the American hemisphere ever before existed. German ruthlessness has accomplished what long seemed improbable—a genuine sympathy between South America and the United States.

Before this war, the countries of Central and South America were much closer to Europe than to us. Tradition, culture and trade all drew them that way, instead of this. From the beginning, war profoundly disturbed that relationship. Especially it cut off the supply of European capital upon which those countries developed. Now a common hostility to Germany draws them powerfully toward us.

It is a great opportunity, which ought to be improved. From the beginning of the talk about more trade between the United States and America south of the Rio Grande, we have insisted that our future relations with those countries depended entirely upon our services to them. It was all a question of what we should do for them. That is true now.

Though it is pressed with other big tasks, the Government should have in mind the question of extending credit to them. Two or three of them have in the last two years drawn some capital from the United States; but, with the Government coming overwhelmingly into our investment market, applications from outside the United States could expect little consideration—except as the Government backed them.

To an extent that seemed very improbable, even two years ago, war has got nearly all America into the same boat. It is now the business of the United States to demonstrate that it is a good boat to stay in.

The Army Bill

THERE should never have been any question, in this emergency, about raising an army by selective draft instead of by volunteering. The Government wants one out of twenty men capable of bearing arms. It should pick the ones most suitable for the service, exactly as it levies taxes upon those most able to pay.

The volunteer system, in present circumstances, means applying social coercion, which is far more tyrannous than the cool decision of a War Office bureau, because it is irresponsible and undiscriminating. Its injustice falls with equal weight upon those who enlist and those who do not. Under the volunteer system, with its inevitable passion, clamor and social coercion, and its inevitable implied stigmas, many intelligent and conscientious men, both among those who enlist and those who do not, must be left with a painful doubt as to whether they made the right decision. In innumerable cases, to say which one of two given men can serve more effectually with the colors, and which will be more useful to society in his ordinary civil occupation, are matters for expert knowledge and decision.

In peace the military establishment of the United States, we believe, will depend upon the volunteer system; for that system, after some changes in our army organization, can be made adequate to its peace needs. It is not adequate to war needs. Under war pressure it means that a considerable part of the nation resolves itself into a headless, inchoate, undiscriminating committee of the whole for the purpose of working the national temperature up to the boiling point.

War and Profits

NOBODY should make a profit out of war. Yet many people inevitably will. No human ingenuity can prevent that as long as the business of the world is organized on the basis of profit. Famine, pestilence, epidemics, flood, fire, death itself, bring profit to somebody. You can hardly touch the web of modern commercial life anywhere in any way without somebody's profiting. Many people will profit by war.

But the Government ought to prevent that so far as it is possible and expedient. Where direct war profits can be clearly distinguished it should have no conscientious scruples about taking them.

The British regarded all profits above those realized on a peace footing as war profits. But our so-called excess-profits tax is a tax on normal gains with no definite relation to war profits.

The Government can virtually fix prices, in many instances, and as to a very considerable part of its war business that will probably be its best recourse. It ought to prevent all direct war profits, so far as that is possible and expedient—but that is a different thing from confiscating ordinary gains for the purpose of war revenue.

Saving Liberty

THERE is a good deal of unnecessary agitation just now lest in the rush of war preparation we unwittingly make ourselves over into a Junker-boosed Prussia or a Romanoff Russia. Some proposals are said, with considerable passion, to involve danger of loss of liberty.

This comes of the legislators' amusing conceit—partly shared by the public—that a law is necessarily a conclusive settlement of the matter with which it deals; whereas, in fact, it is usually only a suggestion as to how it should or might be settled.

Political liberty does not reside in words printed in a law book. President and Congress have the same power to make us Prussians or Russians that they have to make us Malays. No liberty is going to be lost.

The Government will ask for wide discretionary powers touching such matters as free speech and liberty of the press. A good deal of discretion must be permitted to it under the circumstances of war. It will use those powers discreetly or it will get upset. Just where the line is drawn in the statute book is of comparatively little consequence.

The fact about political liberty resides in the genius and disposition of the people. A few hundred men at Washington cannot alter it. The precise wording of their theory as to what restraints upon individual liberty war makes expedient is not worth any great amount of nervous wear and tear.

Tax-Free Bonds

THERE are already outstanding more than five billion dollars of investment securities exempt from the income tax. This includes bonds of the United States, of the several states, and of all their political subdivisions. When subscriptions to the new war loan are closed the amount will be doubled. If war lasts a year it will quite certainly be trebled. Meantime the issuance of state and municipal bonds will continue; and the Federal Farm Loan system, whose bonds, also, are exempt from income tax, will be putting out large amounts.

Tax exemption, together with a stiff graduated surtax on incomes, will operate strongly to drive these tax-free bonds into the hands of the largest investors. A man whose income tax is forty per cent could afford to pay a handsome premium for a tax-free three and a half per cent Government bond as against a taxable five per cent railroad bond; while for a man whose income is taxed only five per cent the railroad bond would be the better investment.

Consequently, with many billions of tax-free investments available, the higher the surtax on large incomes goes, the more strongly will it tend to defeat itself by driving the big taxpayer to invest in tax-free bonds; and to the present inequality of the income tax, arising from the fact that big incomes are taxed at a higher rate than small ones, will be added the further inequality that many big incomes may escape taxation by investment in tax-free bonds.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Samuel G. Blythe—Himself

By Himself

I RATTLE the skeleton with these succeeding rattles, and no more:

DERIVATION

Father, born in England; Mother, born in Ireland; self, born in Geneseo, Livingston County, New York.

Date of said event: May 19, 1868.

STANDARDIZATION

Father, writing man; self, writing man; son, writing man. Note: Apparently a family failing.

EVOLUTION

1884: Began to write pieces for Editor Blythe's paper, published weekly at Geneseo, New York.

1906: Began to write pieces for Editor Lorimer's paper, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

(Concluded on Page 37)

May Wilson Preston

MRS. PRESTON is just as nice and just as busy as she looks in the photograph. As a sub-deb she must have been very like the sub-deb in those stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart that she illustrates so charmingly, though of course she was not so naughty. As a deb she had all the fellows following her round, and now, as an artist, she has all the editors running after her and begging her to illustrate a story.

When Mrs. Preston is not drawing the pictures that lighten the lot of the two million, she is driving her racing car, pulling up the potato plant on her Long Island estate to see how the high cost of living is coming along, and being among those present.

Frances C. Axtell

IN 1910 Mrs. Axtell cast her first ballot in her home state, Washington; two years later she was elected to the State Legislature; still two years more saw her a member of the Minimum Wage Commission; and last January, President Wilson appointed her to the United States Employees Compensation Commission.

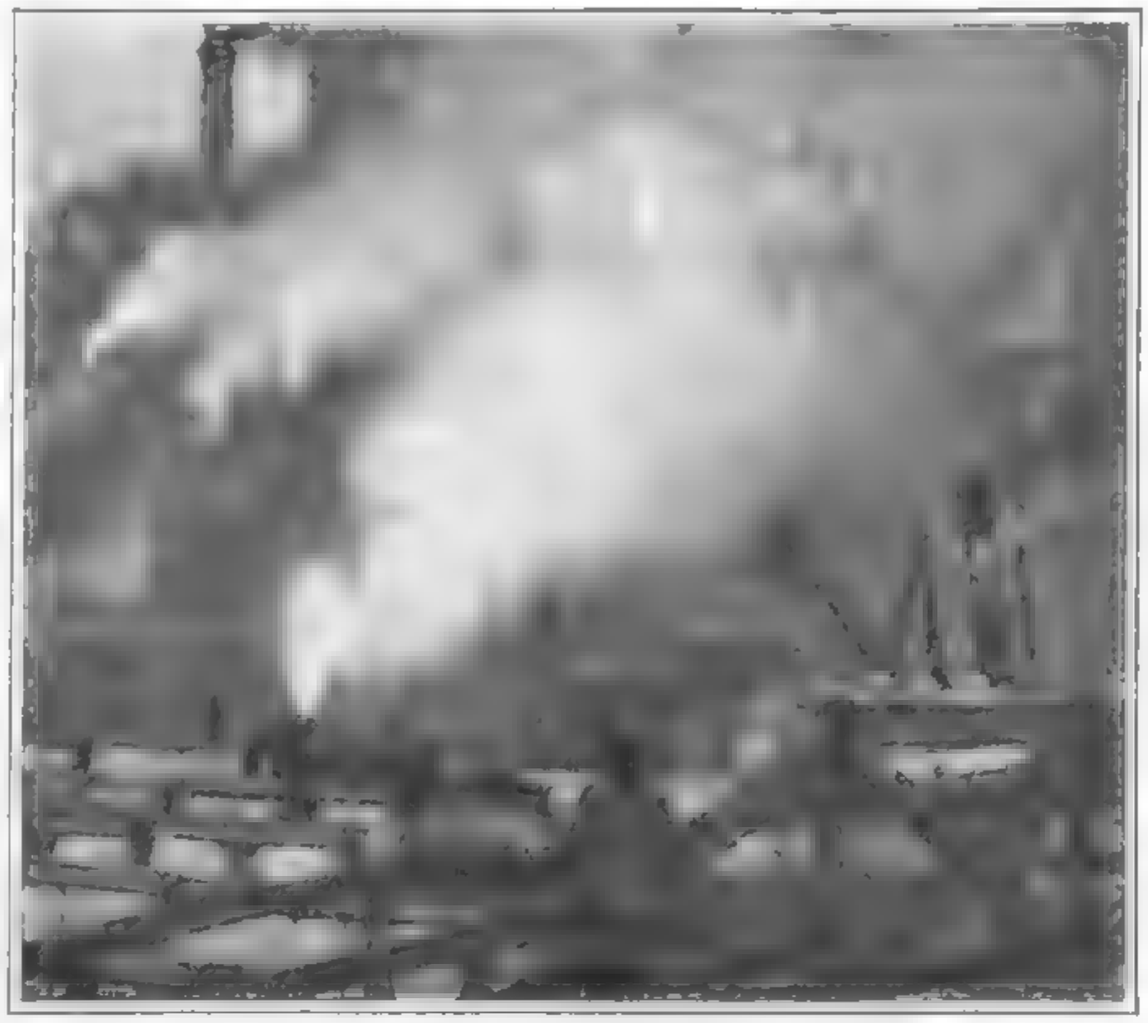
Where she may be two years from now there is no telling, but in the meantime she can be found in her new offices in Washington, District of Columbia, where the snapshot shown below was taken.

Geo. W. Goethals

NO ONE would guess from the expression on Colonel Goethals' face that he has just taken on his shoulders the responsibility for putting through the biggest merchant shipbuilding enterprise of history. To break Germany's blockade and defeat her attempt to starve out our allies, the Shipping Board will build a fleet of wooden ships to transport food across the Atlantic. Nor will the building of steel ships be neglected. Colonel Goethals will have practically unlimited authority over the work. President Wilson's choice of the builder of the Panama Canal for this tremendous responsibility is indorsed by the whole country.

THE RAILROAD AWAKENS

By Edward Hungerford



ON A CERTAIN sultry afternoon last August, while the United States lay in the shadow of a nation-wide railroad strike, a group of men were gathered in the historic East Room of the White House. Under ordinary circumstances these were men of parts. Each, in his way, was a prince who ruled a principality; each the president of an important railroad. They were men more accustomed to giving orders than to receiving them.

As the day progressed the heat had grown more intense. The White House attendants darkened the big room in order to keep it as cool as might be possible. The railroad presidents—there were forty or fifty of them in all—sat in a great crescent which just tipped the end of the grand piano. They were a glum and silent lot. They were facing the possibilities of a to-morrow that gave little comfort to the imagination. Already the country was in a species of hysteria. Clamoring tourists were crowding against the rails of the city ticket offices out in Colorado and in California; embargoes were being clapped upon freight movements of every sort and description; it looked as if commercial America was to be taken by the throat. Then, in those weary moments of waiting, a tall Scot—president of an important Eastern road—rose.

"I think that a hymn would be in order," said he. "Will someone start Lead, Kindly Light?"

The tension was broken. The situation, to a degree at least, was saved. And when President Wilson finally was announced he found awaiting him a group of business men who were willing to discuss the crisis with him in a fairly reasonable and logical way. But little else. They could not hope to act as a unit. The men who had gone into that conference had frankly said that there never could be any really united action on the part of the railroads. There were too many diverse interests to be considered; too many individual human factors—and then think of the size of the proposition: hundreds of different railroads, with more than two hundred and seventy-five thousand miles of main-line track! And the man who had brought them together, the man who in the years to come will perhaps be known as the greatest of all schoolmasters, began, after hours of fruitless conference, to share their views. He turned his faith, then, to his last resort, Congress. And Congress granted a sort of relief—unsatisfactory to all parties concerned. It tided the situation over for a time and averted an immediate crisis.

Mr. Willard's Important Work

THE other day the railroad presidents were back in Washington, in conference once again. This time they did not face a schoolmaster, but one of their own. Yet Daniel Willard would have made a good schoolmaster. The traditions of his New England stock, his inherent passion for reading and for education, the very expression of his marvelously mobile and intelligent face, bespeak the schoolmaster rather than the railroader. Yet here is Daniel Willard, risen in the fifty-sixth year of his life to be not only president of the earliest and one of the greatest of our trunk-line railroads, but chosen by America's chief executive to be chairman of the Advisory Council of National Defense as well as to be in immediate charge of the nation's lines of transportation and communication during the period of the war. So far may a boy come who starts his business career by carrying water for a track gang on the Central Vermont Railroad.

What Daniel Willard said to the forty railroad presidents who came to his Washington hotel will, in all probability, never be known to those who were not present at the conference. Perhaps it was what he did not say; for every man in the room knew that four days earlier President Wilson had caused to be prepared a bill which gave him authority to take over at this time any railroad, all the railroads, or any part of the operation of any or all of the railroads. Yet such a bill would not of itself have brought unity among a group of railroads if anything more jealous and even more discordant than when their executives had journeyed to Washington at the end of last August. That unity was accomplished last month was due to the efforts of both Willard and the men who stood at his shoulder and saw, with him, the vision that came to his farseeing eyes.

For, of a truth, an absolute railroad unity was accomplished that April afternoon in Washington. Every man in the room, before he left it, signed an agreement to place the entire facilities of his railroad at the command of the President of the United States or those to whom he might choose to delegate his authority. The signatures that then and there went upon the document represented three-quarters of the railroad mileage of the United States. The rest have come into line since that day. And in this simple way—without the guaranties that were exacted by the English railroads when they were taken over by the British Government at the very beginning of the world war—the railroads of America, the first of her great industries to mobilize, presented themselves to the President. The railroad has been the sick man of American business. I have called him that. Yet to-day he does not seem so much like a sick man. He seems more like a sleeping giant, awakened at last to his full possibilities in a national crisis.

One's first thoughts of the possibilities of the railroad in wartime are as to its purely military uses. You remember that it was only the other day that General Joffre was paraphrasing the time-honored Napoleonic remark that "An army travels on its stomach" into "An army can progress only as its railroad facilities permit." The marvelous performances of the German railroads in the present war prove this.

Troops that were brought out of the trenches of Arras in the last week of June, 1915, by the Fourth of July were hammering at the defenses of Warsaw. And yet Warsaw is eight hundred miles from the fields of Arras—as far as from New York to Detroit.

The military possibilities of our own railroads should not be overlooked. The mobilization of the entire National Guard on the Mexican Border last June was a severe test. That test came not only in a season when the freight was still running abnormally high, but in the very week of the year when the passenger departments of many of the larger systems are taxed to their utmost to get folks off for their summer vacations. Yet in a single week and in more than three hundred and fifty passenger trains, which if placed end to end would have spanned the ninety miles between New York and Philadelphia, they carried one hundred thousand militiamen down to the Mexican Border. The majority of those troops came from the Northern and Northeastern States, and the average haul was more than two thousand miles. The average haul of the German army in the present war has been a little over three hundred miles—eight hundred miles was an extreme. The troops that came out of Connecticut traveled twenty-nine hundred and sixteen miles in each direction. Moreover, the time factor is not to be overlooked. The Seventh Regiment rode from New York to San Antonio, Texas, two thousand and eighty-seven miles, in seventy-eight and a half hours, including stops.

Nor was this record limited to the handling of troops. Under hastily prepared advertisements bids were made in the spring of last year for twenty-seven motor trucks for army transport service. The bids were opened on the afternoon of March fourteenth, and the trucks were purchased that evening by telegraph, from a Wisconsin concern. They were inspected and placed upon a train of fourteen flat cars, which moved southward at three-eleven A. M. on the morning of the sixteenth. Two days later the trucks were being unloaded at Columbus, New Mexico, almost sixteen hundred miles away. As soon as bodies could be bolted to chassis, they were loaded with supplies and sent across the Border, overtaking General Pershing's command before he had exhausted the supplies he took with him from Columbus. So much for American efficiency!

The man among us who believes that we have become a nation of defectives or degenerates can well afford to chalk this down.

But this has not been the real problem of the railroad during the past twelvemonth. The real problem, barring possibly the unsettled and disturbed labor situation, has been the handling of the freight—freight in abnormal quantities. If you are a shipper you do not need to be told that in these columns. The back of the sick man of American business had begun, in the fall of 1915, to bend under the fierce rush of traffic for which the war was responsible directly or indirectly. That was a hard enough winter. Last winter was much worse, with the rail lines struggling to carry more than a third more traffic than had ever come to them before in their entire history—and with little or no increase of their facilities.

For a decade the railroaders have been calling attention to their lack of terminals, of trackage, of cars, of locomotives, and of shops to keep all of these in efficient repair. The late J. J. Hill was forever speaking of this; at a meeting of the governors of many states held in Boston in 1910 Daniel Willard showed how the railroads would be handicapped when the first real flood of business should come upon them. Few then paid serious attention to these men. And last winter their most dismal prophecies came true.

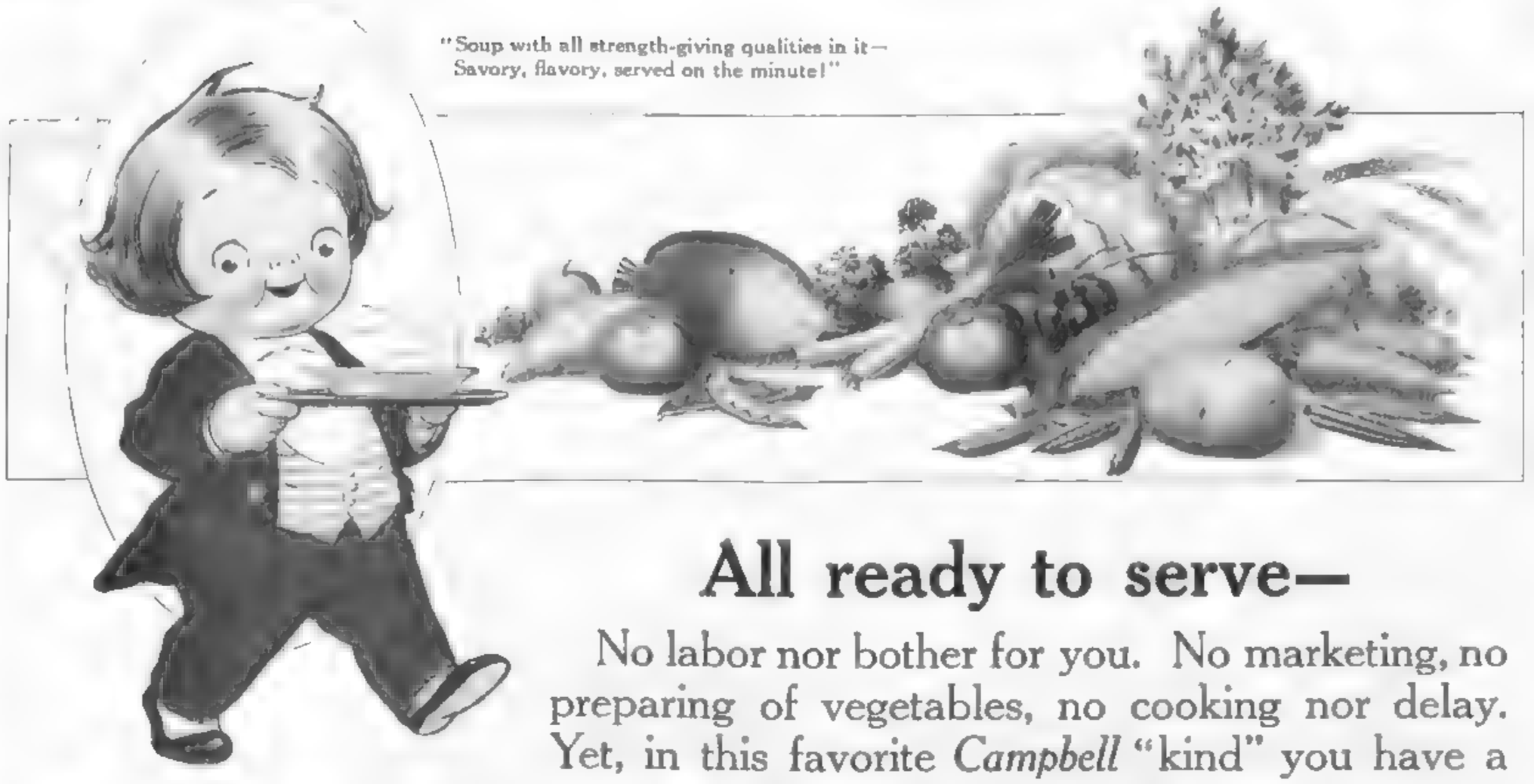
The Load on the Sick Man's Back

BY EARLY autumn congestion began; before Thanksgiving the sick man's back was all but breaking. The railroads were declaring embargoes in almost every corner of the land and against almost every class of freight. When 1917 was ushered in the situation was chaotic. Remember, once again, that the traffic was running a third higher than ever before in the history of the land; to the winter tides of wheat running to the great cities of the East, and to tidewater for export trade, was added the flood of munitions. To meet such flood traffic the sick man of American business offered an equipment more or less broken down. Engines and cars and men had been working under top pressure for more than a year; and without rest.

At the best, shop facilities had been far below par; the master mechanics of all the roads had been unable to compete against the makers of munitions in the quest for labor. Lathes had stood idle; equipment of every sort had been neglected. Engines that should have gone to the shops for thorough overhauling at least once a year had not been there for two or three. And in the winter that has just closed—a winter of a severity not paralleled in recent years—the locomotives began going to pieces. Engine failure was the most persistent cause of delay upon our railroads during this not-to-be-forgotten winter. And each time it did its part in multiplying the congestion.

Atop of all this came the announcement by the Imperial German Government of the beginning of its ruthless U-boat warfare on February first! After that the weeks with all our ships remaining impotent and silent in Atlantic ports; the loaded freight cars piling up for miles back of every important terminal yard in the North and East. Then it was that railroad operation all but completely went to pieces. The most critical situation in the entire transportation history of America had been reached, a situation that was not helped by the renewed strike threats of the four railroad brotherhoods.

(Continued on Page 38)



All ready to serve—

No labor nor bother for you. No marketing, no preparing of vegetables, no cooking nor delay. Yet, in this favorite *Campbell* "kind" you have a soup as wholesome and tempting as if you had labored all day over it.

Rich in food value; prepared with utmost daintiness and care; and so skillfully cooked, blended and seasoned that it is all ready for your table in three minutes after you open it—

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Its every ingredient is high-grade, nutritious and delightfully appetizing.

The meaty nourishing stock we make from selected beef.

We combine with this the best Maine-grown white potatoes, choice Jersey sweet potatoes, Canadian rutabagas and tender Chantenay carrots—all attractively "diced."

We add tomatoes, okra, celery, sliced cabbage, "baby" lima beans, small peas, and "Country Gentleman" corn; besides plenty of nourishing barley, rice and "alphabet" macaroni.

We flavor this well-balanced combination with fresh herbs and a delicate touch of leek, and sweet red peppers. You never tasted a more savory and satisfying dish.

Good soup once a day at least should be the invariable rule in every home. Its effectiveness in building up the entire system cannot be duplicated by any other food.

Keep a supply of these nourishing Campbell "kinds" on your pantry shelf, and enjoy them every day.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

One Cause of Pleasant Travel

Ask any group of automobile owners to list the things which contribute to pleasant travel, and a surprising number of them will include the Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit.

Many of them perhaps have never used the Kit they carry in their car—but they will include it none the less.

For the Kit's chief virtue is not so much in the trouble it remedies, as in the fear of trouble it banishes. Having a Kit along means having peace of mind.

The Kit is a handy package, compact and complete, a sure protection against the emergency, ready to help you home. It contains tire putty, self-cure tube patches, inside and outside protection patches, cement, talc, friction tape, valve parts, pressure gauge and so on—all essential first-aids-to-tires.

Its cost—$4.50 to $5.00, according to size—is trifling in view of the sense of security it gives.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING

(Continued from Page 16)

comp'ny commandher to keep an eye on ye, in case ye took a notion to execute "To the rear! March!'"

"An' did the comp'ny commandher know what I was—what I am?"

"For what else did he dhraw the King's pay but to know his men? Says he: 'Sergeant McClusky—an' you, Copril Clancy—do ye both keep a fatherly eye on young O'Gara when we go over the top. That lad has too much imagination for a soger; 'tis betther off he'd have been as a pote or a priest, as ye can see be the mouth and eyes of him.'"

"And what did ye say to that?" Dennis queried.

"'Sor,' says I to the C. C., 'O'Gara is Irish, an' he'll need no watchin'.'"

"And what did he say to that, Clancy?"

"'Don't argue wit' me, Copril Clancy,' says he. 'I'm not insinuatin' he's a coward; but I do say he's all ner-rves an' sintimint. He's too high-shtrung, to begin wit'; an' we must humor him till he lear-rn his trade—an' God grant he lives to lear-rn it! Wanst I had a setter dog that this lad O'Gara reminds me of. A gr-rand young dog he was an' the breedin' was o' champions, but he was high-shtrung an' sinsitive; so, inshtead o' havin' the keeper hold him in leash the fir-rst time I shot over him, I let him run loose wit' the dogs that was broke from bein' gun-shy. An', begorra, at the fir-rst shot that setter put his tail bechune his legs an' shtarted to run—an' divil a shtep did he shtop till he was back in the kennel. An' divil a bit o' good was he from that day on.'"

"I'm not compliminted be the C. C.'s remarks," Dennis replied sorrowfully. "Shtill an' all, I saw him die; so I'll say nothin' ag'in him. He was far from a dunce, an' a rare fine gintleman an' offiser in back o' that ag'in; for he undershtood men, otherwise he'd never have picked me to be watched be the likes o' ye an' Sergeant McClusky—the Lord ha' mer-rcy on him! God rest the C. C.'s soul an' may the heavens be his bed! Wirra, wirra, Clancy! I'm drinched in the flesh an' blood of him!"

"Aye! An' may the baptism be good for ye! Ye've funked it, Dennis; but no one knows save mesilf, an' sorra one o' me will ever tell. Sure, bhoy dear, I saw ye fake bein' wounded an' roll into this crather, for all the wur-rld like a sack o' shorts. If ye'd rehear-rsed it for a month o' Sundays ye could not have done it betther, barrin' one slight mistake. D'ye mind clappin' hand to yer guts?"

"We'll not discuss that," Dennis muttered.

"Oh, but we will!" the corporal insisted. "That's what made me realize ye hadn't been hit at all, at all. Listen to me, Denny: When a man's hit in the guts he wilts fir-rst an' claps his hand to the wound afther. Ye rever-rsed the motion."

"I'm a numskull!" declared Dennis miserably. "But what were ye doin', that ye had time to see all this?"

"I was whir-rled round an' knocked down by a bullet in me right shouldher. That put me out o' the fight, for I'm a right-handed man. So I lay there, expectin' the bullet that would finish me; an' whilst waitin' I took shtock o' the fight."

"How many of B Comp'ny got into them?"

"Not more nor twinty-five—an' they'll never come out of it in life. But, be the Great Gun of Athlone, they wint in! An' that's more nor ye did, Denny. Man, man, how could ye lur-rk in this shell crather, safe an' sound, whilst they died, fightin' like wild divils?"

Again Dennis whimpered and once more the tender-hearted and philosophical Clancy soothed him and excused his action.

"Then," sobbed Dennis presently, "B Comp'ny is gone!"

"The whole battalion's gone. I'll wager me soul ye're the only live unwounded man in it. Hah! They're at it ag'in."

"At what, Clancy? Sure, that was only a spatther o' machine-gun fire."

"At killin' the wounded, ye blubberjack! Sure, they've been doin' it all the day long, an' me lyin' quiet on the neld, lookin' at them doin' it! They thought I was a dead man. Sure, 'twas only when I made a run an' a jump for this shell crather that they tur-rned the machine gun on me an' broke me leg!"

"Killin' the wounded!" Dennis cried incredulously. "Why, Clancy, man, they're not doin' that! Sure 'tis unlawful! Nobody not a wild Indian would do the like o' that. A wounded man is out o' the fight; so why kill him? Man dear, I'd as soon think of atin' a wounded Ger-rman as killin' him."

"Didn't the comp'ny commandher say ye'd have made a betther pote or priest nor a soger? Denny, me lad, ye're clutthered up wit' sintiment. 'Tis said that Fritz is a sintimintal lad; an' in private life he may be, though in war he's an animal. Not kill the wounded, eh? Man dear, ye're a child in ar-rms! Why, didn't they bayonet the wounded an' gassed Canadyans at Wipers?" Clancy laughed again his brief, mirthless, contemptuous chuckle. "Sure, they've put hundreds o' the fir-rst battalion out o' their misery since mornin', an' there's more to follow to-night. Mark ye, Denny, how they're keepin' the star shells an' flares in the air for shootin' light? Well they know—the mur-rderers!—that many's the wounded man crouchin' in a shell hole, waitin' for the dark to crawl back to his own."

"An' they won't let us crawl back, Clancy?"

"They will not," said Clancy with conviction. "This shell hole will be a grave for us. Praise be, 'tis big enough for six, let alone two."

"So!" said Dennis with curious calm, and fell to thinking deeply.

"I'm thir-rsty," Clancy complained. "I'd a bullet through me wather bottle—bad luck to it!"

Dennis passed his water bottle to the corporal, who drank sparingly.

"Would to God," said Corporal Clancy presently, "'tis dyin' for Ireland I am!"

"Do ye hate England?" Dennis hung intently on Clancy's answer.

"God knows," the corporal replied, with the indifference of a man who realizes that nothing matters any more. "I used to think I did, an' that 'twas a black disgrace for a Clancy to be fightin' her battles. Yet I've shed me blood for her this day; an' I—I'll die here, like a rat in a hole. I couldn't crawl home if they'd let me. A broken left leg an' a smashed right shouldher! Sure, 'tis lopsided an' helpless I am." He sighed.

"Why did ye go for a soger?" Dennis persisted.

"Why are we bor-rn wit' original sin? God knows I'm Irish," Clancy retorted sadly. "Shtill, that wasn't the whole reason. A shlip of a gir-rl put a slight upon me—God forgive her! 'Twas anything to get out of Ireland then; an' I had nothin' but me life, an' that had grown a bur-rden to me. So I took the shillin'."

"An' the gir-rl ——"

"I'd a letter from her last night, Denny."

"What did she say, Clancy? 'Tis sorry she is now, I'll lay you."

"'Tis sorry she's not! Divil a wor-rd did she say in her letther. 'Twas but a sheet o' white paper wit' a spray o' shamrocks pressed bechune."

"Shamrocks?"

"Aye; shamrocks—to remind me o' me treason to poor Ireland."

"Damn this everlastin' blather about poor Ireland!" Dennis burst forth passionately. "'Tis talk of Ireland an' her woes that's made a coward o' me this day. God knows why I took the shillin'; but 'twas not for love of England. Yet I'm disowned be me people for 'listin' in this war. 'Tis a thraitor to Ireland they call me, an' 'tis a thraitor to Ireland I've been callin' meself for a week."

He thumped the corporal fiercely on the chest.

"How can a man fight well when his heart is far from the fight?" he demanded. "How can he go to his death whistlin' Garry Owen when he thinks he's killin' the men that are God's inshtrument for punishin' England for what she did to Ireland? What she did was bad enough, an' too bad; but 'tis done an' past; a new England has been born an' the same ould Ireland remains. Clancy, sulkin' an' cryin' an' hatin' an' keepin' the ould grudge alive will not help Ireland now. That may be the Irish way o' bein' true to ould Grauna; but to me 'tis damned foolishness!"

"Have a care would the Clan-na-Gael hear o' this!" poor Clancy warned him humorously. "What more do ye know?"

"When will Ireland dhrop sintiment an' become practical?" Dennis raved on. "'Tis to the future she must look, an' not to the past, Clancy. We wanted Home Rule. An' we plead for it an' fouht for it an' dhreamed of it. An' when it seemed we had lost, begorra, 'twas only then we'd comminced to win! An' what was that vision o' victh'ry, Clancy? Home Rule forced down the throats o' the Orangemen by England herself, even at the risk o' civil war! Sure, anybody knows 'twas only this wur-rld war that made England dhrop the Irish issue for the time bein'."

"Aye! An' what did she do but honor that rebel, Carson, be puttin' him in the Cabinet, when she'd ought to have put him in jail for threason! Was that not a shlap in the face for Ireland?"

"The wur-rld," quoth Dennis out of his suddenly acquired stock of wisdom, "is filled wit' fools an' fanatics; an' some o' them get into power, an' for a time other fools an' fanatics think —— Ah, but what does it matther now? Would that the folks at home could see the West Irish this night, an' they'd forget the ould hate ——"

A rattle of machine-gun fire and the scream of a murdered soldier drowned his argument for the space of a minute.

"——an' know that, knave that she has been an' fool that she is, there's hope for England yet. I had me doubts this mornin', Clancy; but to-night I know that, for wanst, England is gloriously an' tremindously right! 'Would to God 'tis dyin' for Ireland I am!' says you? Man, 'tis for Ireland ye'll die. Think you, Clancy, 'twas for England alone the West Irish came across this field to-day? Sorra bit of it! 'Twas for Great Britain an' France, an', in back of that ag'in, America, that's dear enough to us, I'm thinkin'. Aye, Clancy! 'Tis for the whole wide, wide wur-rld the West Irish died this day. Hear me, Clancy! Coward I am an' have been, but I've a head on me shoulders—yet; an' I've seen an' hear-rd enough this day to make me think wit' it.

"Ireland wit' Sir Edward Carson at her throat—bad luck to him!—would be betther off nor Ireland wit' a fox-faced brute of a Prooshian ridin' over her, horse, man an' dog, to hell an' back ag'in. Aha! Gerrmany is our friend, is she? The blackguards lie, Clancy; for they never can be friends wit' the like of us. Clancy, what have the Irish in common wit' a people wit' never a thought of pity; wit' never a ginerous sintimint; wit' never the thought of a square deal where a crooked one'll do; wit' never a hand stretched out to raise a gallant foe that's helpless in their power?"

He faced toward the German line, formed a cross by placing one index finger at right angles to the other, and kissed it, the while he mumbled something under his breath.

Clancy's tired eyes gleamed in the brilliant light of the rockets.

"*Nabocklish!*" he taunted the boy. "'Tis a pote ye are—a man o' wor-rds an' not o' deeds. Sure, what do the Ger-rmans care for the likes o' ye puttin' the Black Cur-rse on them?"

Private Dennis P. O'Gara bent upon Corporal Michael Clancy a benignant and pitying smile—such a smile, indeed, as the Christian martyrs might have worn in the Colosseum as they faced the populace.

"'Tis not the right or the wrong o' this quarrel our people considher," he replied. "'Anything to bate England' is the cry of them, when, if there was a man among them willin' to look forward inshtead o' backward, his cry should be 'Anything to bate Ger-rmany!' Ochone! Erin mavournin, 'tis for you I'll die afther all; but when will ye find it out?"

"And how will ye die, Denny?" Clancy taunted him. "O' fright?"

"Maybe ye'll live long enough to see. Meantime have ye not hur-rt me enough wit' that tongue o' yours?"

"I have," said Clancy. "'Tis not wort' while to scald ye longer. I'll say no more."

"Have a bit o' this fruit cake," Dennis suggested; "an' whilst ye're dinin' I'll put a dhressin' on yer wounds."

He cut away the leg of Clancy's trousers and gouged the shoulder out of the corporal's tunic and shirt. The latter's first-aid kit went to dress the leg wound, but Dennis' own first-aid kit appeared to be insufficient for the punctured area on Clancy's big square shoulder. Shoulder wounds are always awkward and require more bandages than the average first-aid kit contains.

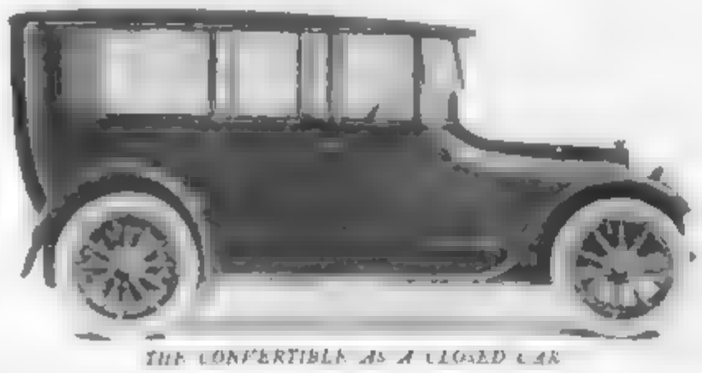
(Continued on Page 32)

The Cadillac Convertible Touring Car

THE Cadillac Seven-Passenger Convertible Touring Car is recognized as the most advanced and most practical development in motor vehicles of its type.

The convertibility feature is shown in the illustrations. Not only is it convertible from a completely enclosed to an open car, but the various stages between closed car comfort and open car exhilaration are provided for in the individual sections, any one or all of which may be removed at will.

The top is permanent. The door windows lower into receptacles in the doors. The windows between the doors, together with the aluminum pillars and the large side windows, may be removed and stored in compartments provided.



THE CONVERTIBLE AS A CLOSED CAR

The body is constructed in accordance with the high standards which characterize all Cadillac products.

There is comfortable provision for seven persons, two in the front seat, three in the rear, and two in the auxiliary seats—which fold neatly into recesses in the back of the front seat when not in service.

The four wide doors provide direct entrance to and exit from the front and rear seats.

Mounted by the Cadillac spring suspension upon its eight-cylinder chassis of matchless smoothness, there remains nothing which could contribute more completely to your motoring luxury and convenience fifty-two weeks in the year.

The complete line of Cadillac cars is as follows—: Seven-Passenger Touring Car;—Four-Passenger Phaeton;—Two-Passenger Roadster;—Four-Passenger Club Roadster;—Four-Passenger Convertible Victoria;—Seven-Passenger Convertible Touring Car;—Four-Passenger Coupé;—Five-Passenger Brougham;—Seven Passenger Limousine;—Seven-Passenger Imperial;—Seven-Passenger Landaulet.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich

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A Benjamin specialty has ever been Summaware Clothes. They give us the chance to demonstrate how good is Benjamin tailoring without linings and interlinings to support it.

From Palm Beach cloth to fine Shantung silks, from summer cloths to tropical woolens, Benjamin Summaware garments are exhaustive, both in styles and prices.

Send for the Portfolio of Models.

Alfred Benjamin-Washington Company
Lafayette Street and Astor Place New York

(Continued from Page 30

"Bad luck to it! I'll need another first-aid kit," Dennis exclaimed.

The field was momentarily in darkness; so, without an instant's hesitation, the late poltroon crawled out of the shell hole, despite Clancy's frantic protests. He was gone an hour, but when he came crawling back, snake-fashion, an inch or two at a time, he had with him a water bottle quite full and a stretcher bearer's haversack; whereby Clancy knew that Dennis had been robbing the dead.

He made a clumsy but efficient job of shoulder dressing, crawled out of the shell hole once more, and returned in ten minutes with a blanket.

"'Tis Double-breasted Kelly's blanket," he explained. "He'll not be needin' it more, an', be the same token, the night is far from warm."

He made the corporal comfortable for the night; by the light of the rockets, which rose at intervals of from thirty to sixty seconds, he searched the stretcher bearer's haversack and found a bottle of morphia tablets, two of which he placed under Clancy's tongue.

"Now then," he announced, "good night to ye, Clancy; an' pleasant dreams! Ye'll need a good night's rest to face the pain of to-morrow."

The day's work was done; the issue irrevocably settled. Dennis P. O'Gara had wasted his opportunity to die like a man in battle; so now he was doomed to die like a rat in a hole.

Nevertheless, he faced the issue with a calmness that was not born of despair; in fact, he felt singularly relieved, now that the issue was definitely decided.

"I've made a fine big ba-boon o' mesilf!" he muttered as he rolled up in his blanket and lay down beside Corporal Clancy.

"Divil a wor-rd o' lie in that," Clancy assured him spitefully. "Shtill an' all, nobody will ever find ye out; for I'll not tell. Not," he added, "that I'm likely to have the opporchunity, for the wounded that Fritz doesn't kill will die o' their wounds a week before our own shtretcher bearers can gather them up. This day's wur-rk has taught Headquarthers a lesson, I'm thinkin', an' there'll be no fur-rther advances on this position until they get more high explosive up to the Front. They're shy on that."

"Thrue for ye, Clancy."

"Whilst I have a clear head, Denny," the corporal continued, "I'll say a wor-rd to ye. Ye're unwounded. Lie quiet in this hole wit' me for three days an' nights. At the ind o' that time those divils will have come to the conclusion that they've kilt all the wounded that's able to crawl home or who tried to crawl home; so they'll not be afther wastin' so many rockets to keep the field alight. That'll be pie for ye, Denny. Ye can get out o' this bechune rockets; when the flares go up lie shtill, an' they'll think ye're a dead man; when the flares go down, crawl on ag'in—an' mind the listenin' post as ye approach our own lines."

"Sure, I can't do that, Clancy," Dennis replied simply.

"An' why not, ye simpleton?"

"Of all the West Irish, to have me come back—unwounded! 'Twould be a disgrace."

Clancy sighed. He understood.

"Sogerin' is the divil an' all of a trade," he complained. "Die, then, Denny—an' be damned to you! Only I'm thinkin' if I shtood in your shoes I'd not depart this life wit'out takin' one o' those mur-rderers wit' me."

Dennis P. O'Gara chuckled—a short, mirthless, contemptuous chuckle.

"Whilst I was crawlin' round out there amongst the dead, Clancy," he confided, "I come across a live man—a Ger-rman listenin' post. He t'ought I was one o' the crawlin' wounded—aye, bad cess to him, he did. So he jabbed at me wit' his bayonet. Look ye, Clancy! He missed me body, but pinned me to the ground wit' his bayonet t'rough me tunic. So I grabbed the bayonet—an' crawled up on him. Glory be to God, Clancy, I kilt him wit' me bare hands!"

There was a long silence. The morphia was beginning to work on Corporal Clancy; he was very drowsy. Presently, however, he mumbled:

"He was a—gr-rand young dog—o' the breed o' champions! Says the comp'ny commandher to me, says he: 'Copril—he's inclined to be gun-shy. Do ye hould him—in leash . . . high-shtrung an' nervous . . . but the blood lines will tell . . . he'll be shteady to shot an' wing . . . lear-rns his trade.'"

III

THROUGHOUT the next day Private O'Gara sat quietly in the shell hole with the wounded corporal. It was a quiet day, free of shellfire; and only the whine of bullets from the rifles of the snipers, exchanging compliments across No Man's Land, served to remind both men of their hopeless predicament. Occasionally a little spatter of machine-gun fire showed that the murder squad was still on the job; from various sounds that came out of the field Dennis and Clancy realized that there was still considerable work before the killers.

Clancy was very thirsty and drank all the water; Dennis was inclined to be melancholy, and hummed a woeful ballad dedicated to the imperishable glory of one Owen Roe O'Neill. Toward sunset, however, he risked a look over the crest of the shell crater and saw a head projecting over the top of the German parapet; so he put a bullet through it—the head, not the parapet—and promptly recovered his spirits. The report of his luck cheered Clancy also. So presently they forgot the war and talked of other things. Dennis, young and romantic, brought up the subject of Clancy's lost love—the fiery one who had sent him the spray of shamrocks to remind him of his treason to Ireland.

"I've been thinkin' o' that one," he confided; "an' I'm wonderin' if ye did not misconsthrue her message. Maybe 'tis a hint for a wor-rd o' forgiveness she sent ye, Clancy. What color hair has she?"

"Red."

"'Tis not like a red-headed gir-rl to trust to her man's imagination when insultin' him. 'Tis wor-rds an' not shamrocks she'd send ye, Clancy. Are ye sure ye did not overlook a bit o' writin' in the letther?"

"Maybe I did," quoth Clancy hopefully. "'Twas dark when I got it. Ye'll find the letther in me pocket. Do ye, like a good lad, read it over, if readin' there is to it."

Dennis found the envelope; but the sheet of paper within carried no message of love and repentance to the yearning Clancy. So Dennis examined the shamrocks carefully—and there he found that which the matter-of-fact Clancy had overlooked.

"I've found the message," he announced.

"Read it to me, avic," Clancy pleaded.

"Ah, 'tis the dear message she sinds ye, Clancy! 'Tis the heart as sweet an' as golden as six-hour cream that's waitin' for ye in County Mayo. May God bless her an' may sorrer never touch her! For she's sint ye all the four-leaved shamrocks in Ireland!"

Corporal Clancy bowed his head and a little tremor ran through him. But the Irish, so strong in so many things, have very little self-control in affairs of the heart; and Clancy, touched to the quick by this sweet talisman of good luck, was sentimentalist enough to weep like a child and man enough not to be ashamed of it. And the weeping spell did him good, for when he looked up at Dennis again he was the happiest soldier in France.

"When ye get back to our lines ag'in, Denny bhoy," he pleaded, "ye'll write her a letther, an' tell her I got the message?"

"Ye forget, Clancy; I'm not goin' back," Dennis reminded him.

Clancy was exasperated.

"Musha! Bad luck to ye, that would deny the last wish of a dyin' man!" he complained.

"Bad luck to me, is it? Well then, may the divil fly away wit' ye, Clancy, for an ill-natured despairing ould blackguard! The back o' me hand to all the bad luck ye can wish me; for, wit' or wit'out yer permission, I'll help mesilf to the half o' these four-leaved shamrocks—an' the divil a harm can come to me then. Go back to our lines, say ye? I'd as lief go to hell!"

"Do ye mean to lie in this hole an' starve to death, ye eedjit?"

"I mean to l'ave the hole." Quite calmly Dennis pinned half the spray of withered shamrocks on the collar of his tunic. "Wasn't it too much imagination the comp'ny commandher said I had?" he queried absently. "An' didn't he lead me t'rough me baptism o' fire an' anoint me wit' his own flesh an' blood? God forbid, Clancy, that I should prove unwor-rthy of him!"

"What the divil are ye up to?" Clancy demanded.

Dennis smiled a little prescient smile.

"Wait and see!" he answered enigmatically.

When it was dark he squeezed Clancy's hand.

"God be kind to ye if I don't come back!" he murmured, and crawled out of the shell hole.

In the morning, when Corporal Clancy woke, Private O'Gara, very dirty and dishevel ed, his face caked with clay and dried blood, lay sleeping beside him. Clancy prodded his companion.

"Have ye a dhrop o' wather?" he whispered through parched lips.

Dennis handed him a water bottle he had taken off a dead man, and Clancy drank eagerly. Then he sat up and looked round him. During the night two stout canvas bags had made their appearance in the shell hole, and Clancy did not have to look at them twice to realize that they contained hand grenades.

"I marked where McKeon an' Flanagan fell," Dennis explained. "They were carryin' those bags of hand grenades, but never got close enough to throw them."

"Have ye a cigar lighter to touch the fuses to, Denny avic?"

"Faith, I have—and matches to light the cigar lighter. Likewise I have Lootinint Fitzgerald's automatic an' belt, wit' spare ammunition."

"Ye look like the divil himself, Denny!"

"I feel like hell! Faith, 'twas no picnic crawlin' round amongst B Company, like a anake, on me belly. I got shot at a dozen times; but, thanks to the four-leaved shamrocks, the sorra one o' them hit me, an' I was foxy enough to play dead afther each volley. However, bechune hoppin' an' jumpin', I got what I wint out afther; an' to-morrow night I'll go out ag'in—only I'll not come back to ye, Clancy. D'ye know what to-morrow mornin' will be?"

"'Twill be the thir-rd day," Clancy answered wearily.

"'Twill be Saint Patrick's Day in the mor-rnin'; an', be the Great Gun of Athlone, I'm goin' to crawl over into the German trinch wit' these grenades—an' celebrate!"

"More power to yer elbow!" said Corporal Michael Clancy. "I'd go wit' ye if I could. Give the divils what Paddy gave the drum!"

IV

THREE o'clock on Saint Patrick's morning was "zero" for Private Dennis P. O'Gara, and in order that he should not oversleep he had sat up all night. When, at length, Clancy's watch told him the hour for his advance had arrived, he woke the corporal.

"Good-by, Clancy!" he murmured. "I'm off—like Paddy Ford's goat—on me own hook."

"I'll pray for ye," said Clancy piously. "Give thim hell! An' remember the plan o' campaign I laid out for ye."

Private O'Gara buckled on Lieutenant Fitzgerald's belt, with the automatic, hung a bag of hand grenades over each shoulder, made certain he had not forgotten his cigar lighters and matches, felt the shamrocks on his collar, and climbed out of the shell hole. The field was lighted only at intervals of three minutes now; throughout the night, as he waited, Dennis had discovered he could count up to two hundred between rockets; so he decided to count as he crept across the field in a direction parallel with the German line, and, when he had counted a hundred and fifty, to lie down among the dead until the next rocket had flared and died. The night was dark; and, owing to the fact that the field was pitted with shell craters, some of them fifteen feet deep, he had to proceed with extreme caution. Frequently he encountered dead men and was forced to crawl over them.

His objective was the river that bisected the German line, and two hours after leaving Clancy he came to it; and at the next lighting of the field he lay among some dead Highlanders and cautiously took note of his position. To his right the river, fifty or sixty yards wide, ran between masonry walls, after the habit of rivers in France; also, it was black and turbulent, following a recent heavy rainfall, and Dennis guessed it was not fordable. From the west bank a white line ran north. It was the chalk subsoil where the Germans had constructed their trenches. From the east bank a similar line of intrenchments ran south; both lines were built in erratic, zigzag fashion, like a series of elongated M's, or in sections of Greek crosses.

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CONTOUR

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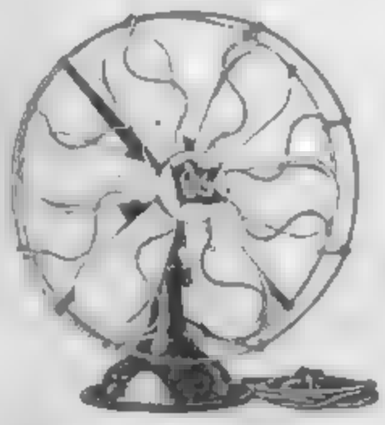

The Sign of a Breeze

(Continued from Page 32)

Dennis lay on the west bank of the river, quite close to the German position; in fact, just outside the barbed-wire entanglements, which reached to the very brink of the river. Dennis was enabled to evade this wicked barrier to his approach by creeping along the twelve-inch masonry wall that kept the river from biting into the fertile soil of France; and presently, silent as a predatory animal, he came to the German parapet, and lay quietly outside it, waiting for fighting light.

Slowly the gray light came out of the east; little by little that field of piteous dead emerged from the darkness; the last rocket went up and faded in a shower of pale sparks; and Private Dennis P. O'Gara got out a hand grenade, and tested his cigar lighter to make certain the wick would take fire when he pressed the catch that released the lid of the little metal case. He discovered it was a new cigar lighter, with the lighting mechanism in perfect working order.

Presently the sound of voices rose out of the ground in front of him. Dennis decided that there must be at least six men gathered round a brazier; so he touched the fast-burning fuse of a bomb to the cigar-lighter flame, counted four, and tossed his Saint Patrick's Day greeting down into the trench. Scarcely had it exploded before the lone bombardier had thrown two more grenades farther up the trench; and as the black puffs of smoke burst upward in the dawn Dennis P. O'Gara drew his automatic pistol and slid quietly over the parapet, down into the death and destruction he had wrought.

In the short traverse he had entered half a dozen shattered German soldiers lay—a sight that Private O'Gara did not pause to revel in. With the river at his back, he had no reason to fear an attack from the sector just across the stream; consequently his plan was to start at the very beginning of that deep and narrow earthen alley and advance swiftly, cleaning up before him. He noted with satisfaction that the three grenades he had already placed had made him master of fifty feet of trench; so he returned the automatic to the holster and ran to within two feet of where the trench turned at an oblique angle. Standing safely here, he tossed four bombs in rapid succession into the next traverse before entering it.

At this moment complications occurred; something quite off the program, in fact. From somewhere in the rear of the British line a four-point-seven gun tossed a high-explosive shell into Dennis' territory. The sacked dirt on the parapet flew about right merrily and a shower of earth descended on him. Almost instantly another high-explosive shell flattened out a section of trench behind him and half buried the dead and wounded that marked Private O'Gara's onward march.

"This mor-rnin' hate of ours is at wanst a help an' a hindrance," Dennis soliloquized. "'Twill send the Bosches into the funk holes an' underground dugouts, where I can get at them, an' 'twill blow me to smithereens before I've fairly shtarted me good wur-rk! Wirra, wirra! I must be movin' along out o' this."

He moved. German soldiers, their backs turned to him, were moving out of the trench ahead of him, bound for a communication trench that led to the rear, where they would be out of range of the shellfire directed against the fire trenches. Dennis got ten of them with two bombs and moved blithely on till he came to the door of a dugout, down which he tossed three bombs for luck, before entering the next traverse. How he survived the fire from the British guns battering the German trench is a mystery with which this story does not deal; though Dennis, secure in the possession of his four-leaved shamrocks, did not marvel at it. He felt lucky; a still small voice whispered to him that he was going to kill at least a hundred Germans before he died.

As he entered the traverse he drew his automatic. Two British shells had just exploded on the parapet and Dennis had a notion the survivors of the trench would be hunting shelter; consequently he did not bother to bomb the traverse before entering it. And, once in it, he did not dare bomb that which he saw, for he had no intention, provided he could avoid it, of being hoisted on his own petard, so to speak.

Knowing, therefore, that he could not afford to be present in any section of a trench while one of his own bombs was exploding there, Dennis had his automatic ready for eventualities, which developed in the person of a German officer and three privates running down the fire trench toward him. They were making for the communication trench in Dennis' rear; and, in view of the fact that there had been no visible advance of the enemy infantry that morning, quite naturally they were surprised to meet Private O'Gara in their own bailiwick. The last of them was still staring stupidly when Dennis settled his curiosity with a bullet from the automatic, passed on to the next traverse, and then threw a bomb back to finish the work he had started with the automatic.

Three sections of trench taken! Dennis licked his lips, reloaded his automatic, and stooped to peer into a chamber cut in the chalk walls of the trench. Three German privates and a corporal were crouching there for shelter. Squatting on his heels Dennis swiftly and deliberately shot all four in as many seconds, and passed on to another deep dugout. He threw two bombs into this and was rewarded by screams from the first bomb and silence from the second.

On up the trench he went, with the amazing impudence of one who already counts himself dead, and cares for naught that may happen. The black smoke of his own bombs, with which he screened his advance, the white smoke from British shrapnel and the black smoke of the high-explosive shells, coupled with flying sandbags and showers of dirt, formed a cloud into which he walked as serenely as a peasant on his way to mass. Whenever he passed a dugout he put a bomb in it; whenever he found a little chamber cut into the wall of the trench he looked into it and killed, with his automatic, those whom it sheltered. And all the time he whistled blithely the dead march of the West Irish—lilting Garry Owen!

He came to a communication trench running to the rear and turned down it for a distance of two hundred yards. In a bay at the end of it he found a knot of Germans chatting cheerfully beyond the range of the exploding shells in the fire trench, which they would not return to, of course, unless the British infantry advanced to the attack, whereupon they would put up a stubborn defense. Dennis distributed three grenades among them and ran back to the fire trench, up which he proceeded until he came face to face with an officer. Before he could draw his automatic, the German had shot him through the left arm and plowed a furrow through the inside of his right thigh. The blow of the bullet in his arm swung him round and he dropped the precious cigar lighter; the flesh wound in the thigh, though slight, sent him reeling against the side of the trench, and the parapet fell in on top of him. When he extricated himself the German officer was nowhere to be seen.

"Begorra," Dennis murmured, "that shell come bechune us in the nick o' time!" He leaned dizzily against the trench wall. "Come, come, Denny, me bhoy!" he mumbled. "Ye have another cigar lighter an' another grenade. Glory be! I've lost the automatic!"

He wiggled his fingers to see if his left arm was broken, and to his great relief discovered it was not. He could hold the cigar lighter in that left hand, and, with his last bomb in his right, he staggered up the fire trench until he came to heavy concrete stairs leading to a concrete-walled underground chamber.

As was remarked in the beginning of this story, the Irish are an impulsive race and invariably act on impulse. Private Dennis P. O'Gara had an impulse now—an impulse for exploration. Beyond the peradventure of a doubt this underground warren, which nothing but a Jack Johnson shell could demolish, was bulging with his enemies—all officers, no doubt. He would go down and bomb the "divils"; they should all go to hell together on his last hand grenade! If his luck still held, and he remained alive, he might even stand a siege in this hole, provided he found some automatics on the bodies of the men he was about to bomb. At any rate, when this little bit of morning hate was over, other Germans would come to occupy the underground chamber and he might kill a couple of them as they came unsuspectingly down the stairs.

Denny licked his lips and limped down the concrete stairs into a large room, the walls of which were hung with maps. There was a small table in the center, round which a general, a colonel and two majors sat, eating a breakfast that evidently had been prepared on a portable alcohol-burning stove, which stood in one corner of the room. A private soldier stood before this tiny stove superintending the cooking of a skilletful of sausages. In another corner a lieutenant, with a telephone receiver clasped to his ear, was listening intently on the wire.

Private O'Gara brought the fuse of his last bomb within an inch of the flame from his cigar lighter—and grinned. He could afford to, for he was master of the situation.

"The top o' the mor-rnin' to ye, gintlemin!" he saluted them gayly. "No pistol practice, *if* ye please—or, begorra, I'll favor ye wit' scattheration. Up wit' yer hands. Quick, ye divils! I'm far from a patient man."

Six German voices growled "*Ach!*" Six pairs of German arms were elevated. Six pairs of fierce German eyes gazed in pop-eyed bewilderment upon Private Dennis P. O'Gara.

"Gineral," quoth that individual calmly, "do ye *spreckles* English?" The general nodded. "Then, listen to me, alannah: Tell the cook to remove yer belt wit' the side ar-rms; an' then have him do a similar ser-rvice for yer cumrades. Pile the side ar-rms in the middle o' the floor."

Only a very querulous and exacting Irishman could have complained of a lack of promptitude in the execution of this order.

"Now then," Dennis continued; "go to the far side of the room, all o' ye—wit' the exception o' the cook—an' shtand wit' yer faces ag'in the wall. The cook will then ser-rve me those sausages he's cookin', an' a cup o' coffee to wash thim down; afther which he will jine ye, wit' his face ag'in' the wall."

And it was even so. When the cook had set out his conqueror's breakfast Dennis gathered three automatics from the floor, and kicked the others, together with five swords, into the corner back of him. With these three automatics beside his plate, Dennis seated himself at the table in such a manner as to have an unobstructed view of the stairs and his prisoners at all times, and calmly ate this most appetizing breakfast that the god of war had provided.

"Now then, me laddybucks," he announced when his repast was over, "'twud oblige me if one o' ye would put a dhressin' on me ar-rm an' another on me leg. But I dare not let ye get that close to me; an', praise be, 'tis apparent I'm not goin' to bleed to death. So I'll wait till I can get back to me own."

"And when might that be?" the general demanded bitingly.

"About seven o'clock, me love! This is no gineral bombardmint, precedin' an advance in force. 'Tis just a bit o' dir-rty wur-rk to knock yer parapet to the divil an' ruin yer breakfast; an' as soon as breakfast is ready in the 'tillery section of ours they'll quit firin' an' let the guns cool. An' when that time arrives these will be the ordhers o' the day: The lootinint will go upshtairs an' tell all hands what's happened. Thim that he can't reach be messenger he'll telephone to, to the ind that, when I make up me mind to go home, divil a Ger-rman that sees me crossin' the field will take a shot at me. For why?" Dennis laughed his brief, mirthless, deadly chuckle. "I'll tell ye. Becuz ye're comin' wit' me, gineral; an' ye, too, major darlin'; an' the other major; an' last, but not least, the colonel. An' sure, wit' me walking in back o' ye, wit' this bomb ready, an' ye four walkin' in column o' twos foreninst me, whilst the cook precedes the colyum wit' a flag o' truce, faith I'm thinkin' none o' yer command will take a chance an' fire on me. Remimber, gineral dear, there's a chance that a good shot may get me t'rough the head before I can t'row the bomb an' break up yer formation; but there's as good a chance that same sharpshoother may score a miss. An', be the Rock o' Cashel, if he misses, I shall not! Afther all, is the life o' one good-for-nothin' Irish private wort' the lives o' one gineral, one colonel, two majors an' a private? Is it? I ask ye."

"It is not," the general reluctantly admitted.

"Then, if I'm shot at 'twill be yer own fault; so give yer ordhers t'rough the lootinint before we leave. Be the way, this tablecloth will do for a flag o' truce. The cook'll fasten it to a bayonet, an' then fasten the bayonet to his rifle, an' wave it over the top o' the trinch for five minutes before we shtart. Afther that he will precede the

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Henry Malkan, 42 Broadway

Ohio

ALLIANCE—Valentine's Book & Wall Paper Store, 440 E. Main St
ASHTABULA—Cook's Drug & Book Store
CAMBRIDGE—The Potter-Davis Co
CANTON—The News Exchange, 223 Tuscarawas St., W.
CINCINNATI—Stewart & Kidd Co., 121 E. 4th St.
CLEVELAND—Book and Art Exchange, Taylor Arcade
COLUMBUS—Graves-Wilcox Corner Chestnut & High Sts.
DAYTON—Rike-Kumler Co., N. W. corner Main & Second Sts.
EAST LIVERPOOL—The Stein-Buchan Co., 519–23 Washington St
ELYRIA—Central Book Store
HAMILTON—The Forbes & Todd Co., 317 High St.
LANCASTER—Lancaster Book Shop
S. F. O'Grady & Co., 120 S. Broad St.

Pennsylvania—Continued

LEBANON—Harpel's New Store, 757–759 Cumberland St., Sons of America Bldg.
MEADVILLE—Ballinger & Siggins, The Rexall Store
MCKEESPORT—J. D. O'Neill Co.
NEW CASTLE—New Castle Dry Goods Co.
NORRISTOWN—Warner's Dept. Store
OIL CITY—W. K. George, 224 Seneca St
PHILADELPHIA—Gimbel Brothers, 9th & Market Sts.
PITTSBURGH—Joseph Horne Co., Penn & 5th Ave.
POTTSTOWN—Chas. J. Custer, 206 High St
READING—Lord & Gage, Penn Sq. between 4th & 5th Sts.
SCRANTON—Hagen & Wagner Co., 205–7 Washington Ave.
SHAMOKIN—Bee Hive Dept. Store

Pennsylvania—Continued

WILKES-BARRE—MacWilliams's

Rhode Island

NEWPORT—Carr's, Daily News Bldg
PAWTUCKET—A. A. Lupien, 24 Broad St.
PROVIDENCE—The Boston Store, 239 Westminster St
WOONSOCKET—Harris & Mowry's

South Carolina

CHARLESTON—Louis Cohen & Co.
COLUMBIA—The State Book Store, State Bldg.

Vermont

BURLINGTON—The W. G. Reynolds Co.
RUTLAND—The Tuttle Co., 11 & 13 Center St.

Virginia

LYNCHBURG—J. P. Bell Co., Inc., 816 Main St.
NORFOLK—William Freeman, 304 Main St.
PETERSBURG—T. S. Beckwith & Co.
RICHMOND—The Bell Book & Stationery Co., 914 E. Main St.

West Virginia

CHARLESTON—The S. Spencer Moore Co., 118 Capital St.
HUNTINGTON—Zenner-Bradshaw Co.
WHEELING—Stone & Thomas

Canada

BRANDON, MAN.—I. S. Jory, 817 Rosser Ave.
BRANTFORD, ONT.—E. B. Crompton & Co., Ltd.
CALGARY, ALTA.—Young & Neumeyer, Ltd., 715 First St., West
EDMONTON, ALTA.—A. H. Esch & Co., Ltd., Jasper Ave. at 104th St.
FORT WILLIAM, ONT.—Walker's, 417–419 Victoria Ave.
HALIFAX, N. S.—Nova Scotia Furnishing Co., Ltd., 12–16 Barrington St.
HAMILTON, ONT.—Robert Duncan & Co., James St. & Market Sq.
KINGSTON, ONT.—The College Book Store, 160–162 Princess St.
LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.—The Red Cross Drug & Book Co., Ltd.
LONDON, ONT.—Hay's Stationery Store, 173 Dundee St
MONTREAL, QUE.—Goodwin's Ltd.
MOOSE JAW, SASK.—Robinson, Ltd.
NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.—New Westminster & Fraser Valley Dept. Store
OTTAWA, ONT.—James Hope & Sons, Ltd., 61–63 Sparks St.
PETERBORO, ONT.—Trebilcock Bros., 417 George St.
QUEBEC, QUE.—John E. Walsh, Reg'd, 11 St. John St
REGINA, SASK.—Canada Drug & Book Co., Ltd.
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.—McLaren & Co., Ltd.
ST. JOHN, N. B.—St. John News Co., 22 Canterbury St.
SASKATOON, SASK.—J. F. Cairns
SHERBROOKE, QUE.—Abel's Drug Store
SYDNEY, N. S.—Crowell's, Ltd.
TORONTO—McAinsh & Co., Ltd., 6–12 College St.
VANCOUVER, B. C.—O. B. Allan, Corner Granville & Pender Sts.

For balance of stores see page 56 of this issue of The Saturday Evening Post

The END of the sale of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica printed on genuine India paper Is Here

On May 26th (possibly earlier) **the last** remaining set of the "Handy Volume" Issue of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, printed on genuine India paper, **will be sold.**

We have now so few sets left, and these are going so fast, that there is no time to write for information.

THEREFORE—In order that everyone may ***make sure,*** *before ordering, that he will find the Encyclopaedia Britannica* ***useful,*** *we have arranged with merchants in 305 cities to show sets in each style of binding.*

Go TODAY to the store in your city, listed on this page or page 56, and examine the volumes. Make certain that the Britannica will prove *useful* and *helpful* to you and then ORDER AT ONCE.

For each set that we can deliver we could sell ten if we could get them. BUT—two essentials for *making* genuine India paper: Rag from Belgium, Germany or Ireland and Russian hemp—are absolutely unobtainable.

When the last set is sold you will not be able to buy a set at any price

For balance of stores see page 56 of this issue of The Saturday Evening Post

New Hampshire

MANCHESTER—Goodman's Book Store, 25 Hanover St.
NASHUA—Philip Morris & Co., 83 Main St.

New Jersey

ATLANTIC CITY—R. T. Chapman, 1404–1406 Atlantic Ave.
BAYONNE—Berkowitz Bros., Broadway & 20th St.
CAMDEN—Bleakly Bros., 532–4 Federal St
ELIZABETH—Goerke-Kirch Co., Broad & West Jersey Sts.
HOBOKEN—The Lining Store, 412–414 Washington St.
JERSEY CITY—Perlmutters, 175 Newark Ave.
NEWARK—P. F. Mulligan, Inc., 927 Broad St.
NEW BRUNSWICK—W. R. Reed, 380 George St
PASSAIC—Stemmerman Co., Main and Jefferson
PATERSON—Quackenbush & Co.
PERTH AMBOY—Albert Leon, Corner Smith & State Sts.
TRENTON—Clayton L. Traver, 108 S. Broad St.

New York

ALBANY—John Skinner's Book Store, 44 N. Pearl St.
AMSTERDAM—Seely Conover Co.

New York—Continued

NIAGARA FALLS—Niagara Dry Goods Co., Inc., 114–120 Falls St.
OGDENSBURG—Nathan Frank's Sons Dept. Store
OLEAN—The Cramer-Lynch Co.
PLATTSBURG—A. Sharron, 98–102 Margaret St.
POUGHKEEPSIE—Luckey, Platt & Co.
ROCHESTER—Scranton, Wetmore & Co., 21–23 State St.
SARATOGA SPRINGS—Robson & Ader
SCHENECTADY—The Wallace Company
SYRACUSE—Wolcott's Bookshop, White Memorial Bldg., Vanderbilt Square
TROY—G. V. S. Quackenbush & Co.
UTICA—Grant's Book Shop, 127–9 Genesee St.
WATERTOWN—Sterling's Book Shop, 111–113 Washington St.
YONKERS—Biber Bros., Inc., 46 Warburton Ave.

North Carolina

CHARLOTTE—Brockmann & Co., 224 S. Tryon St.
RALEIGH—James E. Thiem, 125 Fayetteville St.
WILMINGTON—C. W. Yates Co.

Ohio—Continued

LORAIN—Eldred & Co., 534 Broadway
MIDDLETOWN—Johnson Drug Co., 109 N. 1st
NEWARK—The A. L. Norton Co., 26 Arcade
PIQUA—Rankin & Zimmerman
STEUBENVILLE—The Hub
TOLEDO—Newcomer's Drug Store, 319 Summit
YOUNGSTOWN—McNally's Book Store, 20 W. Federal St.

Pennsylvania

ALLENTOWN—H. Leh & Co.
ALTOONA—Bartlett's Stationery Store, 1327 11th Ave.
BEAVER FALLS—Reesler's Book Store
BRADFORD—Barney Garbarsky
BUTLER—Eyth's Book Store, 103 S. Main St
CHESTER—Spencer Stationery Co., 523 Market St.
CONNELLSVILLE—Penn Office Supply Co., 113 W. Crawford Ave.
EASTON—Nixon's Book Shop, 240 Northampton St.
ERIE—Trask, Prescott & Richardson Co., State at 9th St.
GREENSBURG—A. E. Troutman
HARRISBURG—Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart
LANCASTER—The Donovan Company

Pennsylvania—Continued

WEST CHESTER—Fath's, 22 N. High St
WILLIAMSPORT—Horace Y. Gross, Market Square Book Store
YORK—Burnhart's Book Store, 35 W. Market St.

Those who cannot go to one of these stores may use this "Reserve" Order Form

Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago, Ill.

Please reserve me a set of the "Handy Volume" Encyclopaedia Britannica, printed on genuine India paper. I enclose $1.00 as first payment. Send me an order form which I agree to sign and return immediately

Name
Street and No.
City
P. O. Address
State

See Page 56 for balance of Stores

Gillette

The Armies of the World Use the Gillette Safety Razor

WAR is the great test of any article of utility. The soldier's kit is reduced to actual necessities.

You can't imagine a soldier carrying 'round a strop and hone.

The Official Army Regulations of all Countries now call for a clean shave. And beyond all question the Gillette is the Razor of the Great War—of all the Armies, on all fronts.

Gillette Razors and Blades have gone abroad in a continuous stream of shipments from this Country—by thousands, by hundreds of thousands and by millions!

One recent shipment was 80,000 Razors and 600,000 dozen Blades.

They've gone by Atlantic Passenger Steamers—by Freight—by International Parcel Post. By first-class registered mail and they've gone as personal baggage with passengers. They've gone by Pacific Steamers to Japan and through Manchuria, then via the Trans-Siberian Railway to Russia.

Isn't there a lesson in this for every man in America who has not yet adopted the Gillette Shave?

We venture to say there is not a man living with a beard to shave but can shave better with a Gillette—if he will use it correctly.

If there is any man who is not enthusiastic over the Gillette it is probably because he has not caught the simple knack of using it.

The Gillette is so efficient that men continually take advantage of it by cheating on the lather.

Be fair to the Gillette; soften the beard with a thick lather, well rubbed in, the same as you would with any other razor.

Insert a fresh blade, screw the handle down tight. Use a light, slanting angle-stroke. You will find the beard slips off almost like magic.

Now dash the face with cool water and pat dry with a soft towel.

There are thousands of young men just coming to shaving age. The Gillette will help them to form good habits—the saving of small sums that count up to big ones—the habit of getting started on time—of doing a thing perfectly in the quickest way, with the fewest motions.

Write for the New Gillette Catalogue. See the thirty styles of Gillette Safety Razors, $5 to $50. Gillette Dealers everywhere.

Milady Décolleté is the dainty little Gillette used by the well-groomed woman to keep the underarm white and smooth

If You Live in Canada—write the Gillette Safety Razor Company of Canada, Ltd., 73 St. Alexander St., Montreal, for Canadian Catalogue and Prices.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.

NO STROPPING NO HONING

(Concluded from Page 34)

convoy be about t'ree feet. Of course our lads will shpot the white flag wavin'; an' when we come over the top an' shtart back, sure, divil a one o' them'll shoot at us. They'll be curious to know what's up. An' then—begorra, 'tis home we'll come singin' the Cruiskeen Lawn—though divil a hair I care if ye poor misforchunates wish to sing Tannenbaum or The Watch on the Rhine. A hard, hard lad I may be in the heat o' battle; but never let it be said that I was crool to a helpless prisoner!" And he winked a droll eye at the general, who was regarding him over one shoulder.

"And you are a private soldier?" that individual queried in unfeigned amazement.

"Have a care would ye get me mad, ye Sassenach! Sure, I'm a whole battalion this minute! When I come home wit' ye an' the other lads, the least they can do is to make me a lance copril. Have ye any more o' these fine sausages, avic?"

Corporal Michael Clancy was facing the most terrible alternative a pious Celt can possibly face. He was suffering; and, unless a friendly shrapnel should explode in his haven of refuge and release him, he knew he would lie there and suffer for fully a week. He was torn between the knowledge that self-murder is a mortal sin, and cowardly into the bargain, and the desire to relieve himself by an overdose of morphia, a bottle of which he had found in the stretcher bearer's haversack Dennis had brought to the shell crater. While he was considering his case from its various unpleasant angles a familiar voice spoke from the rim of the shell hole:

"Squad—halt! Set down the shtretcher an' lift this wounded man out of the hole an' on to the shtretcher. None o' yer shenanigans, now! An' have a care would ye be rough wit' him."

To Corporal Clancy's amazement, two German majors leaped down into the shell hole and lifted him out on the rim, where a German general and a German colonel received him and laid him carefully on a stretcher.

"Majors! Attintion! Pick up the shtretcher. The gineral an' the colonel will fall in on the right an' left flanks reshpectively, an' the private will head the colyum wit' the tablecloth, which he will wave continyously, keepin' his head an' eyes to the front. Now then! Attintion! Forward—march! An' I'll give ye a good quickshtep to march by."

Thus did Corporal Michael Clancy and Private Dennis P. O'Gara come home across No Man's Land, to the thunderous cheers, the hugs—aye, even the kisses—of a company of bareshanked Scotch Canadians.

"You'll get the Victoria Cross for this, my lad!" an officer told him, as Dennis slid into the trench in the wake of his prisoners. "And the bully thing about it is, you'll get it on the testimony of four German officers! What's that sprig of green on your collar? A shamrock?"

"A four-leaved shamrock, sir," said Dennis, saluting. "There's luck in thim. Faith, sir, God is good to the Irish, if he did give all the money to the Jews. I've paid the score for B Comp'ny; an' I—I feel like a man, sir."

Yes; Dennis was a man now—a man born overnight and baptized in blood. But never again would his roguish black eyes hold the old sweet boyish twinkle; for Dennis, though only nineteen, would never be a boy again—no; never any more.

SAMUEL G. BLYTHE—HIMSELF

(Concluded from Page 27)

Between Said Dates: Police, fire, court, railroad, political, dramatic, baseball and all other sorts of reporter; city editor, managing editor, editor-in-chief; traveling correspondent; Washington correspondent and so on, for various other mediums of publicity, including the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, the Buffalo Express and the New York World.

Confession: Was managing editor of a monthly magazine for eleven months.

Extenuation: Needed the money.

EFFECTUATION

Records Established: Champion short-distance newspaper proprietor and champion long-distance Who's Who—And Why writer.

Proof of Same: Killed the newspaper in seven days, and kept the Who's Who—And Why page in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST alive for seven years.

Output: Enormous number of gems of English literature, ranging in length from the chaste statement that William Smathers took the seven-thirty train for the city this morning to several novels, and comprising all known varieties of the expression of my Art, including free and restrained verse, essays in the higher criticism, expositions of Bergson's philosophy—and my own—anecdotes of prominent persons, descriptions of prize fights, and advertisements for a corn plaster, with one distinguished exception.

Exception and Distinction: Never wrote a play.

Further Distinction: Never shall.

Criminal Career: In jail one day in Massachusetts for contempt of court. Note: Punishment entirely inadequate for amount of contempt had, and still have, for said court.

Chief Regret: That the Editor has not sent me to Africa, which is the only part of the world not yet illuminated by my classic style.

Hope: May be able to get him to fall for it yet.

SUMMARIZATION

Occupation: Going to places, seeing things, or finding out about things, and writing of them.

Ambition: To go to some place, somewhere, sometime, and see something just once without having to write about it.

Terrible Handicap: Total inability to take public men and politicians as seriously as they take themselves.

Motto: Maskee.

PERORATION

It's a great game.

Forewarned

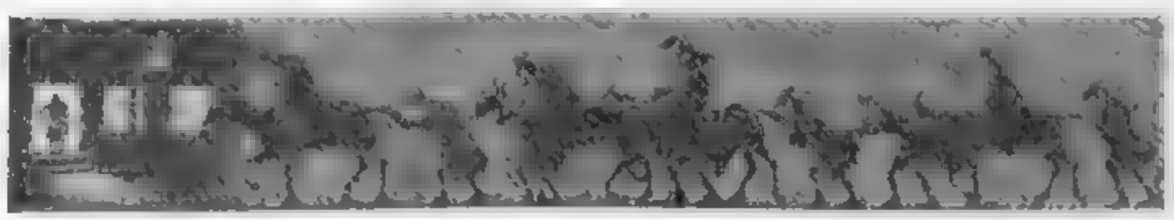
THE late Senator Tom Carter, of Montana, had a favorite anecdote, which was as follows: Shortly after the Civil War a Tennesseean, who had served in the Confederate Army and was still entirely unreconstructed, moved to Missoula in Carter's state. The newcomer was small of stature, but he was fiery of speech. Very soon after the Tennesseean's arrival in the West a celebration was held by the townspeople, under the auspices of the Union veterans of the community, in commemoration of Lee's surrender. A bulky veteran was the marshal of the parade which preceded the speaking and the rest of the program.

The ex-Confederate, boiling within, stood watching the demonstration for a while. Finally his feelings entirely mastered him. He rushed out into the road and seized the bridles of the marshal's horse.

"Git down offen that hoss, you derned blue-bellied Yankee!" he commanded. "I'm goin' to give you the best lickin' you ever had in your whole misspent life. Git down, before I haul you down!"

The man slid off his steed, fell upon the little man and smothered him to the earth. When bystanders hauled him off his enemy was a total wreck. Sympathizing hands lifted the battered Southerner to his feet. He spat out a couple of teeth, and with one hand to his streaming nose advanced upon the ex-Federal, who hadn't a scratch upon him anywhere.

"I give you fair warning," he said, "that from this time on I'm goin' to serve you this way every time I meet you. So govern yourself accordin'ly, suh, govern yourself accordin'ly."



THE SOLDIERS of the Nation's first line of defense!
"Ever Ready and Ever True!"

If you have the ambition and grit to render *first line* service to your country, and desire military experience in both naval warfare and land operations—abroad as well as at home—there is a place ready for you in this famous corps of fighting men.

The U. S. Marines are drilled as infantry, naval gunners, field artillery and machine-gun companies; and especially trained for instant duty as landing parties from the ships of the Navy.

About enlistment and opportunities for patriotic service, enquire at

Marine Corps Recruiting Stations
in all the principal cities
Separate from recruiting places of Army or Navy

Send the Corner Coupon or drop a Postal for free Book—"Soldiers of the Sea"—illustrating and describing the duties, adventures and experiences of U. S. Marines the world around.

U. S. Marine Corps Recruiting Publicity Bureau
117 East 24th St., New York

Your Name _____

Address _____

Mail to U.S. Marines, 117 E. 24th St., New York City

"Jim, they're running pretty good stories in the POST right now"—the boss said to me. "What are you going to say this week to make people read your advertisement?"

I told him I had just one paragraph—a mighty short story. But to men with hair growing on their faces it's one of the *important* stories in the book. This is it:

Mennen's Shaving Cream isn't the eighth wonder of the world; and it won't take *all* the trouble out of shaving. It's a practical lathering cream—for up-to-date men who shave every day and whose time is valuable. A very small amount of it absorbs a large amount of water and makes a thick creamy lather that softens the stiffest beard—without rubbing in—and does it quick. It doesn't *dry*. It soothes instead of smarts. It leaves your face *feeling* good—no lotion necessary afterwards. It is economical because half an inch is all you ever need.

—That's my ad. I hope you read it and I hope it makes you willing to risk a dime to see if it is fact or "fiction."

I've put a coupon at the bottom to make it easy.

Jim Henry

(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN'S

SHAVING CREAM

Jim Henry
House of Mennen,
1435 Orange St
Newark, N. J.

Dear Jim:

I [illegible] your ad.—and am willing to take ten cents worth of chance on what you say about Mennen's Shaving Cream being true.

Name _____

Address _____

I want also to try free, that new "Talcum for Men" that's skin color and don't show on the face!

THE RAILROAD AWAKENS

(Continued from Page 28)

Then, as the final straw, war—no longer a mean, uncanny rumor, but war itself; and the probability of a national dependence being placed upon the overland carriers of the United States.

Unity, you ask? Could not the railroads act in unison throughout the winter to solve their overwhelming problem?

No; unfortunately no. When the railroad presidents rode out from Washington in their private cars in the first week of last September they were saddened and depressed—many of them had a rankling sense of outrage in their hearts. Their long-drawn conference had failed—bitterly. And each executive was free to meet the problem as best he might. Which meant that each would have a different plan, and at a thousand different points these plans would clash and crash and interfere with one another's usefulness.

In truth we have developed a continental railroad system over the face of the United States and have chosen to remain blindly indifferent to the fact. It is our railroads themselves that have done much to make themselves provincial, insular, narrow. It is the silly sentiment and the pride of their personnel that has regarded each as a unit, dominating and supreme above its competitors rather than merely as a link in the transport service of a mighty nation. If you do not believe that, consider the "gateway cities" of Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans—the four chief points where Eastern roads connect with Western. Why are these gateways? Why is Winnipeg not a gateway? The Canadian Pacific each day shoots two passenger trains from the Atlantic Seaboard past Winnipeg and on to the Pacific—across the widest portion of the North American Continent, if you please. Winnipeg, in the railroad sense, is no more than an engine-change point, a place where the traveler may walk up and down the platform and stretch his legs.

You may go from Petrograd to Vladivostok even in wartime on a through train, but you cannot go from New York to San Francisco without changing cars at Chicago or St. Louis. Physically it is both practicable and easily possible. From a traffic point of view it is quite impossible. If the New York Central, the Northwestern, the Union Pacific and the Central Division of the Southern Pacific should unite to install a through train from New York to San Francisco, the Pennsylvania and the Santa Fé would probably join in a similar alliance. It is after that that the trouble would really begin. The smaller lines would hurry to form alliances and some of them would be left—there are not enough roads in the West to serve individually all those in the East.

Therefore, we must have traffic diplomacy and traffic strategy—gateway cities for both passenger and freight business—and the inconvenience for through passengers of changing cars at Chicago or St. Louis. Canada is ahead of us in her frank recognition of the railroad as a continental artery. We prefer to regard it as a local problem; and to let forty-five state regulatory bodies interfere in it, despite the fact that ninety per cent of the traffic of our railroads is interstate, and for that reason subject to the sole control of the national regulatory body down at Washington—the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Judge McChord Takes Hold

It was the Interstate Commerce Commission—in the person of the Honorable C. C. McChord, of Kentucky—which interested itself in the tangled railroad situation early last autumn. Judge McChord showed a very keen interest in the question of car shortage; for that was the way in which the oncoming congestion was steadily expressing itself. Freight cars of every sort and degree seemed to prefer to spend the winter north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. A good part of their time was wasted on sidetracks in congested yards, waiting to get to the sides of expectant ships or into the welcoming arms of a shipper. If a box car had been able to write its autobiography last winter it probably would say that it had been born in a car shop in South Chicago, had gone rumbling up into Minnesota to get the wheat, had been loaded, turned east again and after innumerable and almost insufferable delays in sundry terminal and division yards it had reached the elevator at tidewater.

Finally relieved of its burden, it was turned homeward again—perhaps with a load of local freight for Pittsburgh or Youngstown or Cleveland. It was at one of these points that trouble really began. The car, by right, should have gone West empty—home to the road whose name it proudly bore in great white letters upon its breast. But in the yard were three traffic men: one representing a steel-filing concern; another a leather manufacturer; the third a rolling mill. Two of them were making munitions for the Allies; all were desperately in need of cars. They were making their desperation evident.

After all, yardmasters are but human; some of them more so than others. And the car never went back to its home road—never went west of Cleveland. It carried freight right down to the Atlantic Seaboard again. It repeated this performance again and again and again. And the railroads of the North and East held on their lines more than twice the number of freight cars they really owned. Which meant that the railroads of the South and West had in their service about half the cars they had built and paid for with their good money. That meant, in turn, that the cotton grower of the Southwest, the lumberman of the Mississippi or East Texas, the sugar refinery of Louisiana, did not have cars to move their products. Not being able to sell, they were not able to realize; they had to go to their banks repeatedly to raise money to carry their payrolls and their other expenses.

The Situation Grows Worse

It was these folks who sent protest upon protest, first to the railroads, and then to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The commission swung into line quickly. Judge McChord went down to Louisville, met the shippers and the railroaders, and brought them together for a little shrewd and friendly counsel. McChord has the wisdom and the shrewdness of Solomon and of old Judge Priest—did I not already tell you that he hails from Kentucky? He urged upon the railroads the need of a better coöperation with their shippers; the return of more cars to the great areas south of the Ohio and west of the Mississippi. The railroad operators promised to do their best—then somehow failed to do it. The problem seemed to be too much for them.

Judge McChord returned to Washington; and this time he called the railroad presidents into conference. They recognized the seriousness of the problem, showed a genuine desire for coöperation, drew up a series of very stringent car-service rules, and appointed a car-efficiency committee to enforce them. This committee, headed by a very able and diplomatic railroad president, drew up articles of exact agreement, which all the roads were invited to sign. Half a dozen roads—most of them in the central portion of the country—refused to sign. And several others which had signed afterward refused to abide by the agreement. In a fortnight the situation was as bad as before and the railroad president had resigned his chairmanship in disgust. It was hard to convince him that there was any chance of bringing about unity of action among the railroads.

The Interstate Commerce Commission went at the problem yet again. It made a definite order to the Eastern railroads to deliver, for an extended period, a larger percentage of cars to the Western roads than they received from them. Judge McChord took up the problem with infinite patience and tact. But when he was done he, too, was convinced that little could be done without a unison of purpose on the part of at least all the big roads.

"But you can never get them to unite," a big operating man told him. "There is only one way you can get the cars straightened out short of an absolute pooling of all their freight cars—which is impossible without an absolutely united nation-wide organization ——"

"And that why is?"

"An absolute embargo."

There is a traffic expert on the Atlantic Seaboard who will put this article down in disgust when he reads this far.

(Continued on Page 41)

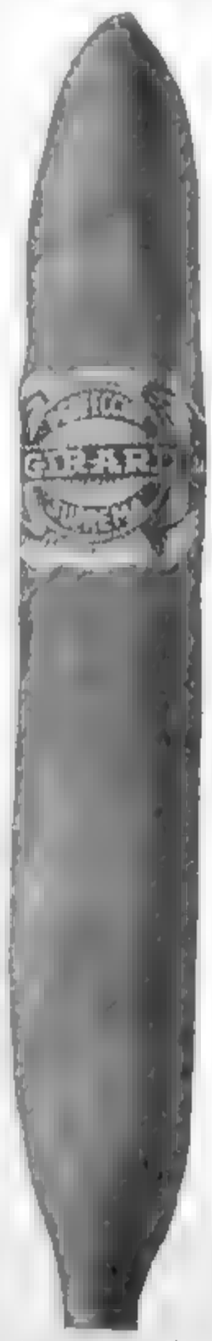
"Why I switched to Girards"

"Six months ago I read a Girard advertisement that had a particular message for me. Here's about what it said:

"'Old man, why keep on damaging your health and your efficiency by smoking super-strong cigars? Girards will give you just as much full-flavored smoke-joy and still leave you fit as a fiddle.'

The Girard Cigar

Never gets on your nerves



"I've been smoking Girards ever since because this appealed to my common sense. I feel better—and I get more fun out of smoking."

We believe that this man's experience carries a message to you just as our original advertisement carried a message to him. He is only one out of thousands upon thousands of smokers who have switched to Girards and found them both delightful and harmless.

Shade-grown Real Havana

Smoke your first Girard today. Dealers throughout the country handle Girards. If your own dealer does not have them he can get them for you from us.

14 sizes 10c and up

Make your motto "Pleasure plus Safety." Switch to Girards.

Dealers, a word with you

If you are not handling Girards there is a big business waiting for you in this unusual cigar. Drop us a line today.

The "Broker" actual size, 10c

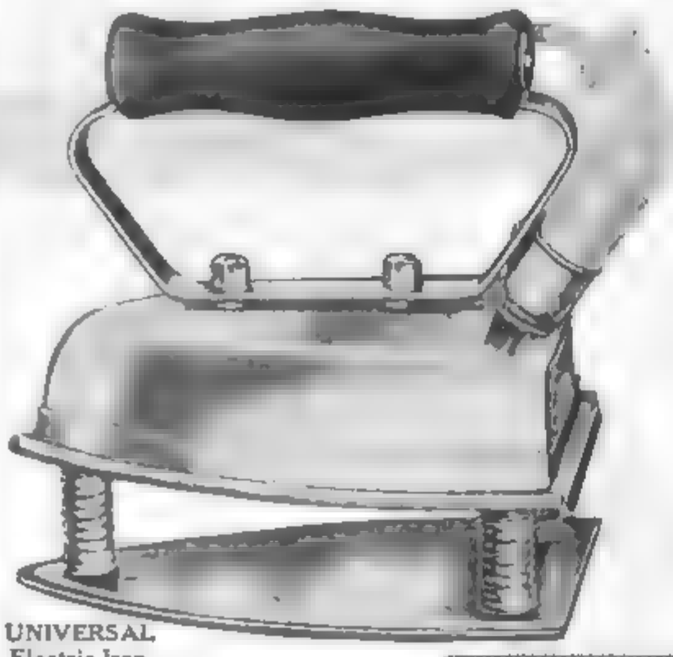
Antonio Roig and Langsdorf

Established 1871

Philadelphia

UNIVERSAL
ELECTRIC HOME NEEDS

"THE UNIVERSAL WAY
TURNS DRUDGERY TO PLAY"



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No. E905 $4.50

UNIVERSAL
The Perfect
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WHEREVER electricity is used—in the modest or most pretentious home—UNIVERSAL Electric Home Needs will supply comforts and convenience hitherto unknown.

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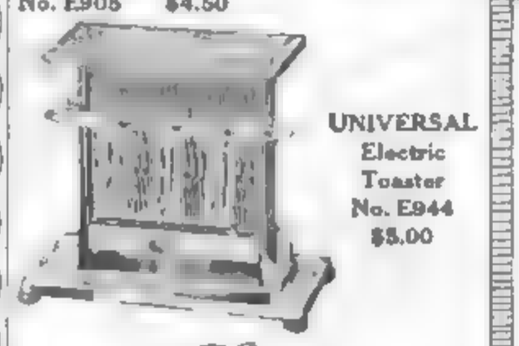

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Electric
Toaster
No. E944
$5.00

For
Dining Room

UNIVERSAL
Electric Chafing Dish
No. E940 $17.00

UNIVERSAL
Aluminum
Electric
Percolator
No. E9678
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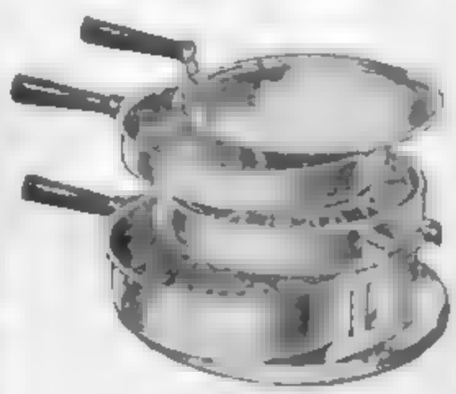
For
Kitchen



UNIVERSAL
4 Heat Electric Grill
No. E984 $6.50

UNIVERSAL
Electric
Coffee Urn
Set
No. E9166044
$33.50
Urn Separately
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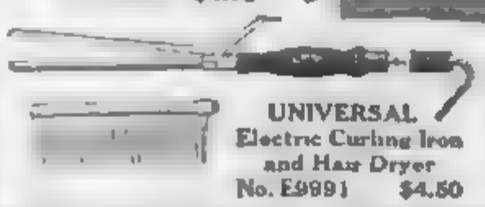
UNIVERSAL
Electric Immersion
Heater
No. E970 $4.00

UNIVERSAL
Electric Heating
Pad
No. E9940 $7.50



UNIVERSAL
Electric Curling Iron
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No. E9991 $4.50

UNIVERSAL Portable Electric Range No. E19684 $21.50
Percolator and Plates not included in equipment

Do you know the truth about extra miles?

LISTEN!

Extra miles in Empire Tires do not mean simply that you *may* be lucky enough to get 10,000 to 15,000 miles out of *one* shoe.

Those exceptional high records happen with Empires. They are apt to happen occasionally with any good tire.

But you don't want to buy tires on a gambler's chance. When we say "extra miles," we mean just this:

The *average* car owner, in *average* running, is getting 1500 to 3000 extra miles out of an *average* Empire tire, right along.

This has been proved on the road, over and over again.

Now, for 30 years the Empire Rubber and Tire Company, of Trenton, N. J., have been known for their ability to put extra life into rubber goods of all kinds. Their famous Empire Red tubes and casings have never been beaten for long life.

But fabric is just as important to the long life of a tire as rubber is. And the new exclusive Empire process for handling fabric under "equal tension" gets rid of the weak spots that cause 53% of the blowouts.

Here's the result—1500 to 3000 extra miles.

Here's the reason—A special process for fabric, and expert handling of rubber.

Put an Empire on your car and prove these extra miles for yourself.

The Empire Tire Dealer

(Continued from Page 38)

"There is the trouble," he will say. "The embargo is the easy resource and nowadays the most frequent one. To-day it is embargoes and not brains that are operating our railroads."

Which is true—and is not true. If this traffic man could have gone into the great yards at West Albany or round about Buffalo or Pittsburgh or Cleveland in the dead of last winter, when the thermometer stayed steadily at the zero mark; when the wind-swept snow in those barren, lonely places cut men's faces like whiplashes; could have seen railroaders, big and little, working twenty hours out of each twenty-four, literally living on the job and striving against not only the handicaps of bad weather and flood traffic but equipment, human and physical—tired almost beyond endurance—he might not have been so quick to say that there was lack of brains. Truth to tell, the problem was overwhelming. And there were many times when the railroads of the North and East held an overpercentage of the freight cars of the country, because there was no physical way of getting the cars out of the congested yards.

"The East will starve if we cannot get food to it," sang out the storehouses of the Middle West; and the newspapers, taking up the cry, echoed it to the far corners of the country.

"If there is a town without food or without fuel," said the president of a big Eastern trunk line at a conference of his associates, "let me know; and I will see to it that we take off passenger trains, if necessary, until we get food and fuel to it."

"Take off all the passenger trains!" shrieked the head of the Board of Trade in one of those mid-West towns. "We must get the food through to the seaboard."

"For heaven's sake," said that same big railroad president when he heard that, "send Blank out from our Chicago office and find what the trouble is with that fellow. What town is it he wants to feed?"

That night he knew. Blank got his boss on the long-distance phone that stands at his bedside.

"That man's got the real nerve!" he reported. "He's got thirty thousand bushels of May wheat in his warehouse, sold at a fancy price for export delivery, and he can't get by the embargo. If we'll give him a permit he'll shut up."

"Give him the devil!" growled the big boss, and turned over to sleep once again.

Then—in a single hour—from out of all this babel and confusion came absolute unity; for above the noise and the confusion was being sounded the note of national alarm—war! The President of the United States was appealing to industrial as well as financial and sentimental and social America to present a united front against the common enemy. The railroad—the half sleeping, half-sick giant of American industry—heard that appeal. The railroad awakened. Before any other great industry it has made itself ready and willing to take part in the mobilization of the nation. The men you have already seen going out from Daniel Willard's rooms in Washington went forth to work out the details of the tremendous scheme of railroad unity he had unfolded there to them.

The Men in Command

Supporting his argument, which, from the chairman of the Advisory Committee of National Defense, came with distinct force, stood the strength of a group of men who represent others of the great railroads of America—Julius Kruttschnitt, of the Southern Pacific; Hale Holden, of the Burlington; Samuel Rea, of the Pennsylvania; Howard Elliott, until recently of the New Haven; and back of all of these the quiet, dominant force, the unlimited power of the President of the United States and the commander of its army and its navy. No wonder the plan was adopted; that Major Jacob M. Dickinson, Secretary of War under President Taft, and now receiver of the Rock Island, introduced the agreement that, for the first time in their history, made all the railroads of the United States a unit in operation, as before they had been one in almost every physical sense; that one by one the men in the room came up and signed the agreement to which they are pledged in honor through the duration of the war.

The working out of this giant plan has been placed in the hands of the American Railway Association, which has appointed its executive head, Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern Railway, as chairman of both the executive and general committees in charge of the nationalization of the railroads. Harrison's job is not any easy one. It is no simple matter to bring a large group of men—particularly men who have been used to having their full authority remain unchallenged—into unison of thought and action. But no one who knows him doubts that he will measure up to the job. He is an aristocrat, but a diplomat; a man who knows men and quickly brings them to do his bidding. And he is a railroader of no small ability.

Harrison's executive committee consists of Kruttschnitt, Holden, Elliott and Rea, with Willard as a member ex officio, as well as a member from the Interstate Commerce Commission, who undoubtedly will be Judge McChord. With the aid of these men, he has begun already building up a single nationwide railroad system. The country has been divided into six great districts and a president who understands thoroughly the needs and facilities of each placed in charge of each. Under these district chiefs, in turn, are local committees of other railroad executives.

In addition there are various general committees, radiating from the Washington headquarters—chief among these the committee on car efficiency, now known as the committee on car service. There are general committees on military tariffs and emergency accountings, which already have begun their sessions; and in addition to all these there is a committee on railroad military equipment standards. These last groups of men are working in close harmony and cooperation with the quartermaster's department of the army. They stand ready to serve both that arm of the service and the navy.

Wartime Freight Traffic

They have been acquainted with the mobilization points selected when we began in earnest to build our army of a million or two million men; already they have begun to designate by apportionment between the railroads the cars which at the appointed time shall move toward those mobilization points for the transport of men and horses and munitions. Little is being left to chance. The very cars are being designated by their numbers. The military scheme is as definite as those far-famed plans of the German General Staff. It can hardly fail to be just as efficient.

The railroaders know that it takes a mile of train to move one thousand men and their appendages. That makes the problem of main lines and of terminals to be worked out in the size of the army units to be moved, divided by the even thousands. Undoubtedly there are points where new terminals will have to be built or existing terminals greatly enlarged. There are other points where connecting tracks will have to be built—fairly long stretches of single track that will have to be transformed into double track—all for purposes of military strategy. Some of the big war appropriation undoubtedly will go into this work and the country will be permanently benefited in consequence.

But the biggest work by far of our unified United States Railroad during the first year of the war is to be the handling of freight traffic. That is a problem which mounts high. Munitions must be hurried to the seaboard, and without delay. We are building ships on an enormous scale—over five million tons in this busy year of 1917. The railroad must bring the iron both in the rough and in the finished material for the steel ships, and it must bring most of the lumber for that wonderful new fleet of little wooden ships that is springing up in their wakes. It must bring fuel to the shipyards to turn their lathes and to heat their forges. It takes fifty thousand tons of coal just to build a modern dreadnought.

And after that come the fuel to drive the ships oversea and the coal to keep America warm and busy during the winter that is to usher in 1918 and perhaps the peace of the world. Above all, there are the foodstuffs—the precious grain and meats and vegetables not only for military and industrial America but for her hungry, busy Allies.

It is now known that the railroads will have little more additional equipment in the coming winter than they had in the distressing winter just passed. The new engines and the new cars now building will hardly more than counterbalance those

Frantz Premier
ELECTRIC CLEANER

WHEN furnishing her home, the young wife need no longer settle down to a weary round of household drudgery. Science gives her a skilled servant: the Frantz Premier. Over a quarter million are now in use.

Nine Pounds of Sterling Quality!

We have branches and dealers nearly everywhere. Our price is modest—time payments if desired. Booklet on request.

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YOU men who practice economy should insist upon getting the new 35c double grip

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

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The name PARIS on the back of the shield is your assurance that you are getting the genuine PARIS GARTERS; they are rust proof in any climate.

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THE STEIN-BLOCH
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The Ontario expresses Youth without exaggerating it. A Stein-Bloch Suit for those in their teens or twenties. It's perfectly plain, for ripe fulfillment in Art or Nature is always unassuming.

When you say STEIN-BLOCH, *you've said* STYLE

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Tailor Shops at Rochester, N. Y.

Said Miss Ryder—
I Like the
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SHOCK ABSORBER

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because I drive our car a lot. Before we equipped I noticed that it would bounce and jump even on a smooth road when only one or two persons were in it; while on a rough road with the whole family aboard, we had to crawl along at a snail's pace. Now, no matter what the load or road, we glide and don't have to slow down either. The car rides more steadily and obeys the wheel much better, too."

It makes all the difference in the world to ride on Hartford Shock Absorbers. Then there are no road limitations. You can go where you please—in comfort.

Incidentally the absence of jolt, jar and vibration adds to the life of your car and materially cuts the cost of its upkeep.

"Between You and Jolt, Jar and Vibration" is a booklet of intense interest to every car owner. Sent on request.

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For Safety's Sake Hartford SHOCK ABSORBER

For Ease and Economy Hartford AUTO JACK

that have finally worn out beyond repair and are to-day being sent to the scrapheap. It is not a question of money. It is a question of shop facilities. It is of more vital importance that our railroad shops turn out engines and cars for the Russian railroads than for our own lines.

Our own railroads have got to work out their problem through an increased efficiency of operation. That is their opportunity; and it may yet prove their salvation. It is the very unification of operation that is yet to provide the best efficiency. Take a single instance:

Suppose the Milwaukee finds itself, through an unforeseen shortage of locomotives, unable to move its grain promptly down out of the Northwest. It appeals to Willard or to Harrison—to the organizations they head. They, in turn, draw upon the great roundhouses of the New York Central or the Pennsylvania. Brigades of engines are moved through Chicago and to St. Paul or Aberdeen or Miles City, or wherever the grain is waiting. Before the present summer ends one is apt to see motive power of almost any railroad standing in almost any corner of the country—just as one sees to-day a veritable directory of big railroads standing in box cars and gondolas along the sidings of any well-filled yard.

It is the cars—the humble, grimy, efficient freight cars—that, as you have seen already, represent the hub of this great traffic problem. The committee on car service now comes into its own. Back of it now stands authority—unrelenting, absolute authority. No longer will any railroad have the right or the power to refuse cars to another road that stands in dire need of them and, so standing, is crippling the efficiency of the corner of the land it tries to serve.

"We are going to make the freight equipment fluid," says a big railroader to you; "and each main line of road is going to be a channel through which this liquid flows. Woe be to the man—be he yardmaster or general manager or president—who tries to dam one of these channels. He will find himself the victim of a discipline as relentless as it is just. It has been said that the railroad is only second in its discipline to the army. We are going to show that our discipline can be made quite as absolute as that of the army."

Some Winning Ideas

The railroaders pin great faith to this new plan. With it, and without a single piece of new rolling stock, they estimate that they can handle throughout 1917 all the way from ten to thirty-five per cent more freight traffic than they handled in 1916.

"Suppose it should not work?" you ask.

The resources of an efficient consolidated railroad system of two hundred and seventy-five thousand miles are not quickly exhausted.

Passenger service can and probably will be curtailed. The pride, the provincialism, the sentimentalism of the separate railroads we have already noticed. These very qualities have brought to the land many expensive and superfluous passenger trains. There are half a dozen roads running from Chicago to St. Paul and Minneapolis; another half dozen from Chicago to St. Louis. The majority of passenger traffic in each of these cases runs over one or two favored roads. But the roads less favored maintain an equal and competing service. Their great gay trains—ofttimes scantily and pitifully patronized—must move at the same hours and under the same schedules as their more fortunate competitors. And the cost is very great.

Under our wartime measure of railroad unification superfluous trains can and will be discontinued. Not only will there be immediate and appreciable savings—the fuel savings alone, in these days when every ton of coal must do its part in the world's war, are not inconsiderable—but there will be engines and train crews released for the service of the freight. It is going to be much more important that a far-flung army corps in Flanders or in Russia shall have its stomachs filled than that the folk of X—— or Y—— shall still have their evening train out from town after the theater. The next few months will probably witness sweeping economies of this sort; the inauguration of wartime schedules, with radical curtailment of passenger service. If folks are inconvenienced by these, they had better grin and remember that this may be the very way that they are "doing their bit."

If worst shall come to worst, and the pressure of war traffic becomes still greater upon the lines of our continental railroad system, it may be possible to effect more sweeping curtailments of passenger service. One or two of the roads between Chicago and the Twin Cities might be asked to handle all the through passengers; another one or two the entire eastbound movement of the grain; still others assigned the task of serving as channels for the returning streams of empty cars—the entire plan has vast flexibility.

Then, if pressure should increase still farther, double and triple and four-track lines might be given to a single one-way movement; trains might pass continuously—one after another—crews and their reliefs sleeping in tourist-car cabooses, just as sailors stay aboard their ships. The freight can move; the freight will move! If it does not, the most tremendous experiment in overland transportation the world has ever witnessed will have failed completely, and the Allies will have lost a supreme trump card in the crushing of their enemies.

But they are not going to lose. The railroad of America is awakened. It is going to take its mighty part in the conflict. With every resource that human power and human ingenuity can place at its command, it is going to straighten its back and use its huge and single force toward the redemption of the democracy of the world.

The Repentant Wife

I WANT his muddy feet to come a-messin' up my floors;
I want to smell his stinkin' pipe; to see him dodgin' chores;
I want his vermin-covered hound to lie in my best chair;
I want his garments strewed around; I want to hear him swear;
I want his poker-playin' chums to come each night and camp!
I want to have him home again—the shameless, shiftless scamp!

I'm not too proud to let him know it was my fault he went—
Seems like a woman never knows enough to be content!
I said I wanted things kept clean—I got it, goodness knows!
I called him sinful, slippin' off to see them burlesque shows!
I scolded him because at meals he never said a grace;
Because he never tidied up when folkes came to our place!
I pestered him about his faults—I was too blind to see
That 'twas his good-for-nothin' ways that made him dear to me!

—Daniel M. Henderson.

Ballade of Those Who Don't Belong

DON'T boast you never change your mind,
But always vote the ticket "straight."
That sort of voter is the kind
Whose vote has neither worth nor weight.
Don't put the welfare of the State
Beneath the Party's, right or wrong.
Don't goose-step—go your natural gait;
Belong to those who don't belong.

The man who follows Party blind,
And does its bidding, soon and late,
Is but a docile Party hind.
He does no party wrong abate;
He does not shape the Party's fate;
He only heeds the Party gong.
Give not your heart to these, my mate;
Belong to those who don't belong.

For him whom Party ties don't bind,
Who stops to weigh and calculate,
Who seeks for truth and worth to find,
Do Parties cleanse and renovate
Their inner selves, and advocate
Whatso is wise and true and strong.
If you would be articulate,
Belong to those who don't belong.

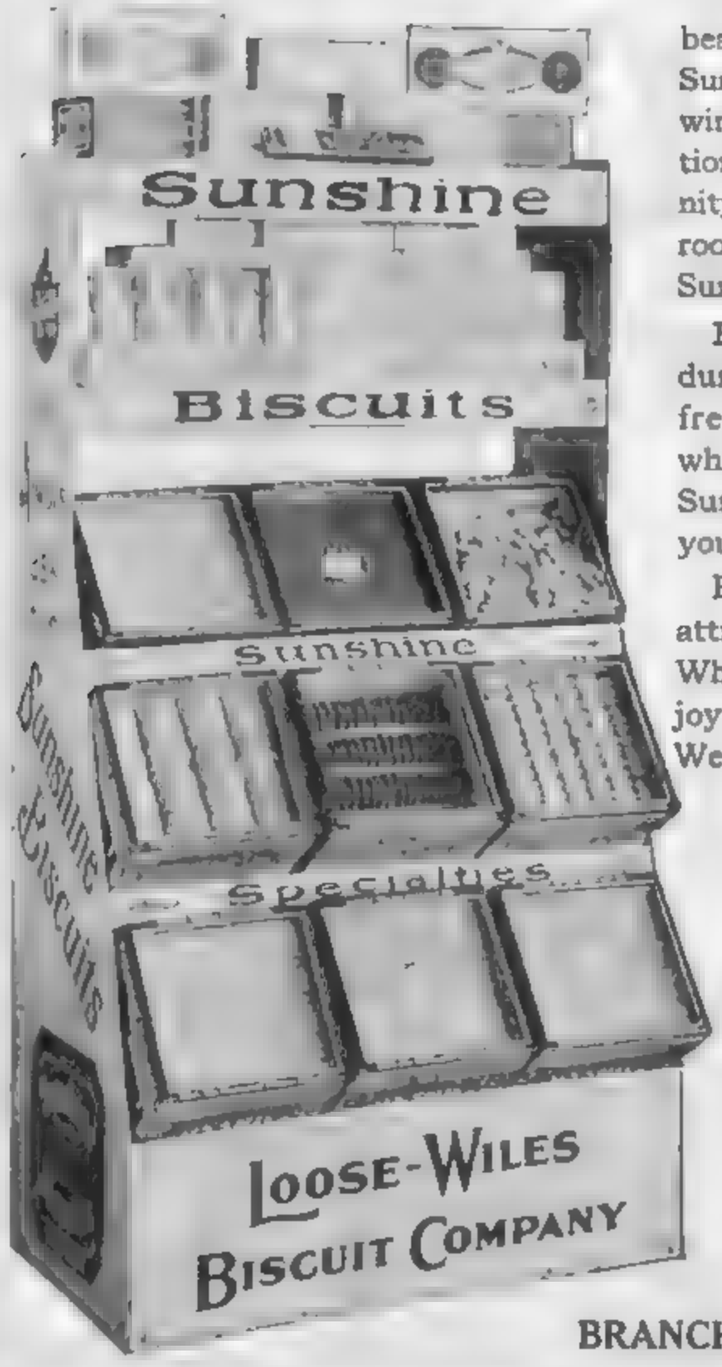
L'Envoi

O Voter, bid you candidate
Sing not to you the Party Song
But show his goods and name his rate
Belong to those who don't belong.

—Thomas Lomax Hunter.

Sunshine Biscuits Week

May 20th to 27th—Everywhere!



THOUSANDS of dealers in all parts of the country will observe "Sunshine Biscuits Week." A beautifully colored poster illustrating the Sunshine Family will be shown in their windows announcing this great celebration to the housewives of every community. Their stores will be regular display rooms for the wonderful assortments of Sunshine Biscuits.

Be sure to visit your dealer's store during "Sunshine Biscuits Week." Feel free to examine his Sunshine Rack, which holds the most varied collection of Sunshine Biscuits ever assembled for your inspection.

Buy some Sunshine Biscuits, either in attractive package form or by the pound. Whatever you select you will surely enjoy, and every week will be "Sunshine Week" in your home.

Here are some of the Sunshine Biscuits your dealer can supply. Have him make up an assortment like this for you.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY *Bakers of*

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BRANCHES IN OVER 100 CITIES

LOOK into the intelligent faces of these GENCO master cutlers — Americans, every one of them. By their unity of purpose they have created the definite, uniform standard of razor quality which has taken the guesswork out of razor buying.

We're as proud of our organization as our master cutlers are of the GENCO razors they produce. Our guarantee fully protects you.

"A GENCO must make good, or we will"

Send $2.00 direct to us if your dealer can't supply you with a GENCO razor. If your skin is tender or your beard wiry, better send $3.00 for the heavier, extra-full concave GENCO. Also send for Free Booklet, "A Real Shave." Of interest and value to all self-shavers.

Geneva Cutlery Company, 130 Gates Avenue, Geneva, N. Y.

The Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of High Grade Razors in the World

HOW TO DO IT

(Continued from Page 13)

reveal the profound conditions of the great event than this first question of the American mind on the verge of action: "How?"

After an unprecedented struggle, now in its third year; after gigantic battles entailing the death of millions of beings, entailing a destruction of riches impossible to calculate; at a moment when the political, economic and social upheaval of a catastrophe without parallel still eludes all conjecture, what question could come more naturally from a power resolved to collaborate at the final judgment as interpreter of right than this wish of knowing where to begin?

Is not this the practical question par excellence, than which none other could better suit the American character? I shall endeavor to answer it, not by an exposition of the methods to be employed or by detailed plans, which could only have the value of a personal opinion subject to revision by anyone, but by some general indications by means of which our new Allies may be able to establish and organize their action as best suits them with the full play of their initiative.

To begin with, I take it for granted as a general axiom that America intends to do nothing by halves. Peace or war? She must accept one or the other in its entirety. There can be here no question of one of these semblances of war "for the sake of honor," such as the old-time monarchies were occasionally pleased to indulge in. No "war in laces," in other words. Cannon against cannon. Shell against torpedo. Arm against arm. Man against man. Every form of slaughter of noncombatants calls for reprisals by real avengers, to whom no means of victory can be denied.

This, I take it, is the meaning of the question.

Nothing would be less American than an appearance of war, a state of belligerency comprising the indolence of peacetime with the added incense of bellicose fumes. Do what you do! Some time ago, when certain fearless souls hinted at the possibility of an American intervention—I take pleasure in recalling that I was one of the number—one would occasionally encounter spectacled wiseacres who would gravely discuss the strength and the weakness of the means at the disposal of America for achieving final success. To-day this makes us smile. Who would have dared speak of the United States sending an expeditionary force to the French battle front?

Sinews of War

We have seen Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders performing prodigies of valor. No one shall persuade me that Americans are not smarting under the idea that they are not already participating in the greatest war pageant destined to figure in the annals of humanity. Over half a century ago they showed, without leaving their native sphere, of what they were capable. I feel certain there are some—perhaps there are many—who would like to show Europe now that the old stock has not degenerated. However, let us proceed by order.

Ab initio—money! Nobody ignores the fact that the American likes to earn money. Of this fact he furnishes striking examples every day. Only if this national sport has the virtue of engendering extraordinary efforts of labor, it must be conceded that as an individual being he does not devote himself to it exclusively, since a reaction no less vigorous induces him, as by a return swing of the pendulum, to part with his riches to further some great work of humanitarian idealism in the highest sense of the word.

Thanks to this double phenomenon, the intensity of which arouses the admiration of the entire world, the American people owe, in addition to an unequaled prosperity, a general intellectual progress which the state in itself alone could not have been able to assure.

I should like to analyze the psychology of a nation capable of producing such results; but this is not my theme. All I can say on the subject is that a nation thus impelled to shake off the fetters of self in order to ascend momentarily from egotistical interests to the height of great leading conceptions, must, perforce, sooner or later rise from the plane of purely national interests to those conceptions of higher humanity which are the bulwarks, the indomitable pillars, of a civilized society.

The country of the American is undoubtedly America. But as his culture progresses he acquires the realization that the roots of his entire existence as a new man strike deep into the deepest undercurrents of the Old World. Then when, owing to unforeseen events in Europe, to which his history is connected by unbreakable links forged in the chain of ages, the rumors of which, penetrating his frontiers, are destined to stir his being to its depths, and he recognizes the existence of a danger threatening the basic ideals of the American nation, and decides to intervene, is it not natural that he should spare nothing of his energies? In this case, will not the first question that presents itself to his mind be straightway that of financial assistance before proceeding to examine any other form of collaboration? This is, in fact, what has taken place, since the first telegrams concerning an American coöperation have treated of a very large sum which the United States proposes to place at the disposal of the Allies. I shall beware of noting a figure, as it must be the business of the governments to fix one; it suffices to say that the amount mentioned appears to us right away as the sign of a magnificent outburst of generosity. There is, however, one point regarding which I should like to offer a purely personal observation. I have not had occasion to consult anyone on the subject, but I am convinced that if the question were to come up for discussion I should have the majority of opinion on my behalf.

Loans Better Than Gifts

We have poured out our blood, our riches, our all, for our country. We shall continue to give all we possess, only regretting we have not more to give. We shall find ourselves terribly impoverished after the war, but we shall never smother our pride to the extent of stretching out our hand for alms. A loan for a long period and at a very moderate rate of interest, if you will. That would be as honorable for one party as for the other. But nothing of gifts or alms. We have passed contracts with the manufacturers of the United States. What would they have thought had we suggested withholding the payment due them? In order to remain good friends under all circumstances, it is necessary that the dignity of both sides be reciprocally safeguarded. No doubt we have lost on exchange; but we have by no means lost our right to submit with manly pride to the common law, which is to reconstruct by the efforts of peacetime the economic situation we sacrificed for the moment to save the French nation. We have opened an account with you. Every extension of time limit, every partial or entire advance of the Federal Reserve Board, will be a welcome measure. Here is not the place to study the means and methods. Let the Americans first of all consult their own convenience in the matter. In all procedures of courtesy there is a *raison d'être* the guiding principle of which for either side is the respect of oneself and of others. We are fully confident that the two governments will know how to arrange matters for the best, according to the circumstances of the moment.

If I have taken the liberty of making this utterance regarding the general condition of a financial coöperation, it is because I have read in a newspaper that noble-hearted Americans had discussed recording their gratitude in remembrance of the noble brotherhood of arms, symbolized by the monument in Paris which unites the statues of Washington and Lafayette under a common flag. May I be permitted to remark that this was one of those unions of glory for which there is no price. We have not the right to touch, however lightly, those great names. Our two peoples must remain, as regards each other, in the situation in which their history has placed them. Our fathers would rise up in their graves if one day the Germans could say that we had trafficked the price of their blood. When you needed the help of France it was forthcoming. Fortune owed it to both of us that one day this situation should be reversed. We were expecting you. You are coming to us. We shall not do you the offense of expressing surprise. It is our common hope that for so noble a debt there shall be no settling of accounts. After an exchange of hearts and blood, we intend to continue to owe you the same debt that you have owed us.

Money, in however great quantities, is not sufficient. Money represents possibilities. What we need is means of action. Naturally the first that presents itself to our mind is an industrial and commercial coöperation for armament and supplies. There would be no advantage in stating in detail our immediate needs in this respect. Every form of war equipment is needed; likewise every means of increasing food supplies. Nothing could be superfluous in such a gigantic undertaking.

Our civil population must be assured their subsistence so that they can provide arms and food for our soldiers.

Our army must be supplied with the best means of combat. If the United States sends an expeditionary force to France, it will be the duty of the American Government to satisfy all its requirements. For this reason, in order to assure a perfect working of this immense group of enterprises, it would, to my mind, appear necessary to let the Washington Cabinet keep permanent control over organization of work and the best distribution of its results. That is all I will say on the subject. I should need a volume if I were even to outline its main features.

My considerations of the industrial and commercial question bring me logically to a brief examination of the coöperation of the transport service. At the present hour it can be said that this question dominates all the others, as the greatest industrial activity would perforce be vain if the products could not be sent to their destination in time. The same holds good for the products of the soil, such as wheat, and for coal and steel, with which, so I am told, the wharves of New York are at present encumbered.

As all difficulties of transportation are due to the submarine campaign, the first and most urgent question confronting us is, naturally, that of giving chase to submarine craft. I shall not be expected to say anything in regard to the methods of fighting them. In this case discretion is essential. America's reputation in the field of inventions is so well established that we do not doubt her eagerness to show us something new in this line. Let us trust in her genius.

Coöperation on the Ocean

On the other hand, I have no hesitancy in affirming that the American naval squadrons will be most usefully employed in methodically patrolling the ocean, as the policing of certain zones must naturally fall to their share. The merchant marine, duly armed, will not fail to provide for their own defense by their own means. The submarine's power of attack is unsurpassed. Its defensive power, on the other hand, is more than mediocre, since a submarine must emerge in order to attack, and has but one good way of protecting itself—that of submerging. The Germans know the toll taken on their submarine craft. Their threats are far from being realized. What will be their predicament when America exerts against them the full strength of her efforts?

Once the pirates have been accounted for, the ocean will again be safe for navigation. Belligerents and neutrals will inevitably have lost many ships.*

To America will fall the duty of replacing them. American freight coöperation will consist in supplementing our ocean transport service wherever such assistance shall seem helpful. It is necessary that the full resources of commercial navigation, including the merchant marine of the United States and the interned German ships in American ports, be promptly brought into play. This result could, I imagine, be obtained the more easily, as the construction of a new commercial fleet could be continued at the same time so as to replace the units destroyed. Finally, may we not consider the efficient utilization of transportation methods on the morrow of the declaration of peace?

Does not this suggest an entire program of naval coöperation? I should perhaps complete it by some remarks regarding the

(Continued on Page 47)

*NOTE—We must look facts in the face. Of a world's tonnage of forty million tons, in 1914, one million tons are lost every three months, according to the present estimate.

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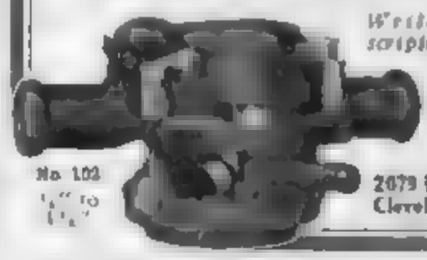

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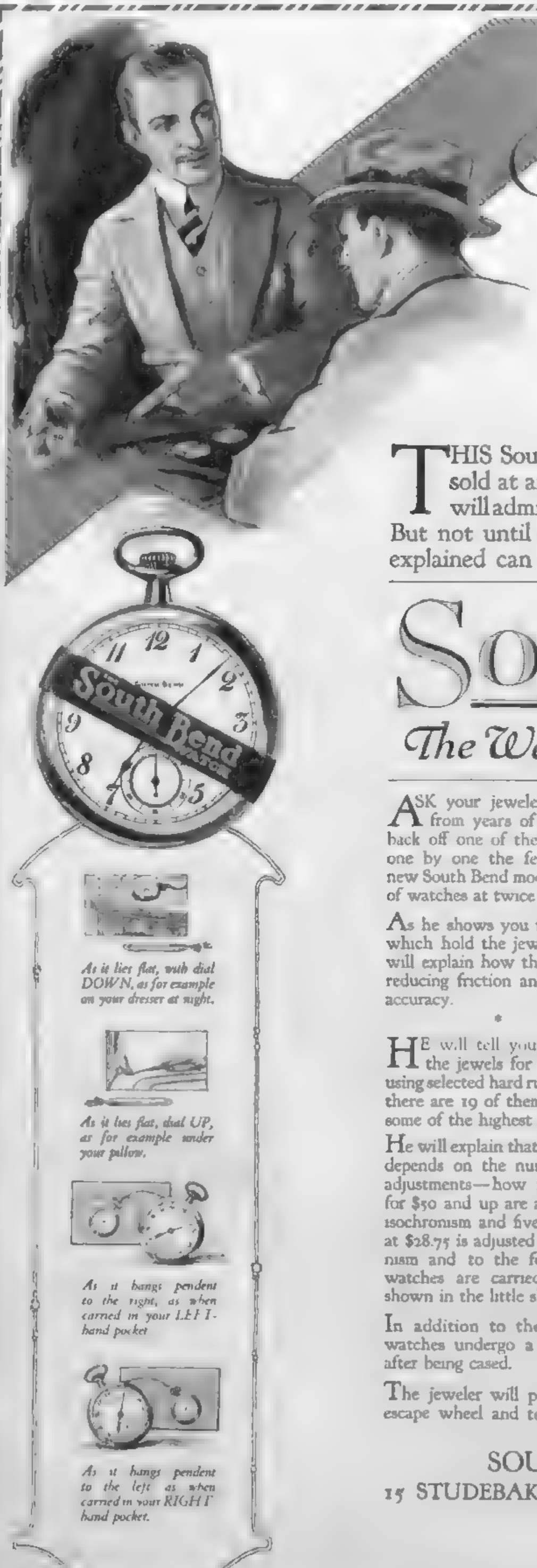
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(Continued from Page 45)

necessity of a good method of tonnage selection answering the needs of the hour. I shall, however, confine myself to observing that if the ingenious spirit of American enterprise should make it possible for them to bring British coal nearer to our ports, during a season of fine weather favorable to the accumulation of reserve stocks, a great service will have been rendered us.

The question of naval aid now in course of execution brings us naturally to the delicate question of military coöperation. But why delicate? Because though the American Republic possesses a powerful Navy, with innumerable facilities for developing it in every direction, to say nothing of a commercial fleet that does it honor, nobody would pretend that a similar effort had been made as regards its land forces. On the new continent neither Canada nor Mexico can pretend to offer a real warlike menace as regards the United States, hence there has been no reason for burdening a democracy entirely devoted to the great economic manifestations of peace with disproportionate expenditure in men and money.

On the other hand, the European Continent swarms with armies, ever ready at the first sign of their leaders to swell their ranks with all men capable of bearing arms. Some of their leaders pretend they have no accounts to offer except to God—no doubt a severe but a far-off Judge. Who could have ever supposed that a peaceful, because eminently laborious, nation would ever have to fight out quarrels on the Continent with the nations of the Old World, weighed down by century-old rivalries and legacies of hate and bloodshed so difficult to shake off? Above all, American Peace, with the least possible weight of embarrassing armaments. "*Fata viam invenient.*"

That was also our own way of thinking—Frenchmen filled with modern aspirations—those of us who were still weighed down by the shackles of old monarchial conflicts, whose last lack of foresight had visited us with an all too cruel dismemberment. To desire peace sincerely and at the same time make extravagant preparations for war—that appeared to be both a contradiction and a necessity. Does there exist a more dangerous temptation than the abuse of a superior force, realized at the price of incalculable sacrifices?

We suffered from the loss of our provinces and we made no secret of it, but the incredible inadequateness of our preparation was sufficient proof that we could not have been contemplating aggression. All the more does this hold true of Great Britain, Russia and Italy. On the other hand, we can now also realize the fact that Germany was no longer able to stop herself. I am not incriminating her. I simply contrast the over-preparation of the two great Central Empires with the general unpreparedness of the Allies. And I do this only to bear witness philosophically that the American people is the least prepared for war of all the unprepared nations.

America's Advantages

An army cannot be improvised in the worst throes of tumultuous strife—the most bloody in history—now in its third year. I hear it said that your statesmen, inclined to take a broad view of things, are considering the question of compulsory service, which implies the conception of a nation in arms. There can be no doubt that all citizens owe the same sacrifices to their country, and that the increasing need for universal peace can—in fact, must—go hand in hand with a form of universal service, so constituted that it really becomes the supreme effort of civilized society. But what one day you may accomplish in this sense is not at all the question with which we are here concerned. For every hour its appointed task.

The only problem that the events of today compel you to face is to know what it is possible for you to accomplish in the military order.

Well, I confess that I see two contradictory solutions confronting one another, which neither party can escape. Your military possibilities are slight, and your history and our own, as well as the necessity of a speedy success, compel you to do much. But will even this much be sufficient? As regards both yourselves and us, it is necessary to do all that is possible—and perhaps even a trifle more. Let us see how this can be done.

The primary conditions of military action are: To raise troops, instruct them, train them, organize them, arm them, bring them into the firing line, under the supreme direction of a high command. All this is not done by improvisation. In legends we read of supermen who by stamping on the ground cause legions to spring forth. But prosaic reality is different. When warriors had as their principal arms their two fists, their two feet, a stone, a club, there was not a civilian who could not become a combatant at a moment's notice. But machine-gun rifles, hand grenades, aëronautics, quick-firing artillery, light or heavy, have changed many things. The survivors of the Civil War, if they were brought at Gettysburg to face conditions of modern armament, would be no little surprised.

It is evident that America will furnish all the recruits necessary. The necessities of armament can be supplied with comparative rapidity. The instruction and organization of units will require more time. But let us refrain from all exaggeration. I recognize that time, under the present circumstances, is one of the principal elements of success. The general—or specific—education of every citizen is the capital factor of the problem, and it cannot be denied that in this regard the American possesses distinct advantages.

In the times of Abraham Lincoln military training was already no such simple matter. Every one then realized the surprising results of the instantaneous transformation of certain civilians into military leaders. The natural courage of man, and above all his passion for getting the better of the enemy, offers us marvelous examples everywhere and at all times. But there is more than this. Scientific methods themselves, in proportion as they evolve, infallibly tend to a universal process of simplification. Our soldiers very quickly grew accustomed to the novelty of the military rôle they were expected to fulfill. The same prodigy was accomplished in remarkable fashion by the English. So will it also soon be with the Americans.

Make Haste Rapidly

The Germans, who are conservative to the backbone—to the extent of not looking askance at impulses of retrogression—have adhered with exemplary fidelity to the academic traditions of warfare. Hence the importance of the "button" and the transcendent delight of the "goose-step"—which I take to be a direct insult to this savory fowl. However, when the French soldier, often somewhat slipshod in appearance, comes on the Boche in open country, the latter more often than not indulges in the unprescribed exercise of throwing up his hands, accompanied by protestations of *camaraderie*. This is due to the fact that the *poilu* with his blue helmet has the moral superiority of being impelled by a fury that nothing can stop, whereas the other is pitifully casting about for excuses for his atrocities and his savage devastation. But let us not anticipate. A stout heart does not in truth suffice for the manipulation of cannon, yet a piece of artillery in the hands of a man full of determination will soon shatter the shelter and the material of him who has nothing in him but training.

These are but simple reflections of a general sort, and they are outside of the realm of academic doctrines of war, which are all too often far aloof from ideas which any academy of common sense could furnish. For is it not common sense which shows us that the admirable soldier who has so quickly evolved from the Canadian, the Australian, the New Zealander—from the Briton, in short—will no less quickly emerge from the American citizen, trained from his childhood in all the exercises of body and mind?

"But still," it will be contended, "you must give us time." Let it be as short as possible. There is time and time, according to the use we make of it. "Make haste slowly" says an old proverb. But when we are spurred on by the determination to accomplish quickly and thoroughly, I take it the quickest means is to make haste rapidly. This formula seems to me infinitely more suited to American usage.

How can America's military forces be best employed? That is the problem immediately confronting us. There can be no question as to the precise sphere of action of the troops of the great Republic. There is no American Kiao-Tchao. President Wilson is, therefore, not obliged to undertake a task on the new continent similar to that of Japan when it had to set to work to sweep away the German wedge.

In order to meet the German in arms the American soldier must travel to Europe, and there the only place for him is the French battle line. To enter into a discussion as to the military importance of the place to be held by American forces, and consequently the possible value of the operations in view, would amount to establishing an approximate estimate of the number of the prospective expeditionary force. Such a numerical evaluation cannot be expected from me. This question can be decided only by the people of the United States and their Government. The only observation I may be permitted to make is to point out the necessity of having to choose between two hypotheses—either do everything humanly possible or do nothing at all.

There has been, I think, some question of sending over "a small symbolical force," whose rôle would be that of a representative military body received in the bosom of the French army. Nothing could be farther from my mind than to disdain even a symbolical manifestation of a new brotherhood in arms; but unfortunately this would be only a manifestation. I dare think that America and France can aspire to something more. To be content with achieving a symbolical object—would not this to the minds of some people seem a confession of impotence? He who wishes to go to war must deal in realities—every form of reality—as far as it is possible to achieve them. Doubtless it could be objected that thereby the flag—that is, the honor of the country itself—is implicated; but once the flag is engaged, must it not be defended for the very reason that it is the symbol of national honor? And if it should happen that the gallant little band, victorious at one point, should give way at another under the pressure of numbers, what American would not demand a counter-offensive which in its turn would have to be backed up? Therefore, why not begin at this point? War is war—that is to say, the supreme adventure into what is supremely unknown. I can see in my mind's eye this "symbolical corps." Its one idea would be to rush into the firing line, as much for the sake of the fight as to show the French how Americans exult in battle. The inevitable result would be loss of men and armaments, to say nothing of the replenishing of the ranks of this small body surrounded by an ocean of soldiers. Then would come letters and telegrams: "We can't go on like this. We are too few. Send reënforcements—reënforcements!" That is why I say: "Begin by fixing the conditions, all the conditions, of this undertaking so as at the same time to be able to establish the means. And afterward stick to the plan you have determined on."

A Simple Answer

I don't believe there is a man used to action who would contest a theory which is the basis of all our acts, whether great or small. Unless it is your express intention to construct a fabric of improvisations superior to that which the Allies each in their turn and even all together have been pleased to exhibit to the world, you will make a point of following the wise rule which ordains that every attempt at rational activity on the part of human beings must be founded on this saving precept: "Know what you want to do, and having decided, both as to the means and the conditions, do it!"

How great is then my surprise when I find that in reply to this question: "How can we best come to your aid?" my final answer comes to this: "Do your best!" The reason being that on reflection there is probably no answer which is more efficacious. And so it happens that, having exhausted the chain of circumstances, I finish up more or less where I began.

We are none of us children. We men of Europe have undergone so many trials and tribulations on our ancient soil, steeped in legends and history, that there are times when we come near to exhausting our faculties of astonishment. We have been spared neither victories nor defeats in foreign and civil wars, as well as in the pacific field of labor. Your chronicles date from yesterday. Ours have their roots in the darkest night of time. And yet on this side of the Atlantic we have been brought up in the idea that our traditional aspirations toward a humanity of equal rights are linked in the

(Concluded on Page 49)

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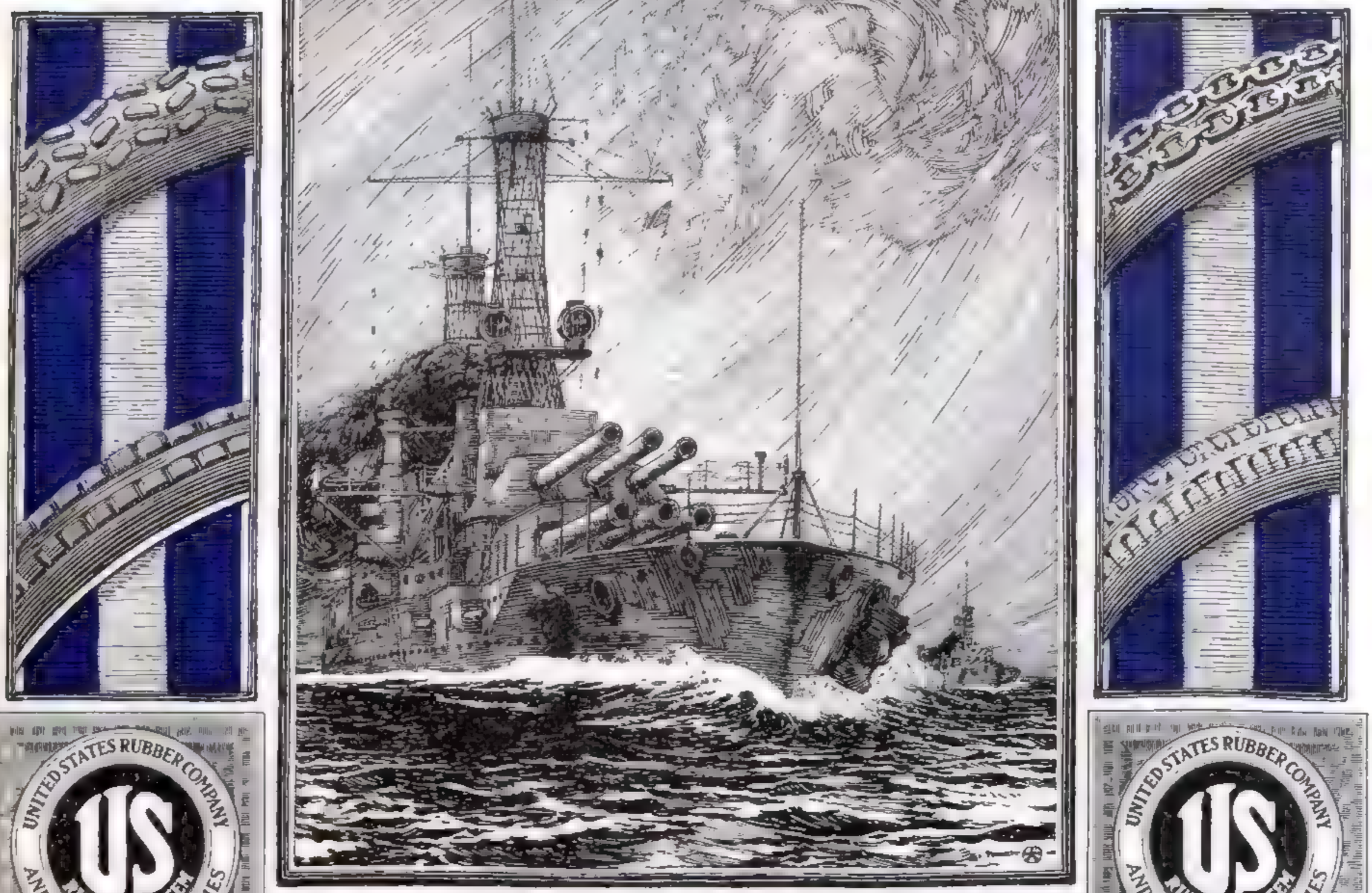

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(Concluded from Page 47)

mysterious texture of the formation of nations with the noble impulses of justice and liberty which carried you onward from one shore of the ocean to the other in search of richer harvests of humanity.

Between us arises no Monroe Doctrine, since what your illustrious President sought to prevent was territorial conquest, whereas in the highest enterprises of moral conquest the destinies of our two peoples must be united against attempted tyrannies and for the striking-off of ancient shackles. Whoever aims at the independence of one of us finds himself, for that very reason, the enemy of the other. This is what the best among us have felt for a long time. This is the mission which our finest hours of history command the citizens of both our nations to fulfill.

It is the fact of this great moral cooperation which dominates the situation at this moment, until the full strength of military power which is expected of you comes into play. It is the greatest force of man—one is tempted to say, the only force, since all the others are derived from it. How best to serve the great cause which it is our signal good fortune to represent on the two continents? In mutual affection; in drawing closer together in peace, after having drawn together in war; in striving to become together the best agents of the best possible civilization; in conserving only so much of the individualistic interests of humanity as is necessary for the magnificent work of realizing the most disinterested ideals.

This doctrine is no new one. It was preached since the beginning of time. Man has professed it for centuries with regard to enterprises that are often barren of edification. Germany in her violence has brought it about that to us falls the great good fortune of pursuing this noble venture beyond the limits of our hopes of yesterday. Ours the will, ours the energies aroused by great and generous emulation! Ours the highest passions of history! Ours all the field of the immense arena where we shall meet hand in hand!

The hour has struck that will be the hour envied by your sons. "Go," said the herald of old, "and bear yourselves like men of good heart." No other slogan is necessary. We shall know how to accomplish our task so well that no one shall be able to say who did the best, who the most useful work. As for me, I am willing to say in advance that the prize is due to him who shall boast the least of his accomplishment. Honor to America and honor to France! All together! Forward!

JAPAN'S INFLUENCE IN CHINA

(Continued from Page 22)

revolution began: and the North is the conservative section, the section where Yuan Shi Kai found his initial support.

Consider that state of affairs in relation to a country which announces in Tokio that the only desire that country has is to "secure a cordial entente" with China!

Liang Chi-chao is one of the great scholars of China and the leading Chinese literary man. Liang Chi-chao was active in the Yunnan Rebellion. Liang Chi-chao lived for some years in Japan. He presumably had full knowledge of everything that was happening in the Yunnan Rebellion; was in the confidence of the revolutionary generals, as well as the Japanese intriguers who were assisting them. At a certain phase of the revolution it was necessary, if the movement should succeed, that the Province of Kwangsi should join with Yunnan and Kweichow, the revolting provinces. The Chiang Chun, or military governor, of Kwangsi was General Lu Yung-ting, who later was a candidate for vice president against General Feng Kuo-chang, the present vice president. General Lu Yung-ting hesitated to declare for the rebels. Thereupon Liang Chi-chao wrote Lu Yung-ting a famous letter, recently published, which won him over to the side of the rebels.

In that letter Liang Chi-chao gave Lu Yung-ting to understand that there was plenty of money to be had:

"Ever since the uprising in Yunnan the movement has attracted the attention of the whole world. So long as a seaport is available, the financial assistance and supplies of ammunition from foreign lands is not very difficult to obtain. It would, of course, be much better if Kwangtung immediately follows when the Province of Kwangsi joins. If this be impossible, then, with the aid of a small force, the regions of Chinchew and Lienchow can be taken, thus keeping open the line of communication and supply. When this is done there will be no difficulty for Kwangsi, so far as the supply of money and munitions is concerned. This is one of our secrets, which we must now disclose to you, my general."

Following this frank statement of the situation by Liang Chi-chao, General Lu Yung-ting came in, assured that there was no lack of money or munitions. There was no difficulty about that, as Liang said.

Though the war situation of the world has advantaged Japan in some ways, by permitting Japan to do and try to do things in China that other nations concerned in China would prevent and protest if those nations were free to have an eye on China, the world-war situation has disadvantaged Japan also at times, and especially with regard to the great plan to split the Northern military, create a situation that would be chaotic, and, as a solution of that situation, intervene or put the Boy Emperor back on the throne. World politics shift quickly in these days. China made her declaration against Germany's submarine policy, and followed that with breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany, thus practically making China an ally of Japan.

Until this sudden movement by China came, this plan was being developed skillfully and persistently; and for that reason, and further to discover to the United States just what the real processes of Japan are in China, I shall tell about it, though operation is in suspension at the moment, or was when I left China. It may be revived by this time; but probably not.

There are in China four powerful men, known as the Four Diamonds, who are credited with being actively pro-Japanese, and at the head of the Chinese pro-Japanese political activities. These men are: Tsao Ju Ling, former minister of Foreign Affairs and former minister of Communications; Chang Chung Hsiang, former minister of Justice and former minister to Japan from China, the first Cabinet minister ever sent to Japan in a diplomatic capacity and the leading Japanese scholar of China; Lu Chung Yu, former minister from China to Japan; and Wang I Tang, former minister of the Interior. The Four Diamonds are generally regarded as the instruments with which Japan was working in this most ambitious plan to impress the will of Japan on China and create a situation that would allow Japan to intervene in China, with some show of reason other than apparent aggrandizement.

In my first article on the relations between Japan and China I told something of the military party and of the political generals of China. It is necessary, for a clear understanding of this ambitious plan, to give further details concerning the military politics of China. The Peiyang, or military party, began with Tseng Kuo Fau, who was the hero of the Tai-ping Rebellion. The control of the party came, in succession, to China's great statesman, Li Hung Chang, and from Li Hung Chang descended to Yuan Shi Kai, who held the party together in a fashion and continued, to a degree, the necessary influence with the political generals. Such leadership as there now is for that party is vested in General Tuan Chi Jui, who is premier, unless he has resigned between the writing and the printing of this article, for General Tuan has the resigning habit strongly implanted. A powerful factor is Chang Hsun, commander in chief of the Yang-tse and governor-general of Anhwei, though he lives and operates in Kiang-su, and is the strongest individual in China at the time.

The great line of demarcation in politics in China is roughly the Yang-tse River, which splits China into the so-called North and South. There always is, and has been for centuries, political conflict between the men of the South and the men of the North. And it has been and is so with the generals controlling the army—that is, the politics of the military party has had a Northern phase and a Southern phase. The Northern army and its politicians are the stronger. Seventy-five per cent of the Chinese Army is north of the Yang-tse River. Then, again, the Northern military party has two factions—the Chihli men and the Anhwei men.

Of the powerful political generals of the North, Wang Tsan Yuan, of Hankow;

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Besides, the Two-Way Plug fits into any socket, anywhere around the house, and gives two outlets for any electrical purpose.
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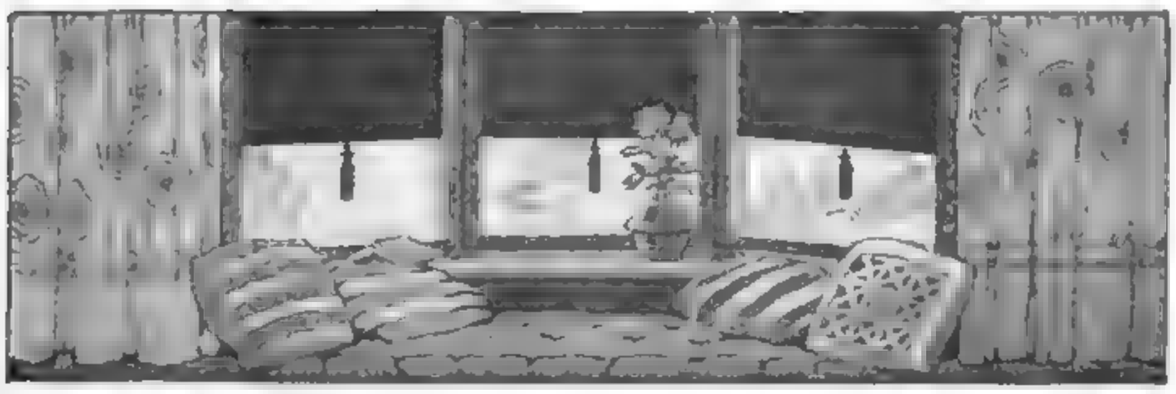

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Ni Ssu Chung, of Pengpu; Chang Huai Chih, of Tsi-nanfu; Tien Chung Yu, of Kaigan; and Tuan Chi Jui, the Premier, are Anhwei men. Li Hsuan, of Kiukiang; Vice President Feng Kuo Cheng, of Nanking; General Lu, of Shanghai, who operates with the North; Yang Shan Teh, of Hangchow; Tsao Kun, of Chihli; Chang Tso Ling, of Mukden, and Chen Kwang Yuan, commander in chief of the model army, are Chihli men. General Chang Hsun maintains a masterly position on the fence.

What Japan was trying to do, when a sudden shift in war conditions, and the politics thereof, caused the whole scheme to go into abeyance, was standing behind and pushing along a Chinputang political movement. The Chinputang is one of the two rather nebulous but somewhat organized big political parties in China, as opposed to the Kuomintang party, which is the party to which most of the Young Chinese belong—the progressive party of China at present, and in control of Parliament. In 1913 Yuan Shi Kai was able to accomplish his coup of dissolving Parliament, with the assistance of the Chinputang party. At that time Yuan Shi Kai, then president, chased the Kuomintang men out of Peking by threatening to jail them; and the Parliament died a sudden death.

The real reason for the Yunnan Rebellion of 1915, which put an end to Yuan Shi Kai's imperial aspirations, was because, having thus been assisted by the Chinputang, Yuan did not give the Chinputang either offices or perquisites; and, as elsewhere, politics in China is based on place and perquisites. The Chinputang helped along the Yunnan Revolution. Yuan Shi Kai did not get his throne, and died. Then the present president, Li Yuang-hung, assembled Parliament, which had been in suspension since Yuan Shi Kai forced it out of business, and the Chinputang men found themselves in the minority, outnumbered, and in no better shape for getting a Constitution that suits them, or for getting office, than they were before.

Wherefore, the Chinputang evolved the scheme of soliciting the aid of the military party, as such, to dissolve Parliament. The Chinputang leaders are the reactionaries of China. They are headed by Hsiung Hsi Ling, former premier and former minister of Finance; Liang Chi-chao, the great literary man of China; and Tang Hua Lung, a former minister of education. The active leaders are the Four Diamonds and Liang Chi-chao.

Intricate Politics

The plan was to demand a mandate from President Li calling for the dissolution of Parliament. It was expected that Li would refuse to issue this mandate. Then, if their intrigue with the military party had been successful, Premier Tuan Chi Jui, as leader of the military party, was to declare a military dictatorship, call a new Parliament, with but one house, instead of the present upper house and lower house, and make Vice President Feng president.

The difficulties rested in getting the Chihli men and the Anhwei men in the military party united. Vice President Feng was relied upon to make a unit of the Chihli men, and Premier Tuan was to hold the Anhwei men together. Now Premier Tuan was not at all anxious about this, and Vice President Feng had his troubles in lining up his Chihli comrades. Thus, the situation was created that was floods of water on the Japanese wheel, for it is the great end and aim of Japanese intrigue in China to divide the military party. If the various generals, with their various individual armies, can be arrayed against one another, then the military party disintegrates, and a replica in China of the present situation in Mexico will ensue. Japan is keenly alive to all phases of the situation in Mexico. If a situation comes about in China that shall have the aspects of the situation in Mexico, Japan will intervene in China just as soon as Japan can get the troops of China, which will be instantly; and Japan will stay in China until the end of time, for the announced purpose of maintaining order and protecting the interests of the other nations of the world.

It is for this reason that the Japanese have been fomenting disorders in the Province of Shantung, to which Japan now lays claim, in consonance with her policy of demanding an ell every time she gets an inch in China. Tsingtau, the German concession, is in Shantung, and Japan took Tsingtau from the Germans, and now makes a practical claim on all Shantung. Each time a Japanese soldier or policeman gets into Shantung, or elsewhere, that soldier remains there. Witness the extensive Japanese barracks at Hankow, in the very center of China, where a large force of Japanese soldiers, originally sent there during the revolution, are still there—"to protect Japanese interests."

Japan seized upon this Chinputang scheme; and, with the aid of the Four Diamonds and the others, including the scholarly Liang Chi-chao, entered actively into the game. There was no foreign-educated Chinese in this Chinputang scheme, no business man, no man of the Young China Party, no forward-looking Chinese. They were all men of the old régime, all politicians, military men—and every one of them reactionaries.

In reality Tsao Ju Ling, head of the Four Diamonds, is a monarchist. He loaned the deposed Manchus money, and he is in control of the Manchu property at the hot springs outside of Peking, and otherwise close to them. That fact aids Japan too; for if the Boy Emperor should be returned to the throne, Japan would control the Boy Emperor, and China through him.

The Panic in China

Japan early realized the value of this Chinputang plot to Japan. Let me repeat: If the Northern generals could be divided, and their individual armies set off one against the other, then Japan would immensely profit; for Japan would get a Mexican situation, and Japan would intervene instantly. The politics of this is complicated, but the end in view is plain. It was not expected that the Anhwei men and the Chihli men could be combined easily in so great a project as this, and Japan did not want them combined. Japan wanted to split the military party.

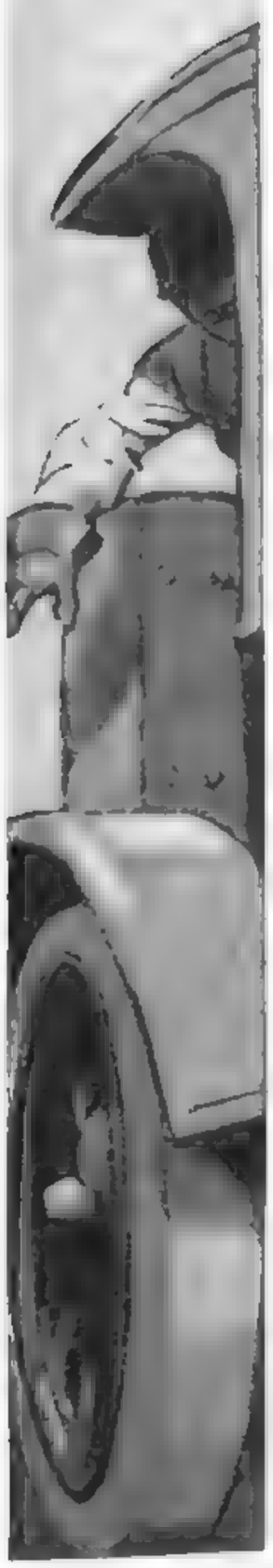
There was a financial panic in China in 1916, and the two big Chinese banks—the Bank of China and the Bank of Communications—went into oblivion for a time. A moratorium was declared, silver payment was suspended, and various other things happened. The Bank of Communications is a collecting agency for the Central Government and has power to issue notes, but is not entirely a government bank, though it has the closest and most confidential financial relations to the government. The former managing director was Liang Shih-yi; but, after the death of Yuan Shi Kai, Liang Shih-yi found it expedient to go to Hong-Kong, and the new managing directorship became vacant. Shortly after the Chinputang intrigue began, it was announced in Peking that the leader of the Four Diamonds, Tsao Ju Ling, had been appointed managing director; and Tsao took charge. Whereupon, also, before Tsao had been in charge a week it was further announced that he had been successful in negotiating a loan from the Japanese of five million yen for the announced purpose of the rehabilitation of the Bank of Communications. This loan, it was said, was nonpolitical, and solely for the purpose of allowing the Bank of Communications to resume specie payment, a most ingenious reason, inasmuch as the Bank of Communications had outstanding at the time stated, redeemable in silver, notes amounting to twenty million dollars and planned to redeem those notes with five million Japanese yen. The interest was to be seven and a half per cent a year, and it was stipulated that a Japanese "adviser" must be appointed. The Japanese are very keen to have "advisers" planted everywhere in China.

There was considerable to-do over this in China. It reached the stage of several interpellations in Parliament, but the real meaning of it was only hinted at. It was a clever bit of work for Japan. Not only did the Japanese get their chief Chinese adherent, Tsao Ju Ling, in a place where they needed him, and where he could handle money for political purposes skillfully through this bank, but they also got a Japanese on the inside of this semigovernment bank, as an "adviser," and thus secured opportunity for an invaluable insight into the secrets and operations of Chinese governmental finance.

The Peking Gazette, commenting on this situation, said: "It is feared that, however much the shareholders may wish to have the bank conducted as a purely commercial enterprise, the chances are that, with a phenomenally clever politician like Mr. Tsao Ju Ling as chief, the institution is more likely to be used as a political agency."

(Concluded on Page 53)

WHY IS ONE TRUCK TIRE BETTER THAN OTHERS?



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Proved it by resisting wear through many extra thousands of miles, by providing perfect, power-saving traction, by pillowing huge loads on rough roads and smooth, by doing all the things a tire can to reduce the cost of efficient cartage.

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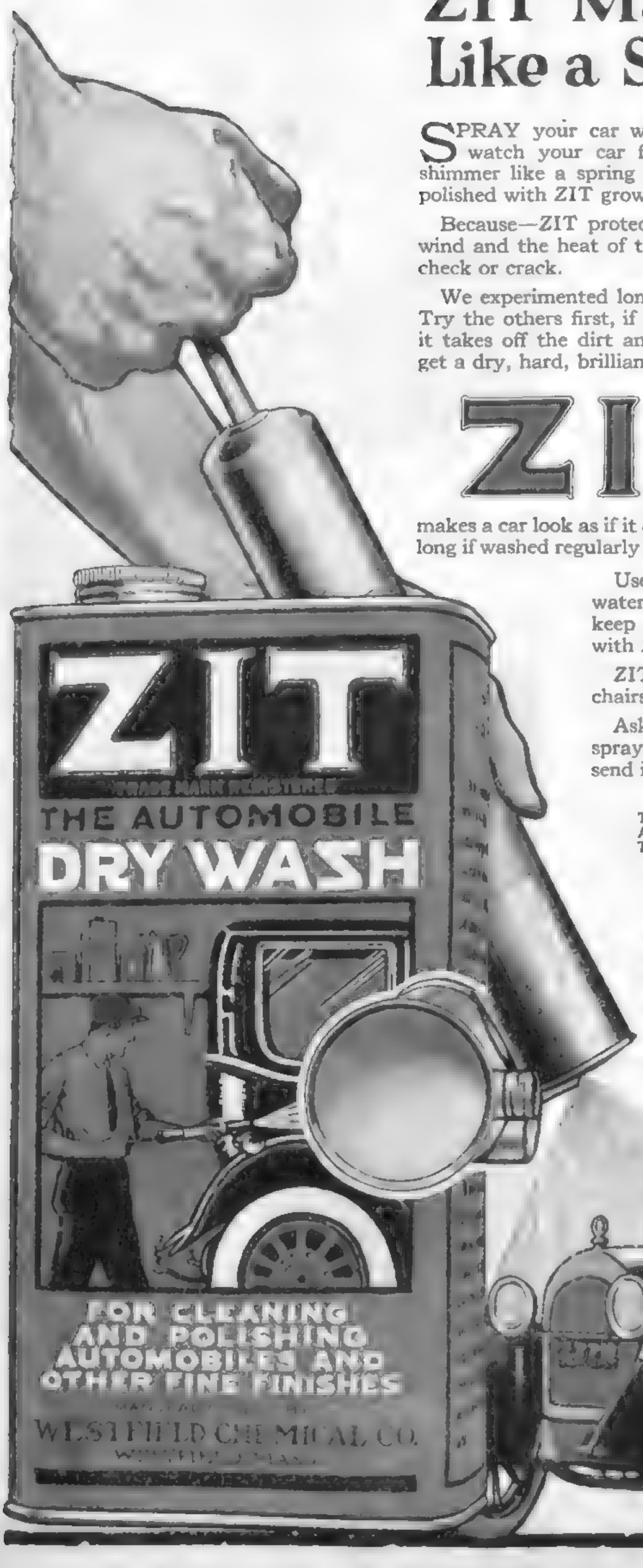

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SPRAY your car with ZIT, the liquid sunlight. Polish with a cheesecloth and watch your car flash again with its just-from-the-factory sparkle. Make it shimmer like a spring landscape under a brilliant sun. A car regularly cleaned and polished with ZIT grows old *gracefully*.

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We experimented long to make a cleaner and polisher which would stand every test. Try the others first, if you will. Then try ZIT. Test it out for the ease with which it takes off the dirt and mud and stains. Test it for the quickness with which you get a dry, hard, brilliant polish. Test it for the length of time the lustre lasts.

ZIT THE AUTOMOBILE DRY WASH

makes a car look as if it *enjoyed* life. Did you ever know a new car to stay bright very long if washed regularly with water? It cleans the car—yes, but does it make it *smile*?

Use a ZIT shower at home to save your car from the old-fashioned water bath. If your car is regularly cleaned at the garage where you keep it (as part of the service) insist that it be cleaned and polished with ZIT and notice the difference.

ZIT is also a splendid polish for your piano, phonograph, tables, chairs, hardwood floors, and other woodwork around the house.

Ask your hardware or auto-supply dealer for a can of ZIT and sprayer—the combination sells for $1.25. If he doesn't sell it, we'll send it to you postpaid on receipt of price and your dealer's name.

TO DEALERS:—The following are a few jobbers that sell ZIT. If you don't carry this Automobile Dry Wash, get in touch at once with the jobber nearest you and stock up. This is going to be a big ZIT season and you want to get your share of the business.

CALIFORNIA
San Francisco
Bay Auto Supply Co.

ILLINOIS
Chicago—Butler Bros.

IOWA
Burlington
Drake Hardware Co.
Des Moines
Herring-Motor Supply Co.
Muscatine
Van Norstrand Saddlery Company
Sioux City
Van Norstrand Saddlery Company
The Sioux City Iron Co.
Waterloo
Waterloo Saddlery Co.

KANSAS
Atchison
Bliss, Mize and Silliman Hardware Co.

MINNESOTA
Duluth
Marshall-Wells Hardware Co.
Minneapolis
Butler Bros.
Hudson & Thurber Co.
Janney Semple Hill & Co.
St. Paul
Farwell, Ozman, Kirk & Company
Scheffer & Rossum Co.

MISSOURI
Kansas City
Richards & Conover
Townley Metal & Hardware Co.
Springfield
Herman Sanford Saddlery Co.
St. Joseph
Wyeth Hardware & Manufacturing Co.
St. Louis
Butler Bros.
P. Barrett Saddlery Co.
Shapleigh Hardware Co.
J. B. Sickles Saddlery Co.

NEBRASKA
Omaha
Wright & Wilhelmy Co.

NEW YORK
Herkimer
John G. Fennes
New York
Butler Bros.
The Smith Worthington Company
Rochester
The Tyler Mfg. Company
Rome
Edward Barnard Co.

OHIO
Toledo
Toledo Janitor Supply Company
Washington Court House
Dahl-Campbell Branch

OREGON
Portland
Marshall-Wells Hardware Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Columbia
Columbia Vehicle & Supply Co., Inc.

TENNESSEE
Covington—Covington Mfg. and Auto Co., Inc.
Memphis
Wright Barnes Inc.

TEXAS
Beaumont
E. L. Wilson Hdw. Co.
Dallas—Butler Bros.
Houston
Peden Iron & Steel Co.

UTAH
Salt Lake City
Inter-Mountain Electric Company

VIRGINIA
Roanoke
Mundy Auto Supply Co.

WASHINGTON
Seattle
Auto Parts Supply Co.
Auto Sales & Service Co.
Spokane
Marshall-Wells Hardware Co.

Westfield Chemical Co., Westfield, Mass.

(Concluded from Page 50)

There is no doubt of that. It is being used as a political agency, and, what is more to the point, as a Japanese political agency, and as an agency to further the economic domination of China by Japan. Commenting on this phase of it, the Peking News said: "As the bank is also a collecting agency of the Peking Government, and is specially permitted to issue notes, the Japanese have virtually obtained partial success in their policy of effecting an economic conquest of China."

There are other angles to this attempt of Japan to get financial as well as political control of China, which I shall point out in a succeeding article devoted specifically to the position of the United States in China and the relations of Japan to that American position. No person familiar with the politics and finance of China can have any doubt of the motives of Japan in that country. Japan seeks to control China politically and financially, in the same way Japan now controls Southern Manchuria, Eastern Inner Mongolia, plans to control the Shantung Peninsula, and is trying to control the Province of Fu-kien.

High Finance in Manchuria

An example of Japan's Chinese financial methods in China is found in the situation in Manchuria. After the Japanese-Russian War, and since then, the Japanese established many branches of the Yokohama Specie Bank, and the Korean and their other banks, in Manchuria. When the present war began the Japanese spread the report among the natives that the Russian ruble notes, which had a large circulation, were worthless; and the Japanese issued large quantities of "Laotao" and "Korean" notes. When the moratorium was declared the Tuchun, or governor, of Feng-tien, fearing that the order might disastrously affect the banks in Manchuria, borrowed three million dollars from the Bank of Korea, which is Japanese, to increase the reserve in the local Manchurian banks.

As compensation for this loan the Japanese demanded that they should be allowed to issue a million dollars in inconvertible notes, which the Tuchun was required to proclaim were to be accepted by all merchants and by government officials for all payments due. The fact is, these inconvertible notes are merely fiat money; but the Japanese forced them on the Manchurians. An authority of Mukden says that the Japanese have issued thirty-five million two hundred and forty thousand pieces of what they call "gold notes" and fifty-five million pieces of "silver notes," and that all these are inconvertible, and the natives of Manchuria will have much the worst of it in the end.

Japan twice blocked the project of China's joining the Allies, urged by the English, French and Russians. The reason for that is obvious. Japan does not want China nationally represented in the peace conference. Japan desires to be China's "next friend" and proxy in that conference; for if China has independent representation in the peace conference Japan may not be able to get some results that Japan ardently hopes and plans for, especially as regards the Shantung Peninsula.

Also, what Japan is doing and has done in Southern Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia are known to the world. Those territories, though nominally Chinese, are in reality as much Japanese as Korea. The truth of it is, Japan has no other idea concerning China than to bring all China into the present position of Southern Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia.

At the moment it is the policy of the Japanese Government at Tokio to address the most conciliatory, friendly and reassuring communications to China, assuring China of Japan's eternal regard, of the desire for the proper commercial development of China, and for the establishment of a "cordial entente." But what the Japanese are doing in China and what the Japanese are saying in Tokio will not hang together.

As the editor of The Nation, of London, said, on an occasion when he was commenting on a certain Japanese procedure in China: "To address moral exhortations to Japan is to show a want of humor. She well knows what she is doing. She has, at the moment, an unchallengeable military ascendancy in the Far East, and she is using it as '*real Politik*' dictates."

So lately as Saturday, March third, the Peking Daily News said editorially:

"Two months ago Baron Hayashi was demanding from China the virtual abrogation of her sovereignty over large parts of Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia. A week ago he declared himself, in an interview, in favor of 'full and real independence' for China. . . . A 'full and real independence' for China means the end of the Continental policy for Japan. It means an end of the dream of Japanese hegemony—of Japanese leadership, even—in the Far East. . . . Police penetration by Japan is incompatible with real independence for China; and real independence for China is the one thing against which the Japanese publicists are crying out at their loudest just at present.

"When it was first suggested that China should join the Allied Powers the Japanese authorities objected; later they half gave a grudging assent on condition that Japanese army officers took charge of China's arsenals, so as to secure an effective output of munitions for the allied forces; finally they appear to be willing that China should join the Allies on condition that she joins under the ægis of Japan. In our own columns a representative Japanese writer urged that China should consult Japan; since then this has been the persistent burden of Japanese press comment. . . . It is obvious that real and full independence for China is incompatible with Japanese claims to dictate either China's domestic or foreign affairs."

Mere Japanese Influence

Under date of April twelfth, the New York Tribune printed a dispatch from its Washington correspondent attributing China's delay in declaring war against Germany to a secret understanding between the Chinese Premier, Tuan Chi Jui, and the Tokio Cabinet. The dispatch says:

"It is understood that the principal question confronting the Peking Government at this moment is not whether China should enter the war, as this virtually has been decided, but whether China should continue to align herself with the United States and follow this country's lead, or should join the Entente Alliance under the leadership and direction of Japan.

"If a decision following the latter course is made it is believed here that Japan will obtain control of China's army and military resources, and establish a semiprotectorate over China that would make it difficult for either China or the other Powers to induce Japan to surrender after the war."

This probably will all be settled before this article is published, and the quotations are made to show what Japan has in mind on other testimony than mine. A conference was held in Peking during the week of April fifteenth, just after this was written, and the unusually well-informed correspondent of the Associated Press in Peking, cabling under date of April fourteenth, said: "Parliament apparently favors joining the United States. The Cabinet and military leaders favor joining the Entente Allies." There you have it in a sentence. Parliament is controlled by the men who have the real, full, free independence of China at heart. The Cabinet and the military party are the friends of Japan. The motive of Japan is shown, whatever the result.

The Chinese question, so far as the United States is concerned, is inextricably combined with the Japanese question. It is this, in its simplest terms: Does the United States intend to allow Japan to dominate China, and intend to take the inevitable consequences, without an effort to prevent it? It is a commercial proposition. It is the development of China by American capital, of which there is a surplus, and the consequent pulling of China out of the slough of incapable government and financial decrepitude to the safe ground of adequate self-government, adequate use and profit by China of her boundless resources, and sufficient stability to withstand the encroachments of Japan.

Look at Your Teeth

WIDE-AWAKE dentists are doing a lot of things to-day that, in the light of a generation ago, one would have said were impossible. They are showing us, for instance, that the retention of certain "dead teeth" may mean serious illness if not death.

Scientific advance of very recent time has been tremendous; the problems and requirements of dental practice place it upon a higher plane than it occupied even a few years ago. And the average dentist is stirring himself to keep abreast with the growing ascendancy lest he be outstripped.

Dental educators and high-grade practitioners have for years urged medical men and the public to recognize the importance of mouth conditions. But only recently has the menace of pyorrhea, "blind" abscesses, and other diseases of the mouth been widely accepted as important factors in general health. By the romance of the microscope and X rays we are learning many things before unknown; and through these agencies the dentist is enabled to put his finger on diseased centers that would otherwise not be seen or positively determined.

We are told that a large percentage of our ills, other than contagious diseases, have their origin in the mouth. As bad health is one of the most dreaded and one of the most expensive things in life, mouth conditions must, therefore, be among the most important things in life. If a healthy mouth is so large a factor in general health, mouth hygiene should be an important part of our children's education. It is essential that every child should be carefully taught how to take the best care of the teeth. We owe it to the coming generations.

It is now accepted that septic foci—centers of infection—such as a blind abscess, may cause serious and even fatal diseases. We are hearing of cases of rheumatism and neuritis being cured, or greatly improved, by no other treatment than the removal of certain diseased teeth; of inflammatory conditions of certain glands, headaches, diseases of the eyes, anæmia, indigestion, and so on, being cured by the removal of diseased centers in the mouth.

Extravagant claims usually follow new discoveries, and we venture that this is not an exception. But the almost indifference to mouth conditions has suddenly changed to serious concern.

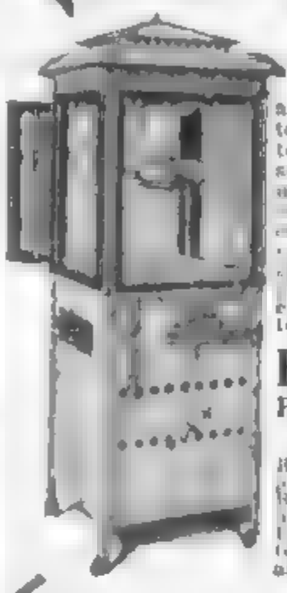
It is now recognized that the teeth are as important objects of study and treatment as any other organs of the body. Without doubt there is much truth in the theory that mouth infection causes diseases in other parts of the body; investigations show many instances where illness of one sort or another has disappeared with the removal of diseased teeth or effective treatment of pyorrhea.

The ways the foci manifest themselves throughout the system are many, and there is no doubt that many obscure illnesses are traceable to diseased teeth; but we do not believe that all or nearly all such cases have their origin in the mouth.

Many of us are too prone to lose our good judgment when new ideas are sprung upon us—particularly if they have to do with our health. We should keep our poise; we should go on uninterruptedly about our business and pleasures. But, as much of man's efficiency depends upon good health—and good health, in a measure at least, is dependent on the health of the mouth—our duty is obvious.

Put it in Your Store

Um-m! *My!*—How good that popcorn smells—and the peanuts, too! Folks simply can't help buying a bag or two when they come into your store for other things. And the [illegible] Bartholomew Popcorn and Peanut Machine. You get *extra* [illegible] and *extra* [illegible] By [illegible] for Drug Stores, Groceries, [illegible]



Popcorn and Peanut Profits

are *big* profits! From 200 to 300 per cent. No store too large, no town too small for this money-maker. The nickels and [illegible] pour in. The machine sells the goods for [illegible] Set it inside or outside. Folks come back to [illegible] for the delicious crisp popcorn and the hot toasted peanuts.

Bartholomew Popcorn and Peanut Machine

Built and guaranteed by the pioneers of the business. Requires only 4 ft. space—[illegible] Equipped with Plate Glass sides

On Credit

Delivered all ready for business, on payment of small sum. Pay the balance in small monthly payments out of your popcorn sales. Amazingly easy terms. Mail coupon or post card for full particulars. No obligation to you.

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Sense and Nonsense

Slow-Gaited Freeport

WILLIE COLLIER, the comedian, has a country place at St. James, Long Island. A few miles away, at Freeport, also on Long Island, is the estate of Frank Tinney, the monologist. There is supposed to be rivalry between the two places; certainly there is rivalry between Collier and Tinney as to the comparative merits of the towns.

At a Lambs' Gambol during the early part of this spring, Tinney got into an argument with Collier over the subject in dispute between them.

"We have the finest seafood—the best shellfish in the world, at Freeport," he proclaimed

"Is that so?" said Collier sarcastically. "Well, not long ago I sat down at a dinner where we had eight different kinds of choice seafood, all caught right there at St. James.

"We had oysters, clams, crabs, lobsters, eels, bluefish and scallops."

"That's only seven," broke in Tinney.

Collier thought a moment. He was in a corner.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I forgot about the snails; that makes eight."

"Snails?"

"Yes, right after the oysters and the clams we had snail soup."

"We never eat snails in Freeport," stated Tinney.

"There's nobody in Freeport could catch a snail," said Collier.

The Base of Protection

IN A SOUTHERN town a lady found a valued piece of bric-a-brac in fragments on the parlor floor.

Further search revealed her three-year-old daughter on the floor under the piano, backed up close against the wall, with a look of mingled guilt and apprehension upon her small face.

"Marion," asked the mother sternly, "did you break this vase?"

"Yessum," was the quavering answer.

"Mother told you not to touch the things on the mantel," stated the parent. "Now because you've been such a naughty, disobedient child, mother must give you a spanking."

"You can't, mother," said the culprit. "I'm sitting on it."

Coombs' Sign

ACCORDING to Opie Reed, a citizen residing in the pure-feud belt of the Kentucky mountain districts in the good old days decided to open a hardware store. He laid in the customary stock of supplies with particular reference to those articles of ironmongery for which he expected the greatest demand, and then he wrote a letter to a sign painter in Louisville asking for a suitable sign to go over the door of his establishment.

In due course of time the sign arrived. It read as follows:

JEFFERSON D. COOMBS
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY

The consignee was not satisfied. To him the wording of the inscription seemed woefully incomplete. So he took a marking pot and a pint of paint and amended it, and swung it into place. For years thereafter it hung, bearing this announcement:

JEFFERSON D. COOMBS
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY
Also Shootlery

Too Steady

THE Northern-born foreman of a construction crew down South posted a notice saying he wanted day laborers. The only response was in the person of a languid looking colored man who appeared at the door of the work shanty, hat in hand, and stated that he would not be altogether averse to accepting employment. First, though, he made so bold as to inquire concerning the nature of the work.

"Do you want a good regular job—steady work, day in and day out, with steady pay?" snapped the Northerner.

The visitor backed away.

"No, suh, not ef I kin git anything else to do," he stated.

Fixing the Nationality

NOT long ago a gentleman who enjoys some prominence in the theatrical business was called as witness in a damage suit growing out of a collision between an automobile and a street car at the corner of Fiftieth Street and Broadway. Having been sworn, he took the stand and, in answer to questions from the counsel for the plaintiff, described where he was standing when the smash came, and what he saw and what was said and all the rest of it.

On cross-examination the attorney for the other side undertook to tangle him up.

"Isn't it a fact," demanded the lawyer, "that you couldn't see what really did occur because there was a kiosk between you and the spot where the accident happened?"

"A which?" asked the witness.

"A kiosk—a subway kiosk?"

"No, sir!" stated the witness. "I didn't see any Kiosk. There was only one fellow there that seemed to be working for the subway and he was either an Italian or a Greek, I couldn't tell which."

A Different Cut Altogether

MACLYN ARBUCKLE says he went into a small eating house down in his native state of Texas, a few years ago, and ordered a meal.

"Whut'll you have to drink, boss?" inquired the darky waiter, after Arbuckle had decided what he would eat.

"Bring me a cup of tea," said Arbuckle.

"Yas, suh!" said the waiter, and started for the kitchen to execute the commission.

"Hold on a minute!" said Arbuckle. "What sorts of tea have you here?"

"Jes' tea, boss; dat's all I knows about it—jes' plain drinkin' tea—hot an' cold."

"Haven't you any Ceylon tea?"

"Any See-whut, boss?"

"Ceylon tea—Ceylon! Haven't you any Ceylon tea?"

"Naw, suh! Ise feared we ain't," confessed the darky. Then he brightened. "But we's got some mighty nice Seeloin steaks."

And the Band Played Lohengrin

A JUDGE in one of our Southern cities was called upon to marry a Chinaman and a Mexican woman. Going to the hall where the service was to be held the magistrate could find no interpreter. The room was filled with Mexicans and Chinese.

This did not disturb the magistrate. Placing the woman's hand in that of the Chinaman's, he asked her:

"You wanna taka this man?"

"*Si, señor! Si, señor!*" came the reply.

Turning to the Oriental, he asked:

"You kletchum this woman?"

"Ya! Me kletchum," the Chinaman blandly responded with pleased smiles.

"All right," returned the justice; "you are man and wife. Savvy?"

They savvied.

Large Attendance Assured

A VIRGINIA horseman sent his stable boss North with a string of yearlings to be disposed of at a sale in Madison Square Garden. It was the first time the custodian of the carload of colts had ever been outside of his native state.

He crossed on the ferry from the Jersey shore—this was before the day of the Hudson tubes—and took one look at the multitude of humans that eddied and flowed about the ferry landing upon the New York shore. Then he hurried to the nearest telegraph office and sent this wire to his employer:

"Prospects for sale first-rate. Big crowd in town."

Spoken From the Soul

MONTAGUE GLASS has a friend in the cloak-and-suit business who was describing to a coreligionist the glories of his new country place on Long Island.

"You should only see the dining room, Hermy," stated the proud proprietor. "Such a beautiful room! And so large! Believe it or not, Hermy, in that there dining room of mine twenty-four people could sit down together for dinner at once—God forbid!"

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Indiana

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EVANSVILLE—The Parry Shop, 311 N. 2d St
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WINONA—The Williams Book Store

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Montana

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BILLINGS—McDowell Co., 112 N. Broadway
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RACINE—S. H. White, 504 Monument Sq.
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Wyoming

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See Page 35 for balance of Stores

B113

ON MAY 26TH (possibly earlier) **THE LAST** remaining set of the "Handy Volume" issue of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, printed on genuine India paper, **WILL BE SOLD.**

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When the last set is sold you will not be able to buy a set at any price.

For balance of stores see page 35 of this issue of The Saturday Evening Post

For balance of stores see page 35 of this issue of The Saturday Evening Post

One-Thing-at-a-Time O'Day

By William Dudley Pelley

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

TAKE it from me, kid, I didn't always hold my present responsible position with Charley Carstock's Wild West. No, sir-ee! There was a time when the only diff. between me and that Mister D. Quincy was a matter of living at separate periods of the world. Not that I was any hop authority, like him, but that I didn't care much what happened to the universe so long as I got my three square eats a day and did just enough work to get by. Rest of the time I was content to lay round somewhere and go to sleep swallowing the sunshine. And all the time I was so sore because I never had no luck that it racked me with pain all over just to glance at myself in a mirror.

But it's different now. Something happened to a couple of guys in our outfit that made me sit up straight as a fat woman in the back seat of a new flivver, and pay attention. Now when I'm given a chore to drape myself round, believe me I do it up in tinfoil, tie it with a pink ribbon, and leave it transacted so neatly that I hear they want samples of my work in the British Museum.

Ever since Gorilla Lawson failed to put some of his big-mouth stuff over on a guy we called One-Thing-at-a-Time O'Day and the watching of it made me turn over a new leaf—seems I've just been doing nothing else but shoving a hoof in front of Old Dame Fortune, tripping her onto her forty-four bust, impressing it on her that I was doing business at a new stand and could catch a few; and she's given me exclusive attention. I sure lamped what went on between them two, and profited by it. And it's mellow enough to pass along.

Stradivarius Came Out, Looking About the Most Astonishing Sight I Ever Beheld With Those Two Eyes; and I've Seen Some Sights in This Business!

Old MacLeod, who was arena boss, walked into the grub department of the show one noontime.

"I want to wise you guys to somethin'," he said. "There's a ham comin' with this outfit because he's made a hit with Carstock. He kept after the boss and kept after him till his persistence attracted attention. Charley finally heard his sorrows and added him to the pay roll. I've give this chap the once-over and I know he spells trouble. It ain't for what he'll do to the outfit. It's what the outfit will do to him. But I'm tellin' you-all that this guy gets what he goes after, whether it's the other feller's girl, or his blood, or his goat. So take warnin' and don't any o' you start nothin' you can't finish. He looks like the original model which all the boobs in creation were cast from. But don't handle him as if he had a suit o' mail under his shirt or you-all might get the surprise o' your young lives. I'm strong for stoppin' trouble before it commences," said Mac; "and these is in the nature o' orders."

The same day at supper Mac came under the cook-top, with the new guy in tow.

"This is him, boys," said Mac, and goes off to look after baled hay.

Well, we give the New Addition the up and down and somebody says "Haw! Haw! Haw!" The chap stands there scratching his bean and casting round for the show's doormat to see if the Welcome! was freshly painted, about as comfortable in our midst as a barber's pole in a convention of Mormon elders.

He was the skinniest piece of human flesh that ever grew a few bones inside him and got by as a man. His father must have got hold of his feet when he was young, and his mother hold of his head, and the pair of them enjoyed a family misunderstanding to see which got the kid. Then he'd reached manhood without ever springing back in place; one foot ahead of every other male and still kept right on growing. And he was so thin I bet his skin hurt him. His breadth made you think of piano wire and his width resembled a crack in a door. We could see he hailed from the sagebrush, because he had legs like a wishbone, that indicated a horse had grown old somewhere lugging him round; his chaparajos was just patchy enough not to be stagy and there was a proper width to the brim of his hat. But that seemed to be about all in his favor. His long narrow face and his long narrow neck and the long narrow personality that connected him with the ground indicated something which made you hate to think of him working in a Quick Lunch if you was hungry, or in the bleachers if the home team needed encouragement, or in a funeral if the hind wheel of the hearse came unbolted. In other words, he looked like Plain American Bonehead. You see how easy it is to be mistaken in a guy.

Well, he didn't appear to have bean enough to get sensitive about the laugh. So when Frenchy Henry come along with chuck and slammed it down in front of him, the chap stepped over the bench about as easy as if it had been a brick and commenced to stick up his insides with food. We sat at the other end the table watching him curiously.

"What's your work, pard?" asked Trenor Mackenzie, aiming a wink at us.

The emaciated chap paused, with his bazoo full of mashed potato, turned round, looked at us all for a minute; then dropped his jaw that looked like the lower end of a yardstick, and said.

"Huh?"

I said "What's your trick? What you goin' to do with the show?"

"Leave it where it is," said he, the food going down like a giraffe swallowing a medicine ball; "I don't want it."

"Wood, wood—all wood!" declared Trenor, taking off his hat and thumping his head. "I mean, what do you do round this outfit to earn the chuck you're now destroyin'?"

"Oh!" said he, "I ain't decided yet. I got to make a special study o' somethin'."

"You mean Carstock gave you a berth here without a guaranty you could do anything?"

"Uh-huh!" the chap replied. "I'm great on studyin' up things. I made a special study o' gettin' a job here, and I got it. 'Guess I'll make a special study now o' what I'm goin' to do. That's always the way I do. I make a special study o' whatever I take up, and end by knowin' and doin' it pretty well."

I had work to do. I went off, leaving them guying the chap and him never seeming to tumble. On the way I met Mac.

"Say," said I. "I don't get this ham at all. What's his name?"

"The boss says his name is Stradivarius O'Day. Says the lad's folks called him that because he fiddles away his time."

"And how come he to lard a berth when he can't do nothin'?"

"He told Charley that anything he was applied to he made a special study of, and did it pat before he quitted it. Charley did some cussin' and said he'd been lookin' for that kind of guy ever since he was born. So the boss took him on to see if he's the real goods in that line. If he is Charley's goin' to stick him on a pedestal for the benefit o' the rest o' you."

Well, the show moved on. And this Stradivarius O'Day sashayed along with it. We started calling him Strad because his legs looked something like his name sounded. Also, some of the boys couldn't remember the rest of his monicker.

But we weren't two days in finding out that his folks had been all wrong—all wrong! He didn't fiddle away his time. He just put in long spaces of life doing a thing until he had it done well, whether it was wiping his nose, currying a horse, doing his arena trick or running an automobile. And we applied a better name to him. When we wanted to describe him to visitors we called him One-Thing-at-a-Time O'Day. Just one thing at a time he did—and did it up brown. Then he tackled the next thing—and did that up brown. He was a one-idea man. Maybe it was because his skull was so narrow that it couldn't hold two at once. But I'm thinking that maybe Strad's failing wasn't so much of a failing after all. And there's another guy named Gorilla Lawson who's using a jail to live in somewhere that I bet thinks about the same as I do—only he cusses when he does it.

II

THIS Gorilla chap looked just about like his name. He was a burly cuss and used his feet for two purposes—to walk on, and to kick things out of his way in front with. On the ends of his arms were hands so big and heavy that they seemed to pull his weight over forward and make him round-shouldered. He hung them most of the time in his belt by the thumbs. They were hands that could do quite a bit of damage, same as the feet.

Gorilla's philosophy of life was just the opposite of Strad's.

"It ain't what you know that counts in this life; it's what you get away with," he often said.

Somehow Charley and Mac both scowled every time they heard them sentiments. We knew there was only one thing that kept Gorilla his job. It was knowing how to run Carstock's automobile—after a fashion

(Continued on Page 61)

An Advertisem
the Gene

Climbs Hills "Like a Bear"

"My Overland Country Club Roadster is satisfactory in every detail, runs smooth and straight and climbs hills 'like a bear.'"

Fred B. Kulow
Youngstown, Ohio

Never Had Such Satisfaction

"I have owned several cars, in fact I have the 428th car that was registered in California.

"I am glad to state that I have never had a car that was so absolutely satisfactory in every respect and on all occasions until I purchased a Willys-Knight.

"I would not trade my Willys-Knight machine for the best automobile in the United States at any price."

Luther Burbank
Santa Rosa, California

Easiest Riding, and Handsomest!

"Yesterday I purchased a 1917 Model 85-Big Four Overland for the reason that with my 1914 Overland in two years and one-half of traveling over Arizona Mountain roads I never walked one step because of any trouble with my car.

"I never made a trip, and I have made many, that the car did not go the whole distance on her own power, and go strong. The Overland motor in the old car never stopped or hesitated for a moment since I bought the car in July, 1914.

"Again I consider the Overland the easiest riding popular priced car, and the handsomest car, as far as lines and beauty of finish go, now on the Arizona market."

W. A. O'Connor, Judge
Nogales, Arizona

A "Sweet Running Car"

"I have handled a Willys-Knight car almost daily for two years. I have driven one 12,000 miles. I have toured from the Central West to New England.

"I made the round trip from Indianapolis to Boston, Mass., in 8½ days, running time, never a 'bobble.' The most consistent performer I have ever handled.

"I am glad indeed to bear this testimony to a machine which I can only characterize as a 'sweet running car.'"

Chas. A. Bookwalter
Ex-Mayor of Indianapolis

Didn't Think a Six Could Be So Economical

"I take this occasion to thank you for selling me my new Overland Light Six.

"It rides and handles beautifully, and is more economical as to gasoline and oil than I thought possible with any six-cylinder car.

"I know from experience that it is positively the best car in the world for the money."

W. P. Van Horn
Youngstown, Ohio

Praises Dealer's Courtesy

"After ten years' experience, I have the car (Willys-Knight) that meets my requirements.

"In the deepest snow and under the worst possible conditions, my car performed admirably and does everything possible for a gas car.

"I am especially pleased with the many courtesies extended me by both you and your agents."

Dr. G. P. Beutel, Sr.
Louisville, Kentucky

The Willys-Ov

Manufacturers of Willys-Knight and Overl
Toled

Light Fours

Five Passenger Touring, 106-inch wheelbase $695
Two Passenger Roadster, 104-inch wheelbase $680
Four Passenger Sport Model, 104-inch wheelbase $795
All Prices f. o. b. Toledo
Subject to change without notice

Big Fours

Five Passenger Touring, 112-inch wheelbase $895
Three Passenger Roadster, 112-inch wheelbase $880
Three Passenger Touring-Coupé, 112-inch wheelbase $1250
Five Passenger Touring-Sedan, 112-inch wheelbase $1450

nent Written by ral Public

"Literally Coasts Up The Hills"

"Having recently purchased from you a new Willys-Six touring car, wish to state that I am well pleased with this machine.

"It is a wonderful performer and literally coasts up the hills seemingly without effort, and in addition to this it is the smoothest running machine I ever sat in. It rides like a Pullman coach, and vibration seems to be entirely eliminated."

Charles White, Manager
Creditor's Collecting Agency, Inc.
Spokane, Washington

No Repairs After 21,373 Miles

"The Willys-Knight car we use has been driven 21,373 miles; the engine has never required repairing, and has received only the ordinary amount of attention.

"The car has received very hard service."

Wm. B. Read, Secretary
EDWARD C. BUDD MANUFACTURING CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Conquers Duluth Hills

"My experience with the Overland has been most satisfactory. I have used the car up and down these Duluth hills and over the country roads to the extent of 5,162 miles and my total expenditure for the year, outside of oil and gasoline and necessary tire repair, was $1.20; 40 cents for tightening the steering rod and 80 cents for adjusting the brakes."

J. A. Smith, Sales Manager
BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE CO.
Duluth, Minnesota

It Is Simply Amazing!

"I have driven my Willys-Knight 11,000 miles, without any mechanical attention to the motor whatever, and the quietness of the motor seems to increase with age. It has the softest 'purr' combined with the greatest power for its size, of any motor I have ever seen. Its velvet smoothness is simply amazing; I have had different people ask if I was driving an electric car."

H. L. Cole
Spokane, Washington

Not One Dollar For Repairs

"After our months of investigation and deliberation as to delivery cars for our service and after deciding to use the Overland, we thought you may be interested in knowing the result obtained.

"We wish to state that our Overland cars have been in operation since November 1, 1916, and to date we have not been inconvenienced in any way as we have not had to expend a single dollar for repairs. The operating expense has been less than our anticipated figures and we are thoroughly pleased with the result.

"You can use our name freely for recommendation."

S. N. WOOD & CO.
San Francisco, Cal.
(Signed) H. Harris, Supt.

Like It Better and Better

"We have driven our Willys-Knight 23,000 miles, and there has not been a bolt turned on the engine since we owned it. The more we run the car the better we like it. It has given us first class satisfaction in every respect, and we do not think the sleeve-valve motor can be improved upon."

GILL & COMPANY
Henderson, N. C.

erland Company

nd Automobiles and Light Commercial Cars

, Ohio

Light Sixes

Five Passenger Touring, 116-inch wheelbase $1025
Three Passenger Roadster, 116-inch wheelbase $1010
Three Passenger Touring-Coupé, 116-inch wheelbase $1385
Five Passenger Touring-Sedan, 116-inch wheelbase $1585

Willys-Knights

Seven Passenger Four, Touring, 121-inch wheelbase $1395
Seven Passenger Eight, Touring, 125-inch wheelbase $1950
Four Passenger Four, Coupé, 114-inch wheelbase $1650
Seven Passenger Four, Touring-Sedan, 121-inch wheelbase $1950
Seven Passenger Four, Limousine, 121-inch wheelbase $1950

A Double Triumph—Buhlig and The AMPICO Reproducing Piano

"The Lark" was heard twice at the Buhlig-Ampico recital at the Biltmore on March 14 last. The first time it was Richard Buhlig himself who played the celebrated Glinka-Balakirew composition, bringing to his interpretation an extraordinary technical facility and a lyrical exuberance which won for him enthusiastic applause.

The second time the notes took flight seemingly from nowhere. Soaring and falling, the melody wandered on through long stretches of fascinating bird mimicry, to the famous thrill for which the audience was waiting. It was the supreme test of virtuosity, both for the pianist and now for the Ampico. Soft at first, it rose to forte, sank again, mounted once more to a clamorous, drumming insistence, and then died away suddenly, as the lark vanishes into the blue distance.

It was as fresh and delightful a performance as when the fingers of the artist himself had struck the keys, and *it was unmistakably Buhlig's interpretation.*

The Ampico had scored a triumph no less genuine than that of the artist whose playing it had reproduced—a triumph which was repeated when the Ampico encored in similar fashion Mr. Buhlig's interpretations of the Liszt Valse Oubliee and Brahms Rhapsody in E Flat Major.

The records used in this demonstration were taken from the regular Ampico library, which includes interpretations by scores of the greatest living pianists. The instrument used was identical with the one which the nearest Ampico dealer will demonstrate for you whenever you choose to hear it. And the Buhlig-Ampico "Comparison Concert" itself was only one of the many such demonstrations which we are conducting as the most convincing means of proving that a genuine reproduction of the pianist's art has at last been achieved.

In addition the Ampico may be used as a player piano, playing any standard roll, and the piano itself remains immediately available for hand playing. It may be had in the Chickering, Haines Bros., Marshall & Wendell, Franklin, and the celebrated Knabe pianos. Write us and let us tell you more about the Ampico.

THE AMERICAN PIANO COMPANY
437 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK.

(Continued from Page 57)

Yep; Carstock owned an automobile. Some fly agent had convinced Charley that it was just the thing he needed when he wanted to get from the lot to town in a hurry, transport supplies, or add class to his outfit. So Charley had bought the thing and got his book of instructions, a tank of free water, and a gratis shove that goes with every machine. Gorilla had claimed he knew how to operate the purchase; so Charley appointed him official chauffeur for the show.

In them days Charley made every fellow look after his own bronc. Charley went through the horse tent one day after Strad had joined. He spotted Lawson's mount in the same condition as everything else pertaining to Lawson—as if it had been browsing for a couple of weeks in the grinding room of a talcum-powder factory. Carstock saw the poor plug was suffering for a scratching-over, but he put down its condition to Lawson having to give his time to the Tin Lizzie.

"Tell somebody that knows how, to clean up Lawson's hawss," he told Mac.

Mac cast his eye over the lot of us and spied Stradivarius. He went over and assigned Time-O'Day to the job.

Well, sir, you just ought to have seen that O'Day chap tackle the job! You'd think by his preparations that he was going to lay a corner stone. The way he collected up the proper tools, rolled up his sleeves, led the bronc out into the sunshine and prepared for a thorough job was a ceremony.

It was along about a quarter to nine in the forenoon when Strad started the job, and fifteen minutes afterward horse and man were lost in a fog. I have seen horses cleaned in my time and manicured a few myself; but I never saw a horse cleaned the way that plug got it. We all looked for a smaller-sized horse when Strad got through. And from the time he was putting in we began to wonder, after a while, whether he was going to leave any hair on the nag at all, or would the poor brone look at himself in the mirror after the end came—and give a sudden wild shriek for his fig leaf?

At five minutes to ten Gorilla sauntered behind the horse tent.

"What you doin' to my mount?" he demanded.

"Carstock told me to clean him," said Strad.

"All right," said Lawson grumpily; "call it a day. I got to have this plug for the parade."

"You can't have him," said Strad quietly. "You gotter go get some other hawss for the procession this mornin'."

"Why can't I have him?" Gorilla demanded nastily.

"Because I started the cleanin' o' him and I ain't finished the job."

"What difference does that make?"

"When I tackles a thing I sticks to it till it's done O. K."

"You make me sick!" snorted Lawson. "It ain't what you do that counts—it's what you get away with. You've cleaned him good enough to get by. Come on; get out o' my way!"

"I ain't done with this hawss yet," declared Strad, straightening. "I only been over him four times, and there's four to come. When you're doin' a cleanin' job the thing is to get out the dirt—not get it half out, but get it all out! Now I been makin' a special study o' horse curryin'. When you want a clean horse you got to ——"

"I ain't got time to listen to no lecture on the massagin' o' no Equinus Americanus!" roared Lawson. "Call that job off or I'll plant you in the surface o' the world, with your boots stickin' up!" said he.

"An' I'm repeatin' that you can't have him," said the boob quietly, "till I got him done."

If Strad hadn't been a stranger, and if Mac hadn't given orders to leave him alone the day he came, Gorilla would have grabbed him by the thin neck and twisted his block off. Instead, he went storming to Charley.

I don't know what he said to Charley; but I can suspect the species of look in Carstock's gray eyes when Gorilla told his sorrows, because Gorilla came back to the horse tent a few minutes later with a murderous scowl round his big mouth and took another mount.

Well, we had the parade; and when it was over, and I'd helped give the stock the noon feed, I came out of the tent to find One-Thing-at-a-Time O'Day still working on that horse. Yes, sir! He'd been over him eight times with the currycomb; then he'd sponged him all over with soap; then he'd rinsed him all off and polished him with a cloth. Anyone that knows anything about horses will tell you that taking care of a plug that way is worth as much as a day's supply of oats. That little cowhorse of Lawson's looked as if he'd been dipped in piano polish. Strad was just putting the last touches on mane and tail when Charley saw him and stopped his buckskins.

"Are you still workin' on that hawss?" he demanded.

"Another half hour and he'll be done," said Strad.

Carstock gave a gasp like a chap who takes a first plunge in a cold swimming hole.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said. "Do you do everything that's given you like that?"

"Anything I takes up I makes a special study of," O'Day returned. "Some folks call it fiddlin' away your time. But I don't see why it ain't better to do half a dozen chores well than to put in the same time doing half a hundred rotten," he said.

"It ain't possible!" gasped Charley, to no one in particular. "There ain't no such animal."

Carstock usually talked pretty good English; so you see how much he was affected. An hour later he sent for Strad.

"You see this automobile?" he asked.

"Uh-huh!" the boob replied.

"I—Ain't Never Made a Special Study o' How to Fall in Love; But I Ain't Sayin' That I Ain't Tempted to Take It Up"

"Well," said Carstock, "I'm sick o' ridin' round in a hunk o' mud with a gasoline engine lost somewhere in the bowels o' it. I want you to clean it up and learn how to run it. Whenever anything goes wrong with it, the first tool that Lawson reaches for isn't a wrench; it's the hammer. With decent treatment, all this breed o' car needs for a tool kit is a needle-and-thread, anyhow. You take charge of it and let me see if you can do as good as you did with that hawss."

"I'll make a special study o' it, Mister Carstock," said Stradivarius.

"When you get it cleaned thoroughly I'll have Lawson teach you how to run it."

"That won't hardly be necessary," said Strad. "I shall make a special study of everything—from the ignition to the odor of gasoline it leaves behind," he said.

Even a sensible man would almost lose patience with him to see him washing off the gasoline tank with soap and water, and brushing out the underneath side of the cushions. But the rest of that little boat was cleaned accordingly. When Carstock came to get the thing and have it blocked on the flat car for the night's run, forty miles south, he looked at his purchase and he cried:

"But I didn't tell you to varnish it!"

"It ain't varnished," said Strad, wiping his grimy forehead. "I just give the natural finish a chance to get out and breathe."

"My boy," cried Charley, "you're a pearl beyond price!"

We'd hardly got straightened on the lot the next morning before Gorilla came lowering up.

"Look-a-here!" he roared. "What kind o' stunt do you consider you're pullin' here? Are you tryin' to hog my job?"

"A man that never works can't be said to have a job," retorted Strad.

"Who told you to touch this machine?"

"Mister Carstock did."

"Waal, I'm tellin' you to let it alone. If Carstock's got anything to say about this machine, or wants it looked after, he can come to me first and tell me he's dissatisfied. But so long as I'm responsible for it, there ain't no one monkeys with it. So far I ain't had no discharge from Carstock. Therefore, you get out!"

"I shall do no such thing," Strad retorted.

His tone wasn't raised a trifle. It was plain that if hostilities came between him and Gorilla they'd be of Gorilla's making. He bent again to his job of putting in another forenoon cleaning the power plant.

Gorilla reached down, and his big hands wrapped themselves two or three times round One-Thing's throat.

"It's plain that you and me ain't goin' to get along in this outfit as peaceable as we might if you was little less of a bonehead," he declared.

Strad let a series of shrieks out of him, like a kid that's been lugging a brick round the house all day with a string tied to it connected to a tooth he can't summon the courage to pull—and finally dropped the brick by accident.

The bunch of us came running and pried the two apart.

"It is plain," declared Stradivarius, when he could talk, "that I shall have to make a special study o' the job o' lickin' you. But I have got to get this automobile in shape and learn to run it first, because I always make a special study o' finishin' one job before applyin' myself to another."

"Damn you and your special studies!" roared Gorilla.

Carstock spotted the crowd, which meant an accident or a fight, and came over rapidly.

"What's the trouble here?" he demanded.

Gorilla started to bawl out Stradivarius for touching the machine without anything being said first to him. Carstock looked at Lawson rather hard and said:

"As soon as O'Day gets this machine in decent shape to ride in, Lawson, you will show him all you know about its operation."

That was law, and Gorilla knew he was in disfavor. When Carstock had left he turned to Strad and put a fist under his long thin nose—a fist that resembled a medicine ball or a prehistoric bowlder or a war balloon.

"If I lose my berth in this show because o' your ladies'-aid-society policies—you long, lean, hungry-lookin' coconut tree!—believe me, you and me is goin' to enjoy such a head-on collision that they'll pick up our remains with printers' tweezers!"

"All right," agreed Strad; "but wait till I got this job off my hands first."

As Gorilla was going off he turned to me and said:

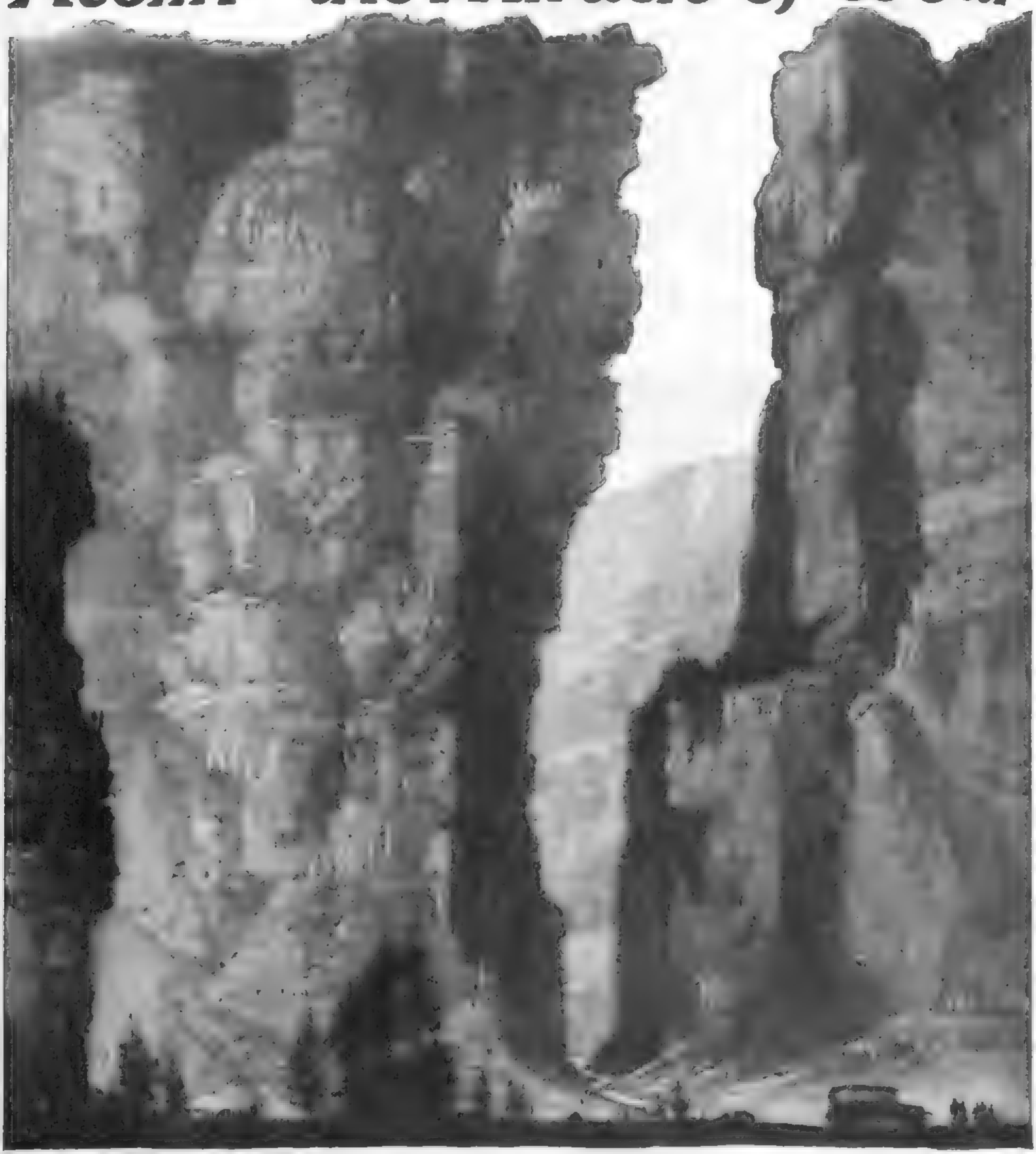
"Teach him what I know, eh? Oh, yaas! I'll teach him what I know, all right! Watch me!"

He got to the machine with Strad the following morning, with a black, malicious grin on his face.

"Do you know anything at all about automobiles?" he demanded of Strad.

(Continued on Page 65)

Neōlin—the Miracle of Wear



The Grand Canyon—
Nature's Epic of Long Time Wear

Neōlin—the Miracle of Wear

Wear!

It is the problem of millions today—millions fighting a war on wear and the things that wear. Millions who recognize the leather-sole for what it is today: variable, uncertain wear, steadily weakening wear that is costing much in increasing shoe-bills and much in discouragement for the millions who pay them.

* * *

In Akron stands a giant factory. Thousands of men work there.

Acres of ground are covered by its story-piled buildings, its great laboratories, its mighty machinery, titan-armed in tremendous steel.

Here was the cradle of Neōlin, that scienced victory of wear—produced to wear, as even good leather can not wear.

Here is crushed into Neōlin the weight of mountains, that every infinite atom in it may be knit into a newer, better *wear material,* a modern science-created material, unduplicated and unmatched.

And yet—and mark this point—

No whisper of rigidity, of heaviness, of leather-like harshness is unioned to that Neōlin wear.

Flexible it is, with foot-comfort in its every step, foot-health in every day of its pliant wear!

And one point more. In pressing in lasting quality, the final hazard of moisture has been pressed *out.* An almost magic-wear material has been achieved.

And think what a universal one!

Think what that Neōlin long-wear means to the millions discouraged by their own and their children's shoe-bills.

Think what that Neōlin comfort means to armies of shrinking feet stiffened and weakened by a leather tread. Think what that Neōlin flexibility means to comforted, ambitious feet, strong with muscles built by its *natural tread.*

Think what Neōlin waterproof quality means—moisture defending as seal-skin!

Then add Neōlin modern appearance and qualities and know why Neōlin is so inevitably displacing leather-soles today, is so inevitably destined for the nation's wear tomorrow.

Neōlin comes in black, white, tan, on new shoes or for new soles; and its quality is always the same on any price of shoe. Insist on Neōlin—it costs no more; and any dealer has it or *can order it.* Also avoid the imitations—which do not imitate. Mark that mark: stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

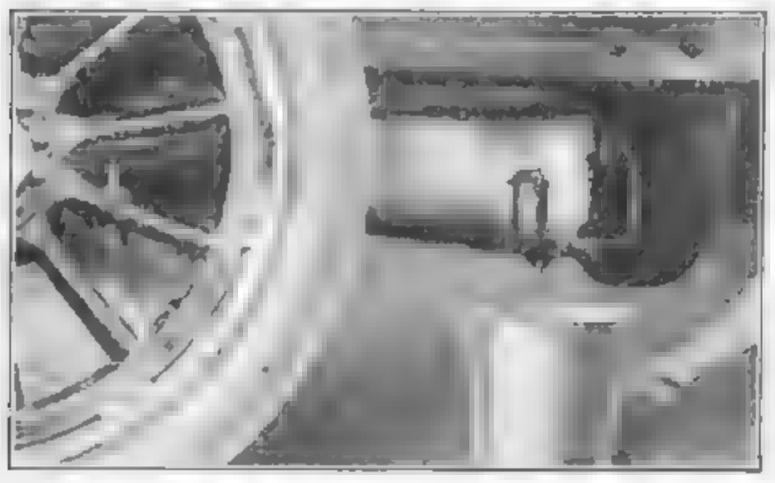
For new shoes —for new soles

Neōlin

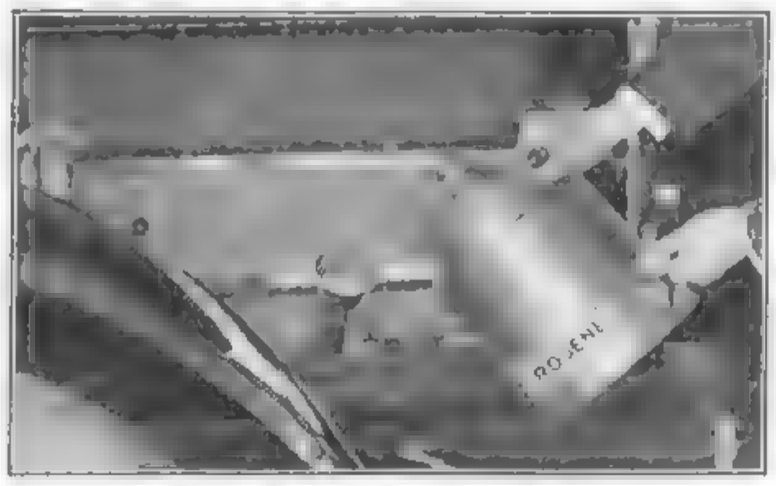
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Better than Leather

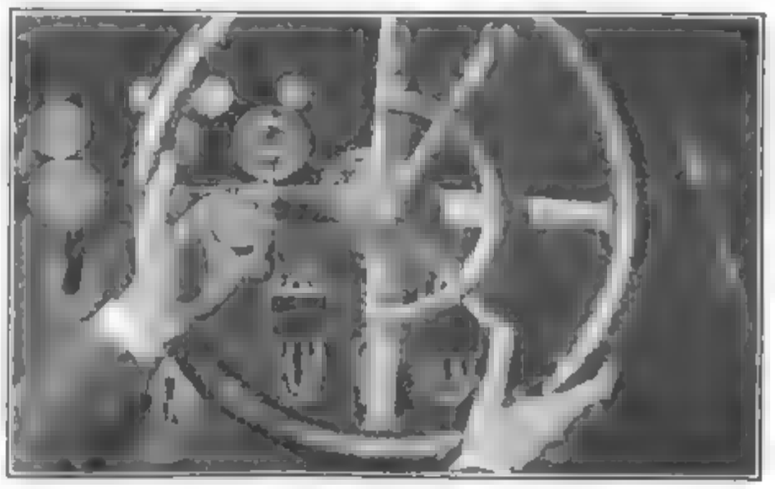
For grown-ups and children



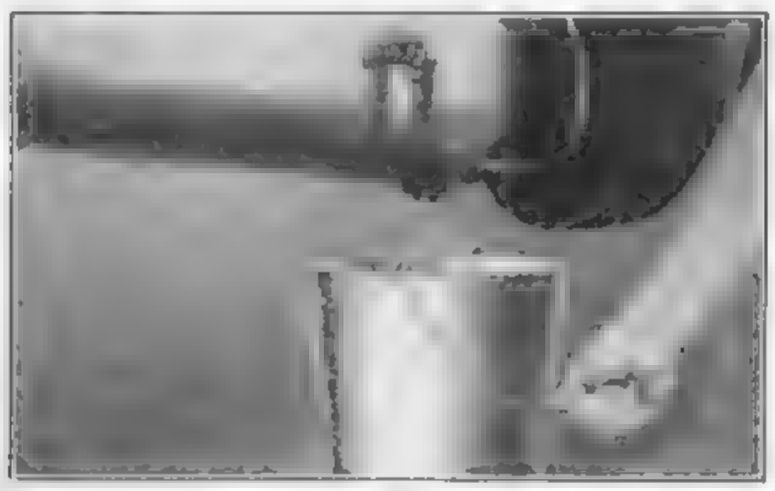
1. Drain out used oil



2. Fill crank-case with kerosene



3. Run the engine 30 seconds



4. Drain out the kerosene

5. Fill up with Veedol

6. Make a test run

How to save friction in your automobile engine

Make this road test. Learn how to reduce friction between metal surfaces

The greatest source of automobile troubles is excess friction, caused by sediment in the oil.

Ordinary oil is half full of sediment after a few days' use. This black sediment is oil that has been destroyed by the terrific heat of the engine.

The sediment increases metal to metal friction because it crowds out a large part of the liquid oil. Then the metal surfaces grind into each other. That means friction, wear and expense.

You no longer have to use ordinary oil that forms sediment and causes excess friction. Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat, prevents rapid formation of sediment and thus minimizes friction.

The road test shows what it means to use this lubricant.

How to make the road test

1. Draw the used oil from the crank-case of your automobile engine. Notice the large amount of black sediment it contains.

2. Fill your automobile crank-case with kerosene to the correct oil-level.

3. Run the engine thirty seconds under its own power. The kerosene will clean out the crank-case bearings, rings, pins, etc.

4. Drain out all kerosene. It will wash out still more sediment deposited in the engine by ordinary oil.

5. Refill the crank-case with Veedol, the new lubricant that resists heat.

6. Then make a test run over a familiar road including steep hills and straight, level stretches. Keep a careful record of mileage.

What you will discover

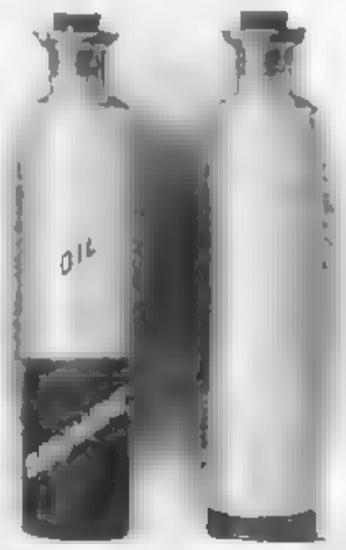
You will find that your motor has acquired new pick-up and hill-climbing ability. It will vibrate less. It will be more silent than before. Your mileage on both oil and gasoline will be increased. You will reduce carbon trouble.

All this is due to maximum mechanical efficiency made possible through Veedol. Veedol gives these wonderful results because it prevents rapid formation of sediment and minimizes friction and wear.

86% less sediment

The two bottles show the results of the sediment tests which the U. S. Bureau of Standards uses.

Notice that the ordinary oil in the left-hand bottle contains fully seven times as much sediment as Veedol. Both bottles contain samples taken after 500 miles of running. Veedol reduces sediment 86%.



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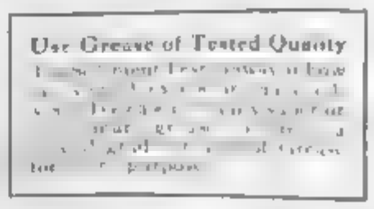

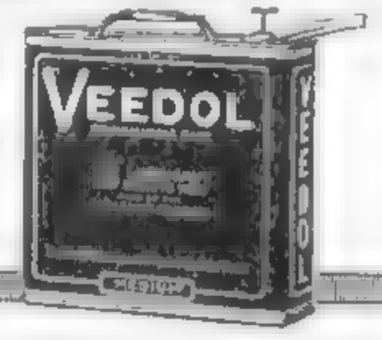

(Continued from Page 61)

"I rid half a mile in a taxicab once," said Strad.

Gorilla gave us the wink.

"All right! Now pay attention to what I'm tellin' you. There's several things about drivin' a car that you must never do. One of them is, never accelerate your ignition, especially while you're advancin' your exhaust; for in that case you'll let your explosion into your differential and short-circuit your transmission. Do you get that?"

"Uh-huh!" said Strad. "Only I don't know what you mean."

Most of us saw Gorilla's game. He was going to confuse the cuss and ball him up, so as to prove to Charley there was no hope of his learning anything.

"O' course you don't," Gorilla declared in disgust. "And there's no hope that you ever will. But, o' course, Carstock knows more about this car than me, and who's capable o' runnin' it. So keep your ears open and listen to some more. I don't want it to be my fault if you don't develop overnight into a Barney Oldfield."

With a perplexed expression, poor Strad looked from Gorilla to the rest of us. Then he bent again to an explanation of what Lawson was pointing out under the engine hood. His hands were clasped behind him. His long legs lifted his hips up so high that it made me think of a poor chap that was once hit by a trolley car when picking up something in the track while in that position. A reporter said in his account that the poor chap had a painful end.

"When you accelerate your ignition and let your explosion into your differential, like that, there's only one way to fix it. That's to look to the improper timing of your valves and findin' if they affect your unit power system. If they do they're liable to knock the stream lines off your tonneau; and when once they're knocked off the car is practically ruined."

"Ain't you usin' mighty big words—that you don't know much about?" asked the boob. "I don't follow you at all. Show me them things. Point 'em out."

"I can't, because they're covered up by the crank shaft," said Gorilla, superiorlike. "You got to catch on while you're learnin'—same as I was smart enough to do. Charley said to tell you all I know about runnin' this animated tin roof, and I'm obeyin' orders. If he's picked a bonehead to learn the machine, that ain't my worry!"

With that, Lawson slammed down the hood and climbed in. Strad got in, too, with a red, studious face. Them two punchers in that little tin roadster made me think of two men trying to sit in the same coal hod!

"You get out!" ordered Lawson when he saw that Strad had climbed in beside him. "You got to crank her! That's always the first thing in runnin' a machine—to learn to crank her."

Strad got out. He shoved back his hat, grasped the handle in front of the radiator and, with one or two terrific tugs, turned the engine over.

"Spin her!" ordered Gorilla.

Strad "spun her." But there was no explosion. Again and again he spun her—and there was no explosion. Of course Gorilla hadn't thrown on the switch key. But that didn't make any difference to him. He wasn't doing it to learn Strad the machine. He wanted to tire the lad out.

So poor Strad spun her and spun her in the hot morning sun. And all the time, without any spark in the cylinders, Gorilla sat there, with his legs stretched out, smoking a cigarette.

Finally Mac came along. He watched the painful and earnest efforts that Strad was making and began to look things over. Now Mac had a Tin Lizzie at his home up on the Hudson, which his daughter drove, and he knew something about how to make them go.

"You haven't got the switch on?" He spotted it at once.

He gave Gorilla a hard look.

"O' course you did that a-purpose, Lawson," he said. "I'm wise to you. Don't try any more funny work with this feller."

Half an hour later Strad alighted again on the lot, in which time he had learned absolutely nothing. He saw Carstock and went up to him.

"Mister Carstock," said he, "I guess I got to make a special study o' that machine; I don't seem to learn much from what Lawson tells me. If it's all the same to you I'd like to have you call him off."

Gorilla met Strad a few minutes later.

"I heard all you said to Carstock," he declared. "You just remember what I said you'd get if you worked me out o' my job here."

"If you'd quit declarin' that it ain't what a man knows but what he gets away with that counts—and if you made a special study o' one thing at a time, same as me—you wouldn't be in no danger o' losin' your job," Strad replied.

"You heard me!" Lawson said, low and deadly.

"I heard you," replied Strad; "and I'm 'bout as 'fraid o' you as a kitten under a stove. I sure see that, just as soon as I got this automobile learnt, I got to make a special study o' lickin' you. We just natcherly can't think alike."

That afternoon we saw that Strad had jacked up the hind wheels of the roadster and was sitting in front of the steering wheel with a book. He'd get the thing started; then he'd step out of it, with them long legs of his, squirm underneath and watch it run—still hanging onto the book. He was making a "special study" of it, all right.

III

NOW if you've ever lamped the Carstock parade you remember the swell little chicken that rides the blue mare just behind Charley's buckskins—the one with the long brown curls, and the corduroy skirt, and the face like they built the first convent round 'way back at the dawn of the world. Well, that's Prairie-Flower Marie. Her name's really Lizzie Smelz, but Prairie-Flower sounded better in the ballyhoos; so she goes by that.

Well, when it comes to women's looks I ain't knocking Venus none, because I never saw the lady—only a picture of herself that she'd sent to a St. Louis barkeep some Christmas or other, when there wasn't any other gift she could have given her friends that they couldn't have bought for themselves. He'd stuck it up behind his bottles, and believe me, if she's so much to rave about, somebody ought to get wise, come over onto the Carstock lot and throw a few at Marie. There's a lady! And she don't have to dress like Venus, in no string of beads and a smile, to get a second look from the boys, neither.

So, some time after Stradivarius had begun his special study of the roadster, the elongated boob goes winding through the Carstock lot one forenoon and runs into Prairie-Flower Marie. She was just coming from her pup tent, with a lot of things under her dimpled forearm that had just been introduced to drinking material and soap. Strad yanks off his hat and lets his scalp breathe for a spell. Then a grin wrecks his map that shows his grinders. Unconsciously he hoists himself on one leg, figuratively scratching himself in the back with the other, and commences noises in his larynx like getting acquainted.

While Marie is shaking out things all damp and wet and soggy, he pulls this "howjudar" stuff, and pretty soon takes to resting the attraction that earth has for him on the very rope that's holding up Marie's wash. There was a sudden snap and a drop in women's wear; and considering the dirt that was underneath that line, mankind was set back just that much in attaining hymeneal happiness with Marie, because this boob lived.

"That's all right!" said Strad. "If I've done any damage jus' tell me how much it is and I'll settle."

"You settle?" snaps Marie. "Huh! If skyscrapers was ten cents a dozen you couldn't buy a 'To Rent' sign for a seventeenth-story window."

Beanpole just stood there lost to the world, and comes back with:

"Is that so? Maybe you think I'm just like all the rest o' these fellers with this show. Well, I ain't. I'm worth lots o' coin, I am."

"What!" cried Marie—and back went the line full of stuff into the muck. "Then why are you doing odd jobs round this outfit for a livin'?"

"A feller's got to do somethin' to keep from wastin' away," said he. "An' jus' because a chap's got coin ain't no reason why he should quit work and become a bum, is it?"

"Where—where did you get lots of coin?" demanded Marie.

"I made it."

"How?"

"Well, I made a special study o' how to get rich. I doped it out that the reason so many chaps don't amount to nothin', nor get in jobs where there's coin, is because they do their work any old way, the idea bein' simply to get by. Then the chap that makes a special study o' his job and does it more bang-uppish than anybody else has a free field to forge ahead. There ain't no competition. So all my life I been doin' things better than anybody else; and when I got paid for it I made a special study o' savin' what I earned, and so I got lots o' coin."

"Is there anything you ain't made 'a special study' of?" said Marie, sort of sarcastically.

"Yes'm," said the big boob, sort of swallowing half of himself in his confusion at the dare of it. "I—ain't never made a special study o' how to fall in love; but I ain't sayin' that I ain't tempted to take it up."

Marie sized him up at all positions and angles, and said:

"And how much coin is it that you've got?"

"With what I've earned and what I've invested—makin' a special study o' the things I put my money into before I did it—I got about eleven thousand dollars."

Well, Marie watched his face for a spell, all the time turning red, white and blue herself. Then she give a sigh and collected herself.

"Blow, boy; blow!" she commanded. "If you got that much handicap for heaven, suppose you give more evidence o' it than comin' with this show and actin' like a comic supplement."

"Say," said he, "I like you! Did you know it?"

"I told you to blow!" she cried. "Rich? Huh! You don't even own a nautomobile. Roll round here on top o' a gasoline tank and maybe you'd make a hit with me, even if you do resemble a fishin' pole. But as Alkali Ike—who's eaten a box o' yeast by mistake and got all fluffy on top—I can't see it, boy! And so, clear out! I got a mission in life to keep clean."

"I mean it," persisted Stradivarius. "O' course I ain't knowed you but about five minutes; but a guy don't have to be told when he meets the one girl, does he? I guess not much! And I think I'll have to make a special study o' you. I'd like to make a girl like you—happy!"

He froze in horror at his own boldness when he'd blurted out this.

"Oh, fade away!" announced Marie. "I've met guys like you before. They talk about how flush they are and what they'll do for a girl—and, instead o' cold bottles and sparklers, they trail 'em to the movies to see boobs blow out their brains in front o' Theda Bara. I got a nice pan o' washwater in that pup tent; and if you don't place your feet one before the other so's they carry you away from here pretty quick I'm goin' to make a public drain o' your system. Every time you think o' me you'll spout like a whale."

Strad saw she meant business. He put his hat back on and got the steamboats headed right. When he was out of hearing Marie suddenly laid down on her job and said:

"Now just suppose that yap really did have that coin! I'd have to climb on a chair to pick the lint off his collar. But I always was cut out for saw-ciety, anyhow; and there's worse things than bein' hitched to a human palm tree."

Strad got round the corner, and there he ran plump into Gorilla.

"Look-a-here, you!" cried Lawson. "Just what are you up to now—talkin' to my girl?"

"Waal," said Strad, "if you want to know—just as soon as I've learned how to run Mister Carstock's automobile I'm goin' to make a special study o' winnin' her for my wife."

Gorilla jumped as though he'd been mangled by a soft-nosed bullet.

"Win her for your—wife!" he cried. "First you take my job; then you take my girl ——"

He reached out and clutched Strad again, who was going away.

"Take that!—and that!—and that!" he cried, jabbing three ugly cuts at Strad's thin jaw with his big fist.

(Continued on Page 68)

Run? It Was Some Marathon! The Highway Became a Riot

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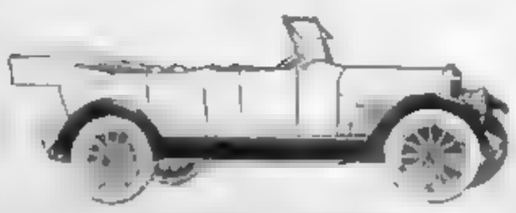

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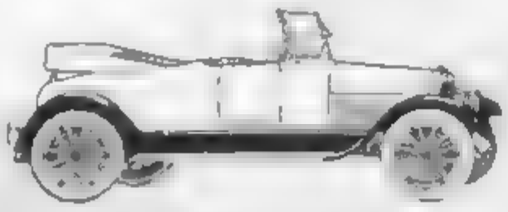

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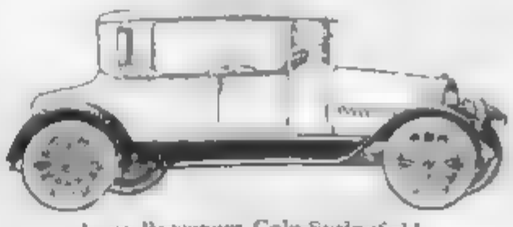

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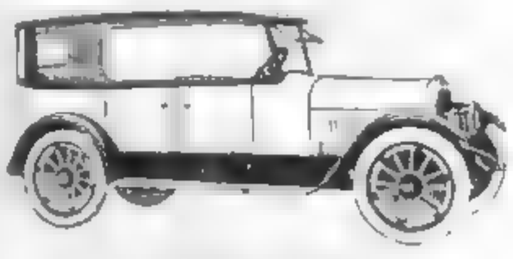

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(Continued from Page 65)

"I've got enough o' you and your special studies. The healthiest thing for you to do with this outfit is get out!"

The blows didn't put Strad into utter unconsciousness. But, believe me, they were no twilight sleep. He careened round groggily for a few seconds. Then he spat out a couple of teeth and finally found his voice. The first thing he did was to sigh.

"I been tryin' to use you decent," he replied; "but you just won't let me. As soon as I got Mister Carstock's automobile learnt, the next thing I got to make a special study of is lickin' you. Then, after that, I'll make a special study o' winnin' Miss Marie."

What do you know about that? What do you know of a chap that was so methodical in doing one thing at a time—and finishing it—that he had to go complete his job of learning an automobile throttle before he could take up the job of slamming back a chap who'd handed him a gladiolus bulb for a nose? Stradivarius started off.

I told Mac and Carstock all I'd seen.

"This chap seems to be an idiot!" declared MacLeod. "No sane man would act like this."

"Then I wish I had more fools like him in this show," declared Carstock. "Maybe we'd get somethin' done round here."

IV

I GUESS it was about a week or ten days after this that O'Day came to the boss one night and he said:

"I want to tell you that I've learned to run the car, Mister Carstock. I made a special study o' it and am satisfactory to myself."

And the chap had. No need to put him up for any state examination to determine whether he knew how to operate the roadster. He was satisfactory to himself—and that meant perfection, or it meant nothing. Carstock had him take him uptown and back. When they returned the boss said to Mac:

"Run it? The chap can tie knots with it, MacLeod! I never met a guy like him in my life. Maybe he's sort o' simple and can hold only one idea in his noddle at once; but I'd rather have him like that than tryin' to do everything and bunglin' half of it."

After supper that night Strad stretched himself and gave a sigh.

"Waal," said he in that matter-of-fact way of his, "now that I got the chore o' learnin' to operate that car done, I got to get busy on that job o' lickin' Gorilla."

Gorilla overheard him and came swaggering up.

"So you think you're goin' to lick me next, eh? Well, I believe in preparedness, I do. Here's just a taste o' what you'll get if you keep on."

He hauled off and basted Strad squarely on his narrow breastbone. The breath went out of Strad and he doubled up, mighty sick.

"Well," concluded Gorilla when Strad was in a position to listen again, "what are you a-goin' to do about it?"

"I shall make a special study o' lickin' you," he said weakly, but as persistently as ever.

"And you ain't got the sand to resent that sample I just give you?"

"Oh, I ain't ready yet. I shall make a special study o' the job o' lickin' you, I tell you. When I'm ready then I shall pitch in and do the job. I ain't any more ready to start in fightin' you now than I was to drive Mister Carstock's automobile at fifty miles an hour the first day I started cleanin' the mud off it."

"Well," demanded Lawson, "just when do you reckon you'll start in this special studyin' o' my constitution, with the idee o' vanquishin' me?"

"To-morrow mornin' at nine o'clock—if Mister Carstock ain't got no work for me then," he said.

He declared it so matter-of-factly, same as cleaning a horse or learning to run the car, that Gorilla felt nervous. The boob was going about the job of his defeat with all the unemotional thoroughness for which he was becoming noted; and Lawson felt vaguely alarmed.

At nine o'clock the next morning on the Carstock lot appeared a chap who looked like a cross between the portraits on the walls of a Sixth Avenue saloon and the German Invasion of Belgium. He had a jaw like a paving block and a pair of shoulders resembling the top of a door. He walked as if he was muscle-bound clean down to his shoe tongues; his dress would stop the Limited and start it going backward; and his four-in-hand tie looked as if somebody had cut his throat. It took only half a glance to see that he'd been born with a pair of eight-ounce gloves on his hands and felt as if he ought to be pinched for indecent exposure every moment they were off.

"Who's this guy?" Mac asked.

"He's goin' to help me in my special studies to lick Gorilla," announced O'Day.

Mac went off, with a sort of smothered smile, and Gorilla acquired a sort of uneasy expression that was disturbing to the folks who came in his way. He kicked his horse that day when the animal didn't move quick enough. And when the kitten that belonged to Blanche's little kid Jenny got in his path he threw it onto the top of the horse tent and banged two blank cartridges at it before he remembered they were blanks.

Well, Strad went into training with the same elaborate ceremony that he went into horse cleaning or automobile chauffeuring. Getting ready was a ceremonial. Starting up was a sacred rite.

Them two boxed for half an hour out behind the cook-top, with most of the boys looking on. When the first lesson was over the trainer got off his gloves, climbed back into his shirt and collar and coat.

"Lemme give this Big Feller the once-over, Straddy," the pugilist requested just before he was ready to quit the place.

Together they went down by the side of the brook that was flowing on the left of the lot, where Gorilla had gone to pull the whiskers out of his face with something he called a razor.

"This is him," said Stradivarius.

The pugilist kid, without a word to Gorilla, stalked round him and looked him over.

"Well, kid," said the trainer after a moment, "he's got a little longer reach than you; but, on the other hand, you're nearly a head taller. Then, too, I'll estimate he weighs ten to twenty pounds more'n you. To offset that, I'd say that you was spriest on your hoofs."

Gorilla held the razor motionless, half his face covered with suds, and stared at the both of them agog. He might have been a wooden Indian or a piece of horseflesh, for all the note they took of him that he was a human being.

With a dull, unimpassioned deadness in his eyes the pugilist raised a hand and felt of the muscle in Lawson's right arm. Without so much as a by-your-leave he transferred his steel fingers to Gorilla's leg and also felt the toughness of his fiber there. Then, as though he was a piece of dumb stock instead of a confounded, flabbergasted, flesh-and-blood antagonist, the fighter drew back a few feet, cocked his battered head to one side, rubbed his chin reflectively, and said:

"He's pretty hard all over. And, from his build, he'll probably depend more or less on his right uppercut for the business. Yes, kid; I think we'd better train with a view o' meetin' that right."

Gorilla was so mad that he almost shoved his soapy shaving brush into his mouth and bit it off, because, after cocking their heads at him again, both trainer and pupil stuck their thumbs in their belts and walked off.

Lawson finished his shaving and went up on the lot to look for Strad. He found him about to go to the town in the automobile for Carstock. He slammed a claw into Strad's back and whirled him back where he could do business with him.

"What's the idea o' the pantomime down by the brook?" he gnashed.

O'Day gave an exasperated sigh.

"Will you leave me alone?" he cried. "I told you I ain't completed my special studies for lickin' you, yet. Mister McDool says he thinks I will be in shape about a week from Thursday."

"And do you think I'm goin' to stand round and wait till you get in shape to wallop me?" cried Gorilla.

"I don't care anything for what you do," Strad responded, shoving the choking Gorilla out of the way and stepping into the machine. "When I get my special studies completed I'm just goin' to lick you—that's all. I do only one thing at a time, and I do it up brown."

He left Gorilla standing there, with still more uneasiness filling his soul. If he'd only got mad or slammed him back, or something, Gorilla might not have lost his goat. But the chap was so thorough and unemotional about it, it was all so much of a chore of the day's work, this licking him, that Lawson commenced to wonder whether Strad wouldn't do to him precisely what he had in two other demonstrations of his abilities.

Next morning the pugilist was back as usual and they had their sparring contest. In the middle of it Strad left off and, with all his deadly seriousness, walked across to where Gorilla was fixing his saddle girth. With the uneasy and wondering Gorilla waiting to see what was the idea, Strad lifted the other's right arm.

"Now just swing at me," he said to Gorilla. "I just want to see whether I've learned that dodge Mr. McDool's been teachin' me all the last hour; want to see if I've got it pat."

"You bet I'll swing at you!" roared the boiling Lawson.

He made a stab at Strad that would have left his solar plexus sticking out the back of his neck—if it had connected. Only it didn't connect. Strad stepped back as he'd been taught to do, and Gorilla spun round three times, burying his fist finally in the side of his horse, which gave a kick and a leap and was gone down the lot before Gorilla knew what had happened.

"Thanks!" said Strad. "I just wanted to make sure I had it."

He returned to this McDool kid and said: "I think I got that learned all proper. Now what else might Gorilla do?"

Gorilla sat on the ground for some time scratching the back of his neck. Then he arose, went to his bag and sifted some real cartridges into his hand. From that moment on, he packed a gun.

Some of the boys wised Strad that Lawson had packed a gun. But it didn't make any difference to Strad.

"I have made a special study o' shootin' already," said he.

The preparations for war went steadily on. Every morning this McDool showed up on the lot, regardless of where the show moved.

Gorilla commenced to feel about like the chap who hears a sword being ground that's to cut off his head, or preparations going along in an adjoining room, fixing up the electric chair to do something shocking to him. And the fellow—who could have walloped Strad at the start simply by hitting him in the right place and walking on him—began to get ashen-faced when the two began their morning's sparring.

"Say, kid," he essayed one noon, "ain't you carryin' this flush hand a leetle mite too strong? You can't lick me—and you know it!"

"You don't imagine I'm makin' such a special study o' fightin' with the idea o' failin', do you?" asked Strad.

"You ain't got the idea you can beat me!"

"Why, certainly I'm goin' to beat you! I do just one thing at a time, and leave it finished just as good as I know how. That's the way I'm goin' to do to you. You prodded me into this. Now you got to see it through."

"But you can't do it, you poor boob!" exploded Gorilla. "I can thrash you with one hand tied behind me."

"If I fail it'll be the first thing I've tackled and didn't do up brown in my life," said Strad. He acted astounded that Gorilla should think there was any possibility of his failing.

"But suppose I knock you out cold?"

"Unless you kill me, I'll come to sometime, I guess."

"And what then?"

"Why, we'll try it all over again."

"And suppose I put you to sleep once more?"

"Unless I'm killed, o' course I'll wake sometime."

"And you mean you'll come back for more?"

"Why, I'll come back until I've licked you, o' course!" announced the boob. "There can be but one result. I'm out to do you, and natcherly I keep at it until the job's done perfect."

Gorilla meditated on this. Finally he said:

"When would you call it that you'd be licked, then?"

"I ain't never goin' to be licked. It's all the other way round. You're the chap that's goin' to be licked. I just got to keep at it, I tell you, till the job's done."

Gorilla walked up close and patted his gun.

"Maybe you think it's comedy you're pullin'," said he. "But you see this here shootin' iron? Well, if you should by any chance succeed in this job you take notice o' what you'll get. It ain't what you do in

(Continued on Page 71)

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(Continued from Page 68)

this world—it's what you get away with; and I sort o' reckon this little howitzer may help me get away with somethin'."

Mac overheard him.

"When this scrap comes off—after Strad's completed his studies, Lawson," said Mac—"we-all reckon we'll see to it that you don't pack no gun. And if you use it after Strad's licked you fairly, believe me, you know what the twelve honest men and true will be asked to do."

Gorilla saw he didn't have any moral support. He went out, mumbling something unintelligible, and hunted up Marie. She must have told him what she thought of him, too, because an hour afterward he still had a scowl on his face.

"When do you reckon you'll have your special pugilistic studyin' done, Strad?" Trenor Mackenzie asked one evening.

One-Thing-at-a-Time O'Day took the question just as seriously as he took everything else.

"I reckon about a week from to-morrow I'll have satisfied myself that I'm ready," he replied.

Trenor Mackenzie—who was next to Mac in importance in the show—one of the best men Charley had, said as he passed me:

"I wish I had a little more o' that boob's ability to stick to one thing till I had it done perfectly, Billy."

I wished then that I had too. But I've profited by it since, as I said in my opening paragraph.

▼

NOW I ain't no psychologist—I think that's what you call it; but I've learned one thing from this famous scrap between the elongated boob and Gorilla Lawson, that it ain't always necessary to reduce a man to pulp in order to wallop him. All you've got to do is to break his nerve.

And the steady, serious preparations for battle that went on certainly broke Gorilla's nerve. Mac and Charley were enjoying the joke as much as the rest of us, or the preparations wouldn't have been allowed for a minute.

Charley went up to Gorilla the day before the fight, with a paper he'd had Mackenzie type on the show's typewriter.

"What is it?" Gorilla demanded; he was white-faced and furtive-eyed.

"Merely a release from damages for this show from what is going to happen to you to-morrow. Also, there's a blank on the last line to show where you want us to send your body in case of a fatality."

"B-b-b-but I ain't goin' to be hurt to-morrow!" protested Gorilla.

Carstock looked at him with a disgusted expression.

"Aren't you?" he asked dryly.

"N-n-n-n-no!" Lawson returned; but there was terror in his tone.

"I'm taking no chances," Charley returned. "I've seen this lad's work; and what he does, he does thoroughly. You got about as much chance getting away from him as a three-legged ant from a herd o' woodpeckers."

Gorilla didn't know Charley was doing it for a joke. Just to make his contention good he actually signed the paper. Gorilla wrote a fairly good hand; but, believe me, there was every indication that a fly had got a souse on and walked from an ink bottle across the dotted line when he'd got done!

The night before the battle—more of the joke that Gorilla couldn't appreciate—a lad in an ice-cream coat went poking round the tents. He must have had Gorilla pointed out to him, because he went up to Lawson and said:

"Say, I got a lot o' first-aid stuff from the druggist's. Arnica and iodoform and bandages, and such. Where do I deliver it?"

"Who's it addressed to?" demanded Gorilla, wetting his lips.

"I dunno," said the kid. "They said up to the store that it was to be used on a guy named Lawson. Where is he?"

Gorilla wanted to boot the kid into the next county; but he didn't have the strength. The kid saw the signals of distress and got out before Gorilla revived.

There was one other blow before the man was entirely shattered. Mackenzie made sure that Gorilla was within hearing, and then called across the horse tent to MacLeod during the evening performance:

"I called up the local hospital, like you told me to, Mac. They say they'll have the ambulance on hand for Lawson promptly at ten o'clock."

Mackenzie knew that if Gorilla suspected a joke he'd call up the hospital to find out whether he was being kidded or not. Sure enough, when he came out of the arena after his trick he slipped out to the corner drug store, across from the lot, and, shaking all over, like in a fit, he called up the hospital.

"Yes," said an attendant's voice from that place. "We understand there is grave danger of a gentleman named Lawson being injured at some stunt that is coming off on your show lot to-morrow morning. We will surely have the ambulance there for Mr. Lawson at ten o'clock."

Gorilla Lawson, bully of the Carstock Outfit, fumbled the receiver on the hook at that and stumbled out into the street.

But, though the boys were getting Gorilla's goat with this byplay, believe me, it was no joke to Stradivarius! He was out to lick Lawson, and lick him properly. He actually submitted to letting this McDool chap send out a couple of men who spent most of the night giving Strad's pipestem legs a rubdown. One of the chaps said the stunt reminded him of a job he once had in an antique-furniture factory putting the polish on original Windsor chair legs.

A cold clammy dawn broke over the lot the following day—the day of the great battle. At sunup Gorilla sneaked into the office tent, where Carstock, earliest riser in the show, was going over the receipts of the day before and tying the greenbacks into bundles. One by one he was storing these in his big black wallet.

"Look-a-here, Mister Carstock," he whined; "I don't want to hurt this long, lean, lank boob."

"You've got no choice in the matter, Lawson," returned Carstock. He eyed the chap keenly and saw the yellow. He had no use for a coyote—Charley didn't. "I've just bet fifty dollars with MacLeod that the Human Bedslat knocks you out inside o' three rounds."

"But I don't want to fight him!" cried Lawson.

"It isn't going to be a fight. It's going to be a beating up. And you're the victim."

Gorilla sneaked out of the office tent and made for his own quarters. When the show played for more than three days in a place all the boys and girls had pup tents, which were pitched on the eastern side the arena. One of these belonged to Gorilla. He dived in and pulled the flap after him.

We rushed through breakfast. There wasn't a parade every day—not when we played a week in a place. This was one of the days when we didn't have to string through town on the advertising stunt. All we could do was look after our stock, then lay round and smoke, and talk about the battle.

I'll be darned if the boys hadn't carried the realities—and the joke—so far that along about five minutes to ten we heard a ding-a-ling-ling on the south side of the lot, and onto it turned the long, unwieldy black body of the city's ambulance!

Carstock heard it and left his office tent for the moment. At that instant somebody raised the hue and cry:

"Where's Gorilla?"

The whole lotful took it up:

"Where's Gorilla?"

Yes, indeed! Where was he? He wasn't in his pup tent; he wasn't round the horses, or anywhere about the arena.

Gorilla was gone!

The news was carried in to Stradivarius; and he came out dressed as Nature made him—all but his trunks, thank goodness!—and looking about the most astonishing sight I ever beheld with these two eyes; and I've seen some sights in this business—believe me!

The three biggest parts of him were his feet and his knees and his boxing gloves. His knees were as big as gourds. His body in between was only the hiding place for his soul, and his soul must have had considerably cramped quarters. Put him in a meat stew and I'd swear there wasn't enough on him to flavor the water.

"Hi! Hi! What's that?" he yelled.

And he took to bobbing up and down excitedly on his pipestem legs till I feared the added weight of the gloves would snap them off.

"Gorilla's blowed!" cried somebody.

"Where?" shrieked Strad.

The person who came running to supply the information was none other than Prairie-Flower Marie.

"The Tin Lizzie!" she choked. "The roadster! . . . Three minutes ago! . . . On the road to the south!"

"Escaped?"

"Quick—if you want to catch him!" boomed Mackenzie.

He never thought O'Day would do it in a thousand years. But, though Strad was skinny, he was made of stern stuff. And he didn't intend to let his quarry off so easy as that after his two weeks of training. No, sir-ee! In an instant—forgetting his clothes, forgetting the gloves that imprisoned his hands, forgetting everything but that he was being cheated out of something—One-Thing-at-a-Time O'Day was off over the show lot; and all of us strung out in a far-flung line behind him.

Carstock dived into his office tent after his hat. In another instant he came out—in jumps!—and his face was whiter than a would-be actor on Amateur Night.

"My money!" he yelled. "The week's receipts! They're gone!"

"What?" cried Mac.

"When the ambulance rang I left them on the table just a moment to see what was up. The cash was in my big wallet. Everything's gone. I bet it was that Lawson needing money to make his get-away. After him—everybody!"

No need to tell Stradivarius that. He wasn't fiddling away his time just then. He'd headed up the lot for the street, and was traveling with neatness, acceleration and dispatch.

Run? Strad's long pipestem legs were simply marking off great spaces on this planet, like a pair of gigantic compasses. He got off the earth and pretty much of the time he stayed off the earth. He seemed to come down only to make sure he was going in the right direction.

He reached the distant curbing first and paused only an instant to wave his skinny arms to the rest of us. Then he started down the long avenue to the south, choosing the middle of the street.

When we reached the sidewalk we all saw the reason. Gorilla had taken advantage of Carstock's Tin Lizzie to help him in his get-away. He was rushing the can with a vengeance! Evidently he'd been watching Carstock; and when the ambulance came, and Charley slipped out, he'd entered from the rear, copped the wallet, crawled back out and taken to gasoline. I should say he had about two thousand feet start.

I don't know how much was in the wallet; but I know it was mazuma enough to make the usually dignified Carstock sprint some, himself. It was some Marathon! Inside of two minutes we'd easily outclassed all the others and each of us was busy seeing which could shove the world behind him the fastest. And every once in a while Charley would spare enough breath to roar:

"Stop thief! Stop thief!"

The population along that avenue saw Strad a thousand feet ahead of us; thought, of course, that he was the man we wanted—and the highway became a riot.

Some people ran out to stop Strad. He saw them coming and sawed at them with a wild swipe of his right glove. Parts of the fellow that tried to stop him were distributed all over the landscape. He just simply got discouraged with life right then and there, and commenced to squirm round on the macadam. And the rest of us nearly trampled him.

I don't know what Strad thought his chances were for overtaking that Tin Lizzie afoot; but I do know that when he reached a certain cross-street, about half a mile from where he started, he came up to another car the same make as Carstock's, left in front of a hardware store, with its engine going.

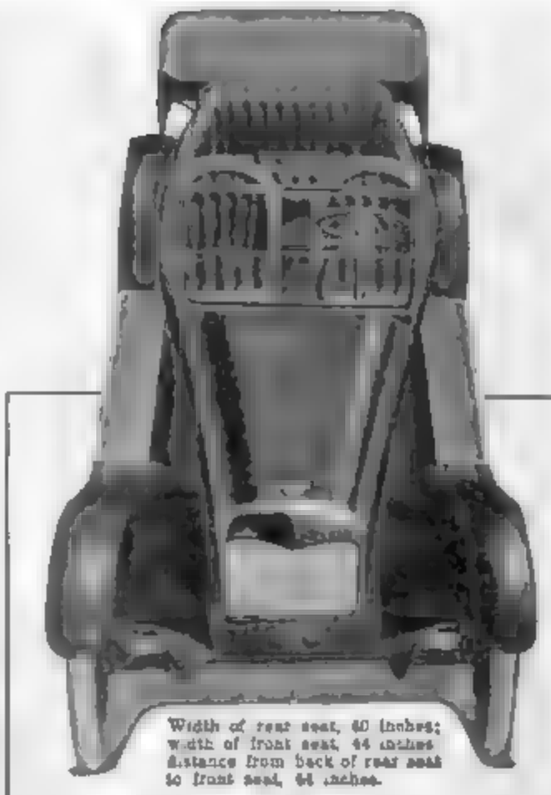
Strad didn't ask the owner whether he could use it—not with Gorilla growing smaller in the distance. Not much! He didn't even stop to unhitch the tin side door. He just gave a wild leap and came down over the steering wheel. It almost knocked the breath out of him; but it wasn't so bad as some of McDool's trial punches. He plugged a foot against the low speed, slammed down the throttle a couple of inches, careened the poor little surprised car into the center of the street, and let the pedal fly back into high. And by that time he was going some—now take it from me!

I didn't know what those city folks thought, to hear a noise like the end of the world, bottled under a cheap automobile, come banging insanely down their beautiful street, with a man at the throttle wearing boxing gloves and not enough clothes on him to cover a Russian dancer; but that's the eyeful they got, and it was considerable motion picture!

And did Stradivarius understand the machine?

He did!

(Concluded on Page 73)



Width of rear seat, 40 inches; width of front seat, 44 inches; distance from back of rear seat to front seat, 44 inches.

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If Blue Streak Belts had originally been designed merely to surpass other belting, they would undoubtedly have won at least some measure of the tremendous success now theirs.

But they are not designed merely to be successful in competition with other belts.

They are designed to compete successfully with *the conditions transmission belts must master*, and those conditions are their only competition.

By meeting them squarely and mastering them they have won for themselves a more than impressive prestige on the exacting drives of hundreds of plants, in practically every American industry.

Before their enlightening service records became a matter of common knowledge, belting was belting to most purchasers.

They never asked what the belt could do, but asked only about its price.

Before the special-weave duck of Blue Streak Belts conquered conditions long accepted as necessary evils, duck was duck to most master mechanics.

Before their superior impregnation with high-grade friction had proved its merit, rubber was rubber even to the trained engineer.

Before their gripping friction surface had established new standards of power-saving, a belt was a belt to the average executive.

But because Blue Streak Belts met conditions instead of competition, there is today a new attitude toward transmission belts.

They are now recognized dictators of output, honored determiners of dividends, the masters of shut-downs and delays, the conquerors of waste in power transmission.

Blue Streak Belts have enlightened belting theory. They have reformed belting practice.

They have conquered slip and stretch without the artifices of "dressings," perforations, and racking tensions.

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

(Concluded from Page 71)

He knew it from the rubber tires to the cylinder gaskets; from the cost of upkeep to the composition of the number plate. He knew just where to put the gas and spark throttle to get the maximum speed out of it, and just how much clearage to make for skid when Gorilla turned off the avenue far up ahead and took a side street. He could have run that car up the side of a house, down the chimney, through the dining room and kitchen, and three times round the coal bin—and never let it sweat a hair. And he applied his knowledge—yea, boy, he applied it! You see how handy it comes in to know a thing upside down, inside out and through the middle.

It was a good thing Strad had his clothes off, because the car didn't have any weight to hold it down. About all there was at the steering wheel was Stradivarius' soul—and that was going some! He steered between the curb and a watering cart so neatly that there wasn't enough additional space to hold a vacuum. He cleared the fender of a trolley car on a cross street so close that he could smell the cloves on the motorman's breath. When a dog ran out and jumped at the radiator Strad and the car were going so fast that I'll swear the dog hung there, plastered against the front, simply because gravitation couldn't catch hold of him and pull him down!

And all this time, of course, Gorilla had learned he'd been discovered, and was bending every ounce of his intelligence to make his get-away good.

But there's a certain point in these cars where a too-advanced spark is a drag instead of power, and too much gasoline will clog the works instead of supplying maximum speed. It just goes to show that this policy of "It isn't what you know—it's what you get away with that counts" doesn't hold, at all, at all! Because Gorilla hadn't studied his car. He'd learned only just enough to "get away with it." And the chap who had mastered the thing to which he set his hand was gaining on him finally, with leaps and bounds.

Gorilla's machine began to buck and cough and pound. And almost before he knew it Strad was upon him. Gorilla looked round to see how close he was; didn't watch where he was going; careened into a driveway; went the length of it; banged like the crack of doom into the open doorway of a brick barn at the end, and went through it, shoving a carriage ahead of him.

Strad didn't do any such thing. Not he! He knew how to make that car hurdle fences and swim rivers—did Strad. And when he wanted it to stop he didn't aim it at the base of a hundred-year-old elm tree. He simply estimated his distance, clamped on the brakes, and the car stopped as light as air.

When he sprinted into the wrecked barn he found Gorilla all tangled up in the leather top of the phaeton. His face was cut when he'd gone through the windshield, and one of his ears was torn half off.

Strad got him out into the yard, Lawson howling bloody murder!

And what did O'Day do?

He started in to do the thing he'd been practicing for days to do. There wasn't any more let-up on his part than if he'd caught the yellow hound hiding under a feather bed. He wrestled the howling, yowling Lawson out onto the lawn of the private estate and commenced pounding him.

He punched him in the stomach and he rammed him in the ribs. He uppercut him on the jaw and he smashed him on the nose. He knocked out his teeth and he closed the bully's eyes. I never saw a human being so utterly banged up in my life! When we finally came up Strad was stomping up and down on his chest like an animated skeleton.

Three or four of us had to leap on Strad, throw him, and sit on his head to make him listen to reason. The chap wasn't insane. He wasn't even hysterical. He was deadly calm and simply intent on doing a thorough job.

Well, we got a horse blanket over him. The ambulance—which had come banging loudly along in our rear, because the accident had escaped—arrived out front. Some of the crowd lifted up the thoroughly pummeled Gorilla and carried him to it.

And money? Money was scattered all over the landscape—Charley's money. Gorilla had hung on to the fat wallet, even when Strad had yanked him out of the top of the phaeton. And somewhere in the tussle the big pouch of spondulics had busted open. The Carstock gate receipts simply cluttered up the world.

"My boy," said Charley when he'd got back most of it, "how can I ever thank you for getting me back all this cash?"

"Huh!" replied Strad. "It wasn't the cash I was after. It was him! I couldn't bear to think o' all my days o' careful trainin' goin' for nothin'. When I start a job I finish it."

When we'd piled into the stolen automobile to take it back to its owner Strad heaved a sigh and said:

"Waal, that's one chore less, anyhow. Now my next job is to make a special study o' winnin' Prairie-Flower Marie for my wife. I think I'll start my next job at nine o'clock to-morrer mornin'. From now till then I'll take a vacation."

Can you beat it?

The chase after Gorilla had all been part of the methodical, unemotional day's work. That was Strad, all over! What chance did poor Marie have of dodgin' him? She had just about as much chance as she had of dodgin' old age. Strad won her just as he did everything else. But that's another story.

They were married the other day; and they do say she loves him. Some unkind soul who had been reading that bum speller, Josh Billings, sent Strad a postage stamp for a wedding present. It was a great compliment; but the boob hadn't made a special study of literature up to then, and the humor was lost on him.

They were the funniest-looking pair standing before the parson that you ever lamped in your life. Marie had to reach up to hook on to him.

One of the boys doped out about how they'd appear together. He printed a sign and hung it on Strad's coattails. One-Thing-at-a-Time O'Day started on his honeymoon with it wafting gently behind him, with all the world to see. It read:

MATRIMONY—THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT!

P. S.—THERE'S MANY AN UNHONORED PROPHET THAT MOVES OVER INTO THE NEXT COUNTRY AND GETS SIZED UP WRONG!

MR. BALFOUR—By Frank Dilnot

ARTHUR BALFOUR, Britain's Minister for Foreign Affairs, who came to this country for consultation with the American Government on the war, is one of those personalities, elusive and attractive, of whom one reads in the storybooks, and who once in a way crop up in real life. He is tall and slim, a bachelor, with silver hair that has a polish to it, with gracious manners and an acute mind in close combination. And it may be said at the outset that British radicals and socialists have a certain pride, indeed affection, for this debonair and clever representative of the British upper classes. No Englishman would desire that another nation should see any better specimen of the typical British aristocrat than Arthur Balfour.

What is he like—this man who has written his name in political history and made himself distinctive without effort in other intellectual fields? In his long, oval face there is delicacy of mind, something quizzical and kindly, and something wonderfully suggestive of a studious boy's eagerness and curiosity. A modest white mustache hides a sensitive mouth. Kindly eyes, capable of frequent surprise, give a young-man vivacity to his face; nevertheless, there are indications of reserve in his gentleness. He is the kind of man who will listen sympathetically, but will not talk much. Anyone can see it would be hard to be effusive with him—though he does not give any impression of stand-offishness. His height makes him a notable figure physically. He is spare too; and his clothes hang loosely on him. Being one of the Cecils, he is not particularly careful about the fashion, wears a turned-down collar and a short jacket, where a person who had more reason to think about style would be in frock coat or morning coat.

One evening last autumn I met him in St. James Park, on his way from the Admiralty to his club for dinner. He was deep in thought, his hands thrust into his overcoat pockets; and he was wearing in careless fashion an old slouch hat that Fifth Avenue would have shuddered at. A newly created peer would have been damned for a year by such apparel. With Arthur Balfour, who has created peers by the score, it did not matter. He was certainly supremely regardless whether it mattered or not.

Arthur James Balfour, to give him his full name, is sixty-nine years of age—though he does not look it. He has had a full and varied life since, as a boy, he went to England's most fashionable school, Eton, and subsequently was graduated at Cambridge University. You have to get a glimpse of his early days to obtain the flavor of the man since. He went into Parliament when he was twenty-six, because he came of high political stock, and because of that restless intellect of his, which in some mysterious way has led him to probe emotions, to probe thought, and to mix at close quarters with men of action. He was a tall, lanky, gentle-mannered, ironical youth, with side whiskers, who dabbled in music and literature, and turned a curious eye on current politics.

I do not know whether it is quite correct to call him a brilliant trifler, for, though there was always a touch of the dilettante about him, he had the knack of making himself an expert in those pursuits that he seemed to have entered upon for distraction only. At any rate, in those early days he was very far from appearing the man who was going to make practical statesmanship his life work. Of course he could hardly fail to get a good start in Parliament, because he was the nephew of Lord Salisbury, subsequently the British Prime Minister.

But, truth to tell, no one in the House of Commons took young Arthur Balfour very seriously in those early days. They did not know that he was to turn out one of those rare human phenomena in whom great qualities of mind and nerve and understanding have come down from famous forefathers. He belonged to the Cecil family; his uncle, Lord Salisbury, was a direct descendant of the famous Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's masterful statesman. If there is anything in the rule that blood will tell, Arthur Balfour is one of the examples of it—though cynics may say he is one of the shining exceptions to the rule the other way round.

The Irish Nationalists exulted laughingly when Lord Salisbury appointed his nephew Chief Secretary for Ireland during the troublous times there. "We'll make short work of him!" they exclaimed.

They got a shock when Arthur Balfour took up his work of governing Ireland, a seething Ireland, irreconcilable and determined.

Some of the hidden part of Arthur Balfour came to life, and the quick-witted Irishmen were among the first to realize that they had no weakling to deal with. He went into his new work with a smooth manner and a complacent keenness that were in themselves a warning signal. Tremendous onsets were made against him in the House of Commons. He never flinched. He even carried the attack into the quarters of his formidable enemies. In his executive work he was accused of tyranny. His onslaughts became known for a kind of polished ferocity. Under pressure, courage shone from him like a beacon. Whatever the appraisement of his work at the time, there could be no doubt that he emerged from it with a reputation for coolness, pertinacity and political skill—a reputation which was really amazing, in view of his previous record.

Since that time Arthur Balfour has been one of the gladiators in British public life, very often occupying the center of the arena and never far away from the thick of the combat. And yet, strangely enough, it is certain he never sought political eminence. It was thrust upon him. Indeed, he never sought eminence of any kind. He was not that sort. With rather a languid and artistic temperament, he had an iron will when once embarked on a project; but he was never out to make a name for himself. Indeed, his mixed qualities would have doomed anyone who was not possessed of his vivid mind and his involuntary interest in the big things of life. And by the big things of life I do not mean party politics.

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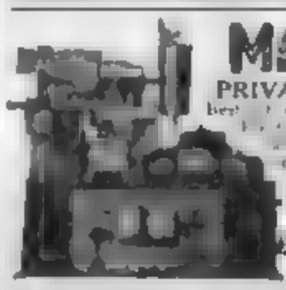

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He was deeply interested in poetry; intensely fond of music. He had pondered long over the verities of life and death; for what may be called the philosophic side of religion always had a deep attraction for him. His friendships were made irrespective of politics; he had, for instance, a warm regard for William Ewart Gladstone, whom he visited at Hawarden, to the shocked surprise of many good Conservatives.

It is obvious from these facts that he was not cut out for a mere party politician. And through all his softer qualities any judge of human character would have discerned an inflexible courage, which is not always the accompaniment of the graces. I have seen him in the midst of nerve-racking scenes in the House of Commons, and there has never been a tremor in the long white hands grasping the lapels of his coat; not a flush on his pale face; not even a gleam in his eyes as he has steadily faced hundreds of infuriated members and waited for a pause in the clamor to plant barbed words, and more barbed words—and still more.

It was at one of the earliest aëroplane trials in England, when a group of leading politicians was standing round a machine, that an invitation was extended to any one of them to go for a trial flight. It required nerve, because machines were then in the experimental stage. It was Mr. Balfour who stepped forward and quietly took his place in the machine. He made a trip in the air and, what is more, he enjoyed it; he is that kind of man. Other distinguished politicians present said that he was foolish to do what he did.

Cool in Debate

He would be a foolish man who put Arthur Balfour down as flippant because of his mannerisms. That quiet little affectation of coolness is just the outward indication of a dislike of gush; often enough it is the cover for real feeling. One of the most chivalrous of men, Arthur Balfour has no room for the emotionalist. He is as fastidious in his phrases of praise as in those of blame. When he says a nice thing he means it; when he says a nasty thing he means it. I remember him violent in language only once, and then it was a calculated violence.

During the big parliamentary fight in 1910 he was stung by what he considered the willful misstatements of Mr. Ure, the Scottish Lord Advocate. Balfour was to speak at a luncheon, and he took special care that the Press was invited; and when the reporters were all present he carefully and in set language branded Mr. Ure as a liar. The speech created a sensation. Balfour meant that it should.

Mr. Ure took an early opportunity of defending himself in Parliament; and in an impassioned speech, which thrilled the whole House, justified himself and turned the tables on the Conservative leader. He finished up by leaning across the table to Balfour and regretting that the days had passed when a man might defend his honor with his own right arm.

Did Balfour apologize? Not he! Cold as ice, he rose in the face of a House maddened against him and congratulated Mr. Ure on his eloquence!

But he is not a man to treasure up animosities, and he can take a beating with the best of grace. In the general election of 1906, when the Conservative Party was almost wiped out at the polls, Balfour, who held a Manchester seat, had a strenuous contest with a Liberal barrister named Horridge. It was a memorable struggle in many ways. Despite all Balfour could do, he was defeated.

Of course a seat was quickly found for him in another part of the country and he reappeared in the House of Commons when Parliament reassembled.

He was crossing the lobby a few months later when a Liberal member bowed and smiled recognition at him. "Let me see," said Balfour to a companion. "Haven't I met that man before, somewhere?" The man in question was Mr. Horridge, the victor in the Manchester fight against the Conservative leader.

Arthur Balfour is a real savant, though that is hard to realize, in view of the many human sides to his strangely varied personality. He is the author of such things as these: A Defence of Philosophic Doubt—written when he was quite a young man; Theism and Humanism; The Foundations of Belief; Criticism and Beauty. That is one side of him.

Intellectual circles in America will be interested in meeting a man with an international reputation as a thinker and philosopher. But there are other circles who will probably be no less interested. The sportsmen here will have a fellow feeling for him because among the many things in which Arthur Balfour is an expert is outdoor recreation. He used to cycle. Even now he plays a fine game of lawn tennis. And there is little doubt he will be able to give President Wilson a good round at golf, for that is his principal relaxation. Golf is one of the things he is quietly enthusiastic about, and it is sufficient recommendation to say that he has been captain of the famous St. Andrews Club.

While he was Prime Minister he was struck by the idea that the fishermen who played golf on their native links near his place in Scotland might prove the equals of the cultivated golf players of the South; and thus it came about that a match was arranged between a team of those fishermen and a team of well-to-do men from the Houses of Parliament, the latter captained by Mr. Balfour himself.

The match was played on the famous Sandwich course, in Kent, the fishermen being brought down from their Scottish homes, four hundred miles away. I was present and saw the game. Most of the parliamentarians were used to the Sandwich course, whereas the Scottish fishermen, in their blue Jerseys, had never seen it. The latter put up a very stiff fight against the lords and the M. P.'s—though they were just beaten in the end. Mr. Balfour gave them each a silver-mounted golf club as a memento. "A remarkably fine day's golf" was his comment to me as he came in after the last round.

Arthur Balfour was a friend of Gladstone, the Liberal leader. He was also friendly with Asquith, Gladstone's successor as leader of the forces against Conservatism. Asquith and Balfour, in spite of their political battles, had a common fastidiousness in many things, and common intellectual tastes.

In the old days, before either had been Prime Minister, they used to be together a good deal outside Parliament. With two such men, political differences do not affect private regard.

One evening they stole out of the House of Commons together and took the subway to Earl's Court, a well-known amusement garden in the West End of London; and later on this couple of Britain's political leaders might have been seen careering joyously down the water chute together, taking their turn with London's clerks and shopgirls.

A Stormy Occasion

Here is a companion picture—a stormy occasion in Parliament, when Balfour withstood Asquith. It was during the great fight on the House of Lords; and on this particular day it was necessary, under the rules, for the government to get through part of the procedure between seven-fifteen and seven-thirty in the evening. The government expected no serious opposition. Mr. Asquith was moving the proposition.

It was about eight minutes before half past seven when he came to his point: "I think it right to say that if the House of Lords fail in regard to this resolution or the others, and this resolution is the center and core of the scheme——"

With silky softness, Mr. Balfour rose on the other side of the table to interrupt, and in a sentence or two left the impression that he was making a gentle inquiry.

Then came a murmur from the government benches, indicating that, now he had made his point, he ought to sit down, since time was limited. Mr. Balfour had other views and other intentions. He turned with a bland air from the muttering Liberals to the chairman, and said:

"There are exactly seven minutes left; and, under the very peculiar system under which we carry on our debate, is the right honorable gentlemen in order in dealing with what is going to happen to these resolutions when they reach another place?"

"Well," said the chairman, "I have not yet heard what Mr. Asquith is going to say, and am, therefore, not in a position to indicate whether he is in order."

Liberals cheered this reproof loudly, and Mr. Asquith rose with a triumphant smile on his face.

"What I was going to say was this——"

But Mr. Balfour again cut in, still in the smoothest way, asking whether the Prime Minister was in order. The chairman replied: "I prefer to hear what the Prime Minister is going to say." He then turned to Mr. Balfour and said: "I do not know whether the right honorable gentleman and his friends desire to stop the Prime Minister."

"That's it! That's it!" exclaimed the infuriated Liberals.

Everybody's nerves were on edge. Some members were almost screaming in their rage against Mr. Balfour.

"Shameless!" they cried.

In the midst of this whirlpool of emotion Mr. Balfour was, as always, debonair and delightful. His attitude was that of a man who could not understand what all the row was about. Really, he had done nothing to raise it. He was only desirous of getting a decision on a point of parliamentary order. Amid the shrieks of anger he pressed his inquiry with a certain thoughtful suavity.

It was obvious that he had made up his mind that Mr. Asquith should not make his statement on this occasion; and, as Mr. Balfour's strength of will was always equal to his polish of manner, it was pretty plain that he would succeed. He did succeed, though he had to face a tremendous scene. That is one little illustration of Mr. Balfour as a political fighter.

A Chivalrous Act

It was by his prowess as a parliamentary leader in the House of Commons that Mr. Balfour gave the best opportunity for a close study of his complex and at times bewildering powers. I watched him at close quarters during what was probably the most interesting five years of his activities there—namely, the five years during which the Liberal Government, in face of the determined opposition led by Mr. Balfour, passed the revolutionary budget of Mr. Lloyd George, and adopted legislation that took away from the House of Lords powers which had been possessed by them for eight hundred years.

Mr. Balfour was the leader of an opposition weaker in numbers than any opposition since the Reform Bill was passed in 1832. He led that opposition with a skill, audacity, persistence and resolution which displayed to the limit nearly every one of his great human qualities.

It was Mr. Balfour's personal powers that won his great place in the House. He was not a great platform orator, and that scrupulous analytical mind of his kept him from flaming speeches in Parliament; for he would split point after point, throw in a little delicate badinage, and announce the most ruthless policy—all in one short speech.

It was my lot to see him principally in opposition. He used to sit facing the Prime Minister, across the table, with his long legs sprawled out in ungainly fashion; with his head canted back, resting on the upper part of the seat behind him; with his eyes, as Captain Cuttle would say, "on the coast of Greenland," utterly oblivious, so far as appearance went, to all that was going on.

But he missed no word; and even though, as was sometimes the case, his eyes were shut, that rapierlike mind of his was playing over every point of his antagonists' speeches. He would rarely interrupt, being a perfect model of Chesterfieldian manners, unless in some emergency; and then it would be with a soft and deadly insistence that might easily disrupt all the proceedings of the day.

His courtesy and kindness to young members were only equaled by his chivalry to his principal opponents.

The biggest fight of his political life was ushered in by the Lloyd-George Budget. The long and exhausting speech of Lloyd George caused him, midway, to feel a touch of faintness. Balfour, his sternest opponent, was the first to notice it. Rising from his seat he leaned across the table and made a swiftly whispered suggestion to Mr. Asquith. Mr. Asquith nodded assent, and the House of Commons was adjourned for half an hour to enable Lloyd George to recover.

I have pictured some part of the human side of Arthur Balfour. There is this to be added: That he is respected by the whole of Britain, not only as a master of statecraft, but as a man of wide culture and deep human sympathies. He is a student of history, past and present. He has a vivid admiration for America. There will be the completest confidence in him as the interpreter not only of Britain's plans but of her feelings.

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TALES FROM A SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX

(Continued from Page 19)

You could see, just by his voice, how he had sobered that last five minutes.

So we started back, one after another, down to the back of the main office by the blackboard, with the ghosts of that last day's fractions shining through the dim light. That big Runciman brushed by the man in the doorway. He'd straightened up now, hanging on to the doorway, his breakdown stopping as suddenly as it came. He stood for a minute staring, and then went back in alone.

"Gone!" said a voice, breaking the silence.

"Crazy as Bedlam!" said another.

"The man's in bad shape," said that young doctor, nodding.

"You know what this means if it's true," said Runciman, getting down to the facts in the case. "You know what this would mean if we were compelled to take over those stocks now."

"We couldn't—that's all," said somebody. "The banks wouldn't touch them—that's all; not now. You couldn't borrow a dollar on a ton of gold since this thing started."

For of course the shadow of the thing down there in the Street was over us—the whole continent, us included. There were several white faces in that crowd under the dim light, my own one of them.

"What would happen?" I asked one of my neighbors; and I looked round and saw that little Masury, balanced on the back of his heels, watching us sadly.

"Poor nuts!" he said, and wagged his head again.

"What's eating you?" inquired Runciman.

"Suppose they have?" he answered. "Suppose they have sent them?"

"Well?" said Runciman.

"We don't have to take them, do we?"

"Not unless the firm's in on this thing," said somebody.

"You can count that out," said Runciman. "I know these people. They're as strong a firm as there is in the Street. I happen to know that."

"He's crazy—that's all," said another voice.

"But do you think he's really done it?" asked somebody.

"And do you suppose he's got us all in if he has?" asked somebody else.

"You wait," said Runciman, standing up. "Leave it to me! I'll get it out of him—the whole thing." And he started up again to the private office.

"Don't kill him!" said Masury.

We could hear them talking in the office, louder and louder, till the door flung back and Runciman came tramping out.

"Do you know what he's done?" he bellowed, and sat down, choking.

"What?" yelled two or three at once.

"Let me explain," said the fast voice of Sinclair, coming out from the dimmest part of the big room, halfway down from his office. "I didn't tell you this; but it's very important: The only way I could get your stocks—the only way I could work it—was by strategy." And Runciman rocked back and forth in his chair.

"Go on!" said somebody.

"They didn't want to let them go at first," he said, explaining. "It was a difficult thing to fix—such a bunch of stuff at such short notice! It was all I could do to persuade them."

"Persuade them!" repeated somebody.

And Runciman groaned. I stood near him.

I could see the veins jump and throb in his big neck as he held back and listened.

"So finally," said the voice out beyond us, "I had to do this: I had to lie—some. I had to say we had a pool up here that would take them all over."

"That isn't it!" roared Runciman. "Go on!"

"So I arranged it with them on this basis: If we didn't take them—if we slipped up at all—they'd have to sell the stocks we didn't take; sell them out at market prices."

"When?" asked somebody in a shaky voice. "When'll they do it?"

"To-morrow noon."

"You mean ——"

"He means," said Runciman, roaring, "he's got us closed out; closed out at the bottom of the panic."

"That was the only way—absolutely! They showed me!" said the voice from the dimness. "When they once got them out of the bank they couldn't get their loans again!"

And somebody else groaned aloud.

"What would you want me to do?" said the voice, starting jabbering again. "What do you think I'd do? Give up—now? Surrender—at this crisis? Desert my friends!" And he stopped suddenly.

"'Friends'!" said somebody under his breath. "Oh, God!"

And the man stood a minute; then turned and went back to his office.

"If there's any truth in it, anywhere," said somebody finally, "if it isn't all a nine-storied dream ——"

"We can go up and see that messenger on the eleven-o'clock train," said another man.

"If we can spot him," said Masury.

It seemed that Sinclair didn't know him from Adam and didn't expect to see him that night.

So finally Runciman and Masury and one other man went over to the station to get hold of that messenger who was coming up from New York with our stocks, and spotted him; and followed him to his hotel. But it didn't do much good—half from the way that big Runciman went at it, most likely.

"I don't know you," said the messenger; he probably thought Runciman was a pirate, or a highwayman, at least, from the way he tackled him. "You're probably all right," he said; "but I don't know you. I can't do anything or say anything to-night."

"You don't have to do anything. I'm just telling you about it," said Runciman, getting mad.

"Aha!" said the man. "Well, this is no way to do business. I'll talk business with you, or anybody that has business with me, to-morrow morning at the office. And now I'm going to bed."

"But the man's crazy!" said Runciman.

"We all are, I guess, these last two or three days," said the New York man. And then he went up to his room.

Runciman almost suffocated in his red beard, trying to do justice to his feelings.

"Come on! Forget it, you poor nut!" said Masury.

"We'll straighten it out," said the other man with them, "in the morning—over the wire with New York if we have to."

"Will we!" said Runciman. "Will we! You'll listen to me give them an earful. They'll learn a few things from me."

They came back and told us about it; and we broke up the meeting.

"What are we going to do about this poor lunatic in the front office?" questioned somebody.

He had gone in and locked the door.

"Somebody ought to do something for him," said the young doctor.

"Yes. Shoot him!" said Runciman.

We did beat on the door finally, until he promised to go, right away. And then we went along—one after another. It was nobody's business in particular.

"You can't get him out, anyhow, by force," said the young doctor—"unless you're willing to swear he's insane."

"He seems all right on everything else," said somebody.

"That's the way they go, quite often," said the doctor. "He'll come along, I guess, now," he added.

And the last of us went out, forgetting him as soon as we were outside; thinking of our own troubles; wondering just what turn the thing would take in the morning.

You remember it, perhaps, yourself—a fine, clear, blue-and-yellow fall morning it was with us—that twenty-fourth of October, 1907; that last wild roaring day in the collapse of Wall Street. We never shall forget it, certainly—any of that sad little group of survivors; the friends of this Sinclair in the happy days of 1906.

The man was there, in his private office, when I arrived. He probably had never left it all night. The messenger from the firm was back in another private office in the rear, going over the thing with the assistant, that white-faced boy who put up the quotations, and Runciman. He had given up trying with Sinclair.

Concluded on Page 78

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Car-owners will find other uses in our Special Auto Circular. Write for it and we will also send you a liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil—FREE.

Three-in-One Oil Co.
165 EUM. Broadway, New York

(Concluded from Page 76)

"You see I was right!" the voice of Runciman came out through the glass door.

"I see you were," said the man. "But I don't see what can be done—now."

"Well, then, I'll telephone them," said Runciman, louder.

"Go ahead, if you want to," said the man.

Presently Runciman got his New York call. You could see him and hear him, inside the glass door, starting arguing. The messenger, it seems, had already had them on the wire.

"I know," said Runciman. "But the man's crazy! . . . Assume he is? I don't assume he is! I know it—yes! Your own man will tell you so. . . . What can you do? You can take the stuff back—take care of your customers—that's what you can do! Like any respectable firm would!"

He was howling now. They had to stop him.

"But, my dear sir," they were telling him on the other end, "we regret this as much as you do—more! We'd do anything we could. But what can we do? You tell us. We can't carry two hundred thousand dollars more in stocks ourselves now. We can't get into the banks now by any possibility! You don't know about this thing down here. It's hell! And getting worse every hour! We don't know what will happen."

And Runciman exploded again.

"But we can't, I tell you," said the wire. "God knows, we'd like to take care of you. But we can't. We've got all we want to do to care for ourselves. There's only one thing to be done—now. It's up to you."

"What can we do?" said Runciman.

"You'll have to get out and get the money there—that's all. We regret it. But that's the only thing that can be done."

"Except to sell us out!" yelled Runciman. "You'll sell us out, eh? You'll throw us down in a panic? If you do I'll sue you! I'll get every dollar that you lose me."

"I'll tell you what we will do," said the voice on the wire finally: "We'll extend the time; we'll give you to one-thirty to get your money."

Runciman hung up with a bang. The messenger had to get a second connection to talk with his firm and get instructions.

"We're ruined—that's all!" said Runciman. "Wiped out at the bottom of a panic—without a chance to defend ourselves on our margins!" And then he broke out in a spasm of cursing at Sinclair.

They were in there with him now, in the shiny office, that young doctor and a few others, trying to get him out; but without much success. He insisted on staying and seeing that his friends were saved. And he tramped round betweentimes, talking about the soundness of America and the collapse of Wall Street, and the necessity of hanging the crowd that had overthrown it.

In the back room was the messenger from the firm, with that collection of stock—two hundred thousand dollars' worth of it, anyhow; a good share of it Union Pacific.

And over along the side of the big room, on the long blackboard, the fractions began to dance up and down for another day—that last day of the panic of 1907. The market had opened while we were arguing—not very heavy; higher, in fact, than at the close of the day before, but 'way, 'way down, of course—a loss of thousands to everybody there who had to sell out now. Union Pacific was down to 110.

So the customers of the place—what were left—all rushed in, as I did, and got the news and cursed the lunatic who did the thing, and rushed out again to see about getting their money.

About two-thirds of them, I should say, got it finally by mortgaging their immortal souls—all but Runciman and some of the small ones. Masury just did get his. He didn't have such a load as the other man. And I got mine finally at my bank, with a lecture from the president, Old Man Snaith.

And at one-thirty sharp they closed them out, at the market—Runciman almost tearing the wires down from New York, trying to stop it; threatening death and destruction to Sinclair. But he was gone by that time. They'd got the man away to the hospital. The doctor had put his foot down.

"That man is deathly sick," he said.

As he didn't have anybody personally interested, and they couldn't take him in the boarding house, naturally he went to the hospital. He didn't want to go, but he couldn't resist much now; he was too weak. And the last thing the poor lunatic did was to leave word for his friends to stick. Hang on! Wall Street was gone. But America was all right. And Union Pacific was going to break through 200!

So we stared and laughed and cursed—and forgot about him, as if he had never existed, in a quarter of an hour. For it was nearly two o'clock now. Two o'clock on the afternoon of October 24, 1907. Runciman and those others who were sold out went raging round the place; the rest of us sat still, watching. And all at once that last hour broke—and the bottom of the world dropped out.

We stood there an hour and more, all silent now—even Runciman; all open-mouthed, watching it. I watched my Union Pacific go down—down, down, down; crashing down to par. Stocks and stock-brokers and banks falling like children's blocks; the tallest towers on Wall Street tottering and wabbling to and fro.

"Huh!" said Runciman as it was closing. "I got out of it better than you did, at that. I saved that much on my margin, anyhow."

And just about as he was saying it the boy who tended the blackboard came over from the telegraph instrument and whispered something to Masury.

"What?" said Masury, trying to straighten up. "Say that again!"

He had been out at the bar across the road an unusual number of times that afternoon. He was in an unusual fog.

"What do you think of that?" he asked, listening again intently.

"What is it?" asked somebody.

"Gone!" he said mistily.

"The house is gone!" said the boy. "I just had it on the wire. Downs & Gayley has suspended!"

"I don't believe it! I don't believe it!" said the messenger from New York, who stood there waiting for the end of the market. He was something—a brother of the junior partner, I think. "I deny it," he said. "The house is as sound as the United States Treasury. I can prove it."

"Maybe it was," said somebody—"at two o'clock!"

"I deny it! I deny it!" said the man again.

He went to the telephone and found out it was true, while we stood like wooden Indians, listening.

"Do you know what's happened here?" said somebody finally—that young doctor, I think it was. "You see what's happened."

Masury stood, staring, in front of him.

"He got our stocks out for us!" said somebody, catching it.

"He saved us! That poor damned lunatic has saved us! Every dollar we had in there!" said the doctor.

"Huh! The poor nut!" said Masury, studying the floor.

I saw Masury, I remember—that day in 1909 when Union Pacific broke through 200—on a street car, going home at night; and we got talking about it.

"I've been thinking all day," said Masury, "about the old Bull on America."

"So have I," said I. "Poor devil!"

"If he was alive now," said Masury, "I'd like to hear the poor nut talk about it."

"So would I."

"We said he was crazy. But was he? Who's crazy now?" said Masury.

I didn't answer him.

"We all made something out of it, I suppose," went on Masury. "Didn't you?"

"A little," said I. "Didn't you? Didn't you keep it?"

"Aha!" he said. "But we didn't stick long enough! He'd have held on," said Masury, "if he'd been able. If he could only have held on to it for himself—if he had only owned that Union outright, what a wad he would have made! What a wad!"

"You're right," said I.

"'It's the principle of the thing I want you to get—the one first principle of investing in this country.' Do you remember that?" said Masury, mimicking the way the man used to talk. "'Be a Bull! Be a Bull on America!' I can hear him now."

"So can I," said I.

"The poor nut!" said Masury, and shook his head.

And then we both turned back to the financial columns in our papers.

"But a good old scout, at that," he said, turning over a page in his. "He saved our lives—if he was crazy. We wouldn't have had a dollar out of that failure if it hadn't been for him and his 'principle.' You don't want to forget that!"

"I don't," said I.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of stories by Mr Turner

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To be cool on a hot day; to have the perspiration from violent exercise absorbed; to have every turn and strain taken easily; to be free from all clinging to your skin; to let your body breathe; to be comfortable in fit and healthful in dress—these things help your game.

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To secure perfect cleanliness of the teeth the dentifrice used must remove every particle of foreign substance from the enamel and preserve and restore the natural lustrous polish. It must purify the mouth and breath, not by covering offensive odors with heavy perfumes but by removing the cause. Finally, to be most effective, it must counteract "Acid-Mouth," the condition which is believed to be the cause of 95% of all tooth decay.

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If you have a gold filling, a porcelain crown, a piece of bridgework or a plate, Pebeco will not harm them but will cleanse them perfectly.

TUBAL CAIN

(Continued from Page 11)

"I am Alexander Hulings," that individual briefly stated; "and I suppose you're Claypole."

The latter's condition, he thought instantaneously, was entirely described by his appearance. James Claypole's person was as neglected as the forge. His stained breeches were engulfed in scarred leather boots, and a coarse black shirt was open on a gaunt chest.

His welcome left nothing to be desired. The dwelling into which he conducted Hulings consisted of a single room, with a small shed kitchen at the rear and two narrow chambers above. There was a pleasant absence of apology for the meager accommodations. James Claypole was an entirely unaffected and simple host.

The late April evening was warm; and after a supper, prepared by Claypole, of thick bacon, potatoes and saleratus biscuit, the two men sat against the outer wall of the house. On the left Hulings could see the end of the forge shed, with the inevitable water wheel hung in a channel cut from the clear stream. The stream wrinkled and whispered along spongy banks, and a flicker hammered on a resonant limb. Hulings stated negligently that he had arrived on the same packet with John Wooddrop, and Claypole retorted:

"A man lost in the world! I tried to wrestle with his spirit, but it was harder than the walls of Jericho."

His eyes glowed with fervor. Hulings regarded him curiously. A religious fanatic! He asked:

"What's been the trouble with Tubal Cain? Other forges appear to flourish about here. This Wooddrop seems to have built a big thing with iron."

"Mammon!" Claypole stated. "Slag; dross! Not this, but the Eternal World." The other failed to comprehend; and he said so irritably. "All that," Claypole specified, waving toward the forge, "takes the thoughts from the Supreme Being. Eager for the Word, and a poor speller-out of the Book, you can't spend priceless hours shingling blooms. And then the men left, one after another, because I stopped pandering to their carnal appetites. No one can indulge in rum here, in a place of mine sealed to God."

"Do you mean that whisky was a part of their pay and that you held it back?" Alexander Hulings demanded curtly. He was without the faintest sympathy for what he termed such arrant folly.

"Yes, just that; a brawling, froward crew. Wooddrop wanted to buy, but I wouldn't extend his wicked dominion, satisfy fleshly lust."

"It's a good forge, then?"

"None better! I built her mostly myself, when I was laying up the treasure that rusted; stone on stone, log on log. Heavy, slow work. The sluice is like a city wall; the anvil bedded on seven feet of oak. It's right! But if I'd known then I should have put up a temple to Jehovah."

Hulings could scarcely contain his impatience.

"Why," he ejaculated, "you might have made a fine thing out of it! Opportunity, opportunity, and you let it go by. For sheer ——"

He broke off at a steady gaze from Claypole's calm blue eyes. It was evident that he would have to restrain any injudicious characterizations of the other's belief. He spoke suddenly:

"I came up here because I was sick and had to get out of Eastlake. I left everything but what little money I had. You see—I was a failure. I'd like to stay with you a while; when perhaps I might get on my feet again. I feel easier than I have for weeks," he realized, surprised that this was so. He had a conviction that he could sleep here, by the stream, in the still, flowering woods. "I haven't any interest in temples," he continued; "but I guess—two men—we won't argue about that. Some allowance on both sides. But I am interested in iron; I'd like to know this forge of yours backward. I've discovered a sort of hankering after the idea; just that—iron. It's a tremendous fact, and you can keep it from rusting."

III

THE following morning Claypole showed Alexander Hulings the mechanics of Tubal Cain. A faint reminiscent pride shone through the later unworldly preoccupation. He lifted the sluice gate, and the water poured through the masoned channel of the forebay and set in motion the wheel, hung with its lower paddles in the course. In the forge shed Claypole bound a connection, and the short haft of the trip hammer, caught in revolving cogs, raised the ponderous head and dropped it, with a jarring clang, on the anvil. The blast of the hearths was driven by water wind, propelled by a piston in a wood cylinder, with an air chamber for even pressure. It was all so elemental that the neglect of the last years had but spread over the forge an appearance of ill repair. Actually it was as sound as the clear oak largely used in its construction.

James Claypole's interest soon faded; he returned to his chair by the door of the dwelling, where he laboriously spelled out the periods of a battered copy of Addison's Evidences of the Christian Religion. He broke the perusal with frequent, ecstatic ejaculations; and when Hulings reluctantly returned from his study of the forge the other was again on his knees, lost in passionate prayer. Hulings grew hungry—Claypole was utterly lost in visions—cooked some bacon and found cold biscuit in the shedlike kitchen.

The afternoon passed into a tenderly perfumed twilight. The forge retreated apparently through the trees into the evening. Alexander Hulings sat regarding it with an increasing impatience; first, it annoyed him to see such a potentiality of power lying fallow, and then his annoyance ripened into an impatience with Claypole that he could scarcely contain. The impracticable ass! It was a crime to keep the wheel stationary, the hearths cold.

He had a sudden burning desire to see Tubal Cain stirring with life; to hear the beat of the hammer forging iron; to see the dark, still interior lurid with fire. He thought again of John Wooddrop, and his instinctive disparagement of the accomplishments of others mocked both them and himself. If himself, Alexander Hulings, had had Claypole's chance, his beginning, he would be more powerful than Wooddrop now.

The law was a trivial foolery compared to the fashioning, out of the earth itself, of iron. Iron, the indispensable! Railroads, in spite of the popular, vulgar disbelief, were a coming great factor; a thousand new uses, refinements, improved processes of manufacture were bound to develop. His thoughts took fire and swept over him in a conflagration of enthusiasm. By heaven, if Claypole had failed he would succeed! He, too, would be an Ironmaster.

A sudden chill overtook him with the night; he shook pitiably; dark fears crept like noxious beetles among his thoughts. James Claypole sat, with his hands on his gaunt knees, gazing, it might be, at a miraculous golden city beyond the black curtain of the world. Later Hulings lay on a couch of boards, folded in coarse blankets and his cape, fighting the familiar evil sinking of his oppressed spirit. He was cold and yet drenched with sweat . . . if he was defeated now, he thought, if he collapsed, he was done, shattered! And in his swirling mental anguish he clung to one stable, cool fact; he saw, like Claypole, a vision; but not gold—great shadowy masses of iron. Before dawn the dread receded; he fell asleep.

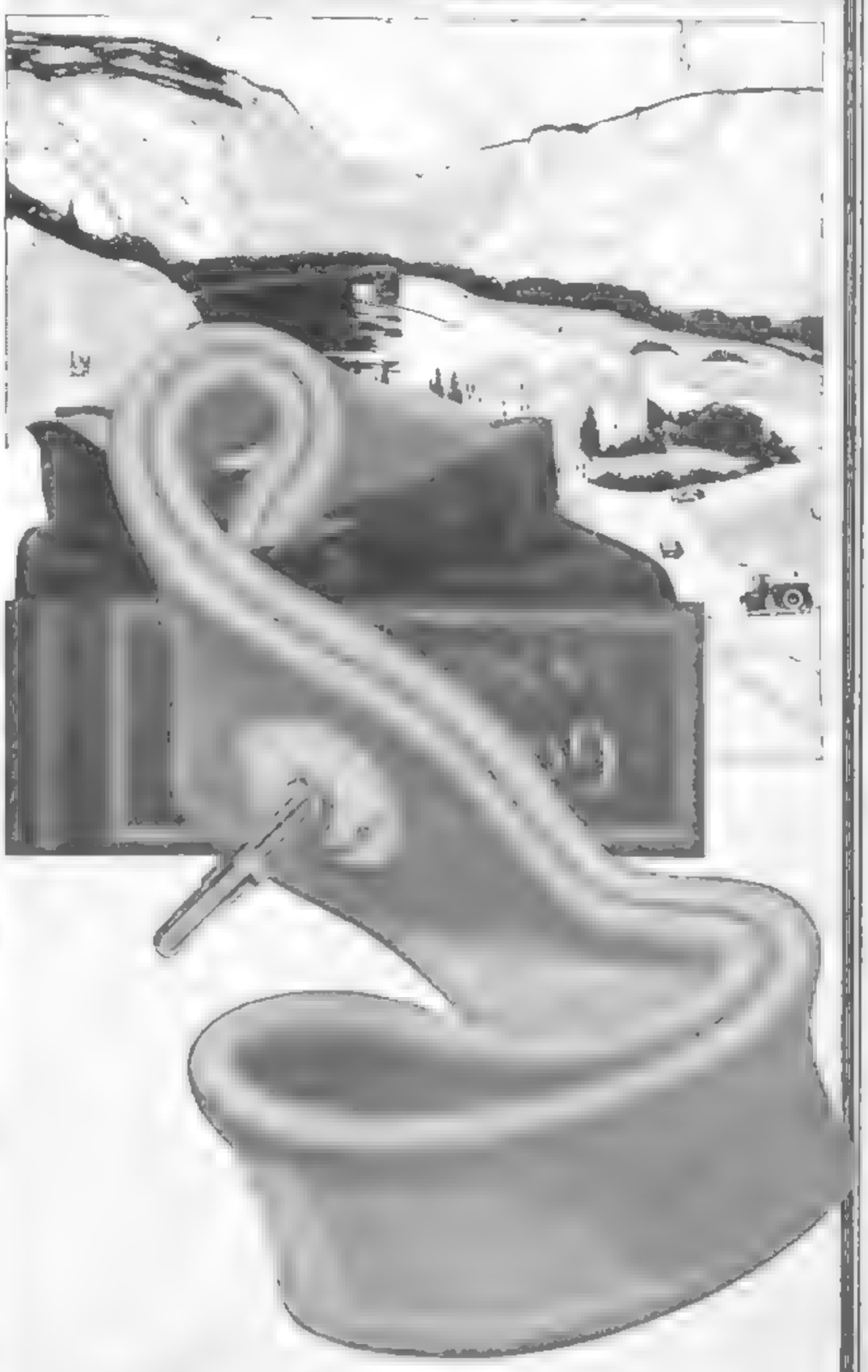
He questioned his companion at breakfast about the details of forging.

"The secret," the latter stated, "is—timber; wood, charcoal. It's bound to turn up; fuel famine will come, unless it is provided against. That's where John Wooddrop's light. He counts on getting it as he goes. A furnace'll burn five or six thousand cords of wood every little while, and that means two hundred or more acres. Back of Harmony, here, are miles of timber the old man won't loose up right for. He calculates no one else can profit with them and takes his own time."

"What does Wooddrop own in the valleys?"

"Well—there's Sally Furnace; the Poole Sawmill tract; the Medlar Forge and Blue Lump; the coal holes on Allen Mountain; Marta Furnace and Reeba Furnace—they ain't right hereabouts; the Lode Orebank; the Blossom Furnace and Charming Forges; Middle and Low Green Forges; the Auspacher Farm ——"

"That will do," Hulings interrupted him moodily; "I'm not an assessor."



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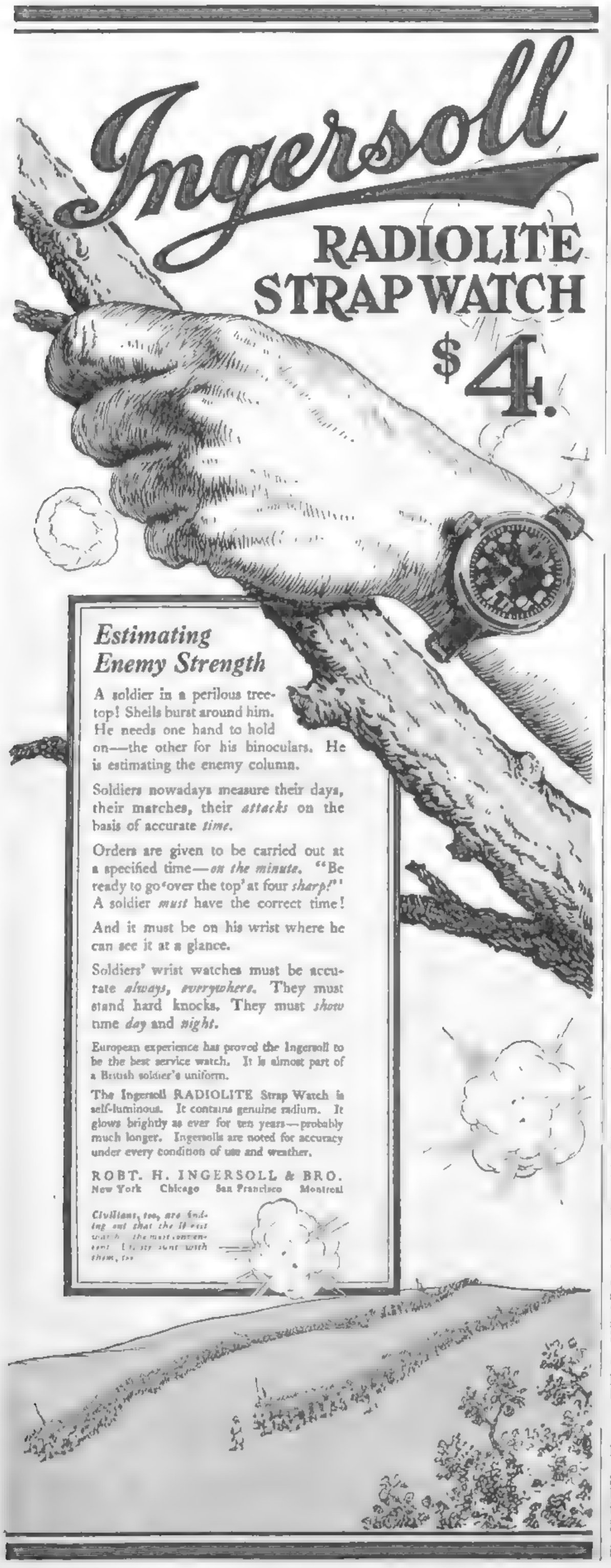
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A soldier in a perilous tree-top! Shells burst around him. He needs one hand to hold on—the other for his binoculars. He is estimating the enemy column.
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Envy lashed his determination to surprising heights. Claypole grew uncommunicative, except for vague references to the Kingdom at hand and the dross of carnal desire. Finally, without a preparatory word, he strode away and disappeared over the rise toward the road. At supper he had not returned; there was no trace of him when, inundated with sleep, Hulings shut the dwelling for the night. All the following day Alexander Hulings expected his host; he spent the hours avidly studying the implements of forging; but the other did not appear. Neither did he the next day, nor the next.

Hulings was surprisingly happy; entirely alone, but for the hidden passage of wagons on the road and the multitudinous birds that inhabited the stream's edge, in the peaceful, increasing warmth of the days and nights his condition slowly improved. He bought supplies at the packet station on the canal and shortly became as proficient at the stove as James Claypole. Through the day he sat in the mild sunlight or speculated among the implements of the forge. He visualized the process of iron making: the rough pigs—there were sows, too, he had gathered—lying outside the shed had come from the furnace. These were put into the hearths and melted—stirred perhaps; then—what were the wooden troughs for?—hammered, wrought on the anvil. Outside were other irregularly round pieces of iron, palpably closer in texture than the pig. The forging of them, he was certain, had been completed. There were, also, heavy bars, three feet in length, squared at each end.

Everything had been dropped apparently at the moment of James Claypole's absorbing view of another, transcending existence. Late in an afternoon—it was May—he heard footfalls descending from the road; and, with a sharp, unreasoning regret, he thought the other man had returned. But it was a short, ungainly man with a purplish face and impressive shoulders. "Where's Jim?" he asked with a marked German accent.

Alexander Hulings told him who he was and all he knew about Claypole.

"I'm Conrad Wishon," the newcomer stated, sinking heavily into a chair. "Did Jim speak of me—his head forgeman? No! But I guess he told you how he stopped the schnapps. Ha! James got religion. And he went away two weeks ago? Maybe he'll never be back. This"—he waved toward the forge—"means nothing to him.

"I live twenty miles up the road, and I saw a Glorywagon coming on—an old Conestoga, with the Bible painted on the canvas, a traveling Shouter slapping the reins, and a congregation of his family staring out the back. James would take up with a thing like that in a shot. Yes, sir; maybe now you will never see him again. And your mother's cousin! There's no other kin I've heard of; and I was with him longer than the others."

Hulings listened with growing interest to the equable flow of Conrad Wishon's statements and mild surprise.

"Things have been bad with me," the smith went on. "My wife, she died Thursday before breakfast; and one thing and another. A son has charge of a coaling gang on Allen Mountain, but I'm too heavy for that; and I was going down to Green Forge when I thought I'd stop and see Jim. But, hell!—Jim's gone; like as not on the Glorywagon. I can get a place at any hearth," he declared pridefully. "I'm a good forger; none better in Hamilton County. When it's shingling a loop I can show 'em all!"

"Have some supper," Alexander Hulings offered.

They sat late into the fragrant night, with the moonlight patterned like a gray carpet at their feet, talking about the smithing of iron. Conrad Wishon revealed the practical grasp of a life capably spent at a single task, and Hulings questioned him with an increasing comprehension.

"If you had money," Wishon explained, "we could do something right here. I'd like to work old Tubal Cain. I understand her."

The other asked:

"How much would it take?"

Conrad Wishon spread out his hands hopelessly.

"A lot; and then a creekful back of that! Soon as Wooddrop heard the trip hammer he'd be after you to close you down. Do it in a hundred ways—no teaming principally."

Hulings' antagonism to John Wooddrop increased perceptibly; he became obsessed by the fantastic thought of establishing himself—Tubal Cain—triumphantly in the face of the established opposition. But he had nothing—no money, knowledge, or even a robust person. Yet his will to succeed in the valleys hardened into a concrete aim. . . . Conrad Wishon would be invaluable.

The latter stayed through the night and even lingered, after breakfast, into the morning. He was reluctant to leave the familiar scene of long toil. They were sitting lost in discussion when the beat of horses' hoofs was arrested on the road, and a snapping of underbrush announced the appearance of a young man with a keen, authoritative countenance.

"Mr. James Claypole?" he asked, addressing them collectively.

Alexander Hulings explained what he could of Claypole's absence.

"It probably doesn't matter," the other returned. "I was told the forge wasn't run, for some foolishness or other." He turned to go.

"What did you want with him—with Tubal Cain?" Conrad Wishon asked.

"Twenty-five tons of blooms."

"Now if this was ten years back ——"

The young man interrupted the smith, with a gesture of impatience, and turned to go. Hulings asked Conrad Wishon swiftly:

"Could it be done here? Could the men be got? And what would it cost?"

"It could," said Wishon; "they might; and a thousand dollars would perhaps see it through."

Hulings sharply called the retreating figure back.

"Something more about this twenty-five tons," he demanded.

"For the Penn Rolling Mills," the other crisply replied. "We're asking for delivery in five weeks; but that might be extended a little—at, of course, a loss on the ton. The quality must be first grade."

Wishon grunted.

"Young man," he said, "blooms I made would hardly need blistering to be called steel."

"I'm Philip Grere," the newcomer stated, "of Grere Brothers; and they're the Penn Rolling Mills. We want good blooms soon as possible and it seems there's almost none loose. If you can talk iron, immediate iron, let's get it on paper; if not I have a long way to drive."

When he had gone Conrad Wishon sat staring, with mingled astonishment and admiration, at Hulings.

"But," he protested, "you don't know nothing about it!"

"You do!" Alexander Hulings told him; he saw himself as a mind, of which Wishon formed the trained and powerful body.

"Perhaps Jim will come back," the elder man continued.

"That is a possibility," Alexander admitted. "But I am going to put every dollar I own into the chance of finishing those twenty-five tons."

The smith persisted:

"But you don't know me; perhaps I'm a rascal and can't tell a puddling furnace from a chafery."

Hulings regarded him shrewdly.

"Conrad," he demanded, "can Tubal Cain do it?"

"By *Gott*," Wishon exclaimed, "she can!"

After an hour of close calculation Conrad Wishon rose with surprising agility.

"I've got enough to do besides sitting here. Tubal Cain ought to have twenty men, anyhow; perhaps I can get eight. There's Mathias Slough, a good hammerman. He broke an elbow at Charming and Wooddrop won't have him back; but he can work still. Hance, a good nigger, is at my place; and there is another—Surrie. Haines Zerbey, too, worked at refining; but you'll need to watch his rum. Perhaps Old Man Boeshore will lend a hand, and he's got a strapping grandson—Emanuel. Jeremiah Stell don't know much, but he'd let you cut a finger off for a dollar." He shook his head gravely. "That is a middling poor collection."

Alexander Hulings felt capable of successfully operating Tubal Cain with a shift of blind paralytics. A conviction of power, of vast capability, possessed him. Suddenly he seemed to have become a part of the world that moved, of its creative energy; he was like a piece of machinery newly connected with the forceful driving whole. Conrad Wishon had promised to return the next day with the men he had enumerated, and Alexander opened the small scattered buildings about the forge. There were, he

(Continued on Page 84)

Sealpax

A Better Athletic Underwear

Sold in a Cleaner Way

SEALPAX is for men who want a better athletic underwear—and who think of its cleanliness before putting it on.

Sealpax is for men who appreciate a "free-cut" athletic garment that is cool to the last degree and comfortable without a pull or a pinch.

Sealpax is for men who like their underwear fresh from the laundry, unhandled and unmussed. Sealpax goes from laundry to wearer in a crisp, transparent container. No handling, not a fleck of dust, germ-proof.

Sealpax is for men who desire downright comfort. Sealpax has many exclusive comfort features which appeal to them.

It's for men who appreciate fine, cool, airy fabrics carefully sewn together—perfect in every detail from fabric to fit. *Sealpax is the perfect athletic underwear.*

You are entitled to wear "a better athletic underwear, sold in a cleaner way." Ask for Sealpax. Insist upon it. Don't accept a substitute.

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1500 lb. Chassis

Loading space 7 ft. long by 45 inches wide.

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[illegible] Ill.
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Hartford, Conn.
Haverhill, Mass.
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[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
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[illegible] Ill.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
[illegible]
Providence, R. I.
Reading, Pa.
Richmond, Va.
[illegible]
Savannah, Ga.
Schenectady, N. Y.
Springfield, Mass.
[illegible], Mo.
Tacoma, Wash.
[illegible], Ohio
Trenton, N. J.
[illegible]
Wilmington, Del.

A few territories still open to substantial dealers

QUALITY TRUCKS Stewart QUANTITY PRICES

(Continued from Page 82)

found, sufficient living provisions for eight or ten men out of a moldering quantity of primitive bed furnishings, rusted tin and cracked glass. But it was fortunate that the days were steadily growing warmer.

Wishon had directed him to clean out the channel of the forebay, and throughout the latter half of the day he was tearing heavy weeds from the interstices of the stones, laboring in a chill slime that soon completely covered him. He removed heavy rocks, matted dead bushes, banked mud; and after an hour he was cruelly, impossibly weary. He slipped and bruised a shoulder, cut open his cheek; but he impatiently spat out the blood trailing into his mouth, and continued working. His weariness became a hell of acute pain; without manual practice his movements were clumsy; he wasted what strength he had. Yet as his suffering increased he grew only more relentlessly methodical in the execution of his task. He picked out insignificant obstructions, scraped away grass that offered no resistance to the water power. When he had finished, the forebay, striking in at an angle from the stream to the wheel, was meticulously clean.

He stumbled into his dwelling and fell on the bed, almost instantly asleep, without removing a garment, caked with filth; and never stirred until the sun again flooded the room. He cooked and ravenously ate a tremendous breakfast, and then forced himself to walk the dusty miles that lay between Tubal Cain and the canal. His legs seemed to be totally without joints and his spine felt like a white-hot bar. At the store about which the insignificant village of Harmony clustered he ordered and paid for a great box of supplies, later carried by an obliging teamster with himself to the forge.

Once more there, he addressed himself to digging out the slag that had hardened in the hearths. The lightest bar soon became insuperably ponderous; it wabbled in his grasp, evaded what he struck at. Vicious tears streamed over his blackened countenance and he maintained a constant audible flow of bitter invective. But even that arduous task was nearly accomplished when dark overtook him.

He stripped off his garments, dropping them where he stood, by the forge shed, and literally fell forward into the stream. The cold shock largely revived him and he supped on huge tins of coffee and hard flitch. Immediately after he dropped asleep as if he had been knocked unconscious by a club.

At midmorning he heard a rattle of conveyance from the road and his name called. Above he found a wagon, without a top, filled with the sorriest collection of humanity he had ever viewed, and drawn by a dejected bony horse and a small wicked mule.

"Here they are," Conrad Wishon announced; "and Hance brought along his girl to cook."

Mathias Slough, the hammerman, was thin and gray, as if his face was covered with cobwebs; Hance, Conrad's "nigger," black as an iron bloom, was carrying upside down a squawking hen; Surrie, lighter, had a dropped jaw and hands that hung below his knees; Haines Zerbey had pale, swimming eyes, and executed a salute with a battered flat beaver hat; Old Man Boeshore resembled a basin, bowed in at the stomach; his mouth had sunk on toothless gums, but there was agility in his step; while Emanuel, his grandson, a towering hulk of youth, presented a facial expanse of mingled pimples and down. Jeremiah Stell was a small, shriveled man, with dead-white hair on a smooth, pinkish countenance.

Standing aside from the nondescript assemblage of men and transient garments, Alexander Hulings surveyed them with cold determination; two emotions possessed him—one of an almost humorous dismay at the slack figures on whom so much depended; and a second, stronger conviction that he could force his purpose even from them. They were, in a manner, his first command; his first material from which to build the consequence, the success, that he felt was his true expression.

He addressed a few brief periods to them; there was no warmth, no effort to conciliate, in his tones, his dry statement of a heavy task for a merely adequate gain. He adopted this attitude instinctively, without forethought; he was dimly conscious, as a principle, that underpaid men were more easily driven that those overfully rewarded. And he intended to drive the men before him to the limit of their capability. They had no individual existence for Alexander Hulings, no humanity; they were merely the implements of a projection of his own; their names—Haines Zerbey, Slough—had no more significance than the terms bellows or tongs.

They scattered to the few habitations by the stream, structures mostly of logs and plaster; and in a little while there rose the odorous smoke and sputtering fat of Hance's girl's cooking. Conrad Wishon soon started the labor of preparing the forge. Jeremiah Stell, who had some slight knowledge of carpentry, was directed to repair the plunger of the water-wind apparatus. Slough was testing the beat and control of the trip hammer. Hance and Surrie carried outside the neglected heaps of iron hooks and tongs. Conrad explained to Alexander Hulings:

"I sent word to my son about the charcoal; he'll leave it at my place, but we shall have to haul it from there. Need another mule—maybe two. There's enough pig here to start; and my idea is to buy all we will need now, at Blue Lump; they'll lend us a sled, so's we will have it in case old Wooddrop tries to clamp down on us. I'll go along this afternoon and see the head furnace man. It will take money."

Without hesitation, Hulings put a considerable part of his entire small capital into the other's hand. At suppertime Conrad Wishon returned with the first load of metal for the Penn Rolling Mills contract.

Later Hance produced a wheezing accordion and, rocking on his feet, drew out long, wailing notes. He sang:

"Brothers, let us leave
Bukra Land for Hayti;
There we be receive'
Grand as Lafayette."

"With changes of men," Conrad continued to Alexander Hulings, "the forges could run night and day, like customary. But with only one lot we'll have to sleep. Someone will stay up to tend the fires."

In the morning the labor of making the wrought blooms actually commenced. Conrad Wishon and Hance at one hearth, and Haines Zerbey with Surrie at the other, stood ceaselessly stirring, with long iron rods, the fluxing metal at the incandescent cores of the fires. Alexander then saw that the troughs of water were to cool the rapidly heating rods. Conrad Wishon was relentless in his insistence on long working of the iron. There were, already, muttered protests. "The dam' stuff was cooked an hour back!" But he drowned the objections in a surprising torrent of German-American cursing.

Hulings was outside the shed when he heard the first dull fall of the hammer; and it seemed to him that the sound had come from a sudden pounding of his expanded heart. He, Alexander Hulings, was making iron; his determination, his capability and will were hammering out of the stubborn raw material of earth a foothold for himself and a justification! The smoke, pouring blackly, streaked with crimson sparks, from the forge shed, sifted a fine soot on the green-white flowers of a dogwood tree. A metallic clamor rose; and Emanuel, the youth, stripped to the waist and already smeared with sweat and grime, came out for a gulping breath of unsullied air.

The characteristics of the small force soon became apparent. Conrad Wishon labored ceaselessly, with an unimpaired power at fifty apparent to even Alexander's intense self-absorption. Of the others, Hance, the negro, was easily the superior; his strength was Herculean, his willingness inexhaustible. Surrie was sullen. Mathias Slough constantly grumbled at the meager provisions for his comfort and efforts; yet he was a skillful workman. When Alexander had correctly gauged Zerbey's daily dram the latter, too, was useful; but the others were negligible. They made the motions of labor, but force was absent.

Alexander Hulings watched with narrowed eyes. When he was present the work in the shed notably improved; all the men except Conrad avoided his implacable gaze. He rarely addressed a remark to them; he seemed withdrawn from the operation that held so much for him. Conrad Wishon easily established his dexterity at "shingling a loop."

Working off a part of a melting sow, he secured it with wide-jawed shingling tongs; and, steadying the pulsating mass on an iron plate, he sledged it into a bloom. For ten hours daily the work continued, the hearths burned, the trip hammer fell and fell. The interior of the shed was a grimy shadow lit with lurid flares and rose and gentian flowers

(Continued on Page 86)

How to be Comfortable and Modish

Keds

Canvas Rubber-soled Footwear for the Family

HERE is a trim-looking, easy-fitting shoe of latest style that you can wear all day with greatest comfort.

Keds have springy rubber soles and rubber heels in varying heights, with tops of flexible canvas of a specially woven, fine grade.

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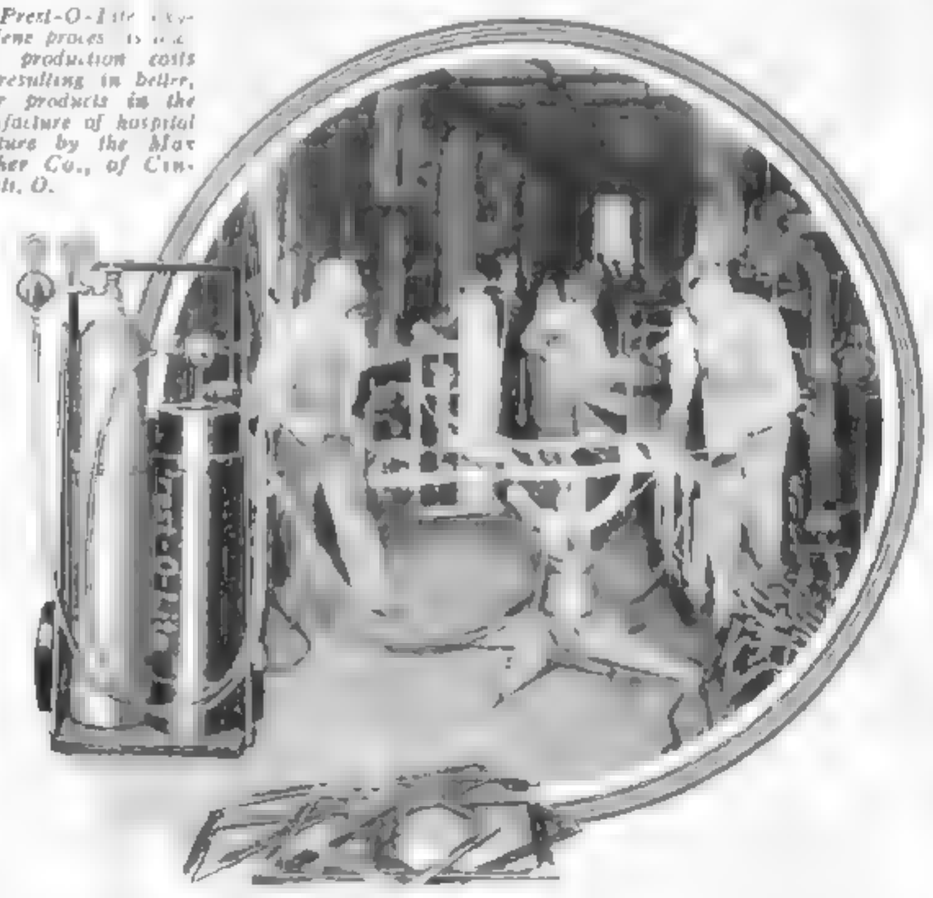

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The finished product is neater and stronger. Production is simplified, and other striking economies are obtained.

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55 Branches and Charging Plants

World's Largest Makers of Dissolved Acetylene

(Continued from Page 84)

of iron. Ruddy reflections slid over glistening shoulders and intent, bitter faces; harsh directions, voices, sounded like the grating of castings.

The oddly assorted team was dispatched for charcoal, and then sent with a load of blooms to the canal. Hance had to be spared, with Surrie, for that; the forge was short of labor; and Alexander Hulings joined Conrad in the working of the metal. It was, he found, exhausting labor. He was light and unskilled, and the mass on the hearth slipped continually from his stirring; or else it fastened, with a seeming spite, on his rod, and he was powerless to move it. Often he swung from his feet, straining in supreme, wrenching effort. His body burned with fatigue; his eyes were scorched by the heat of the fires; he lost count of days and nights. They merged imperceptibly one into another; he must have dreamed of his racking exertions, for apparently they never ceased.

Alexander became indistinguishable from the others; all cleanness was forgot; he ate in a stupefaction of weariness, securing with his fingers whatever was put before him. He was engaged in a struggle the end of which was hidden in the black smoke perpetually hanging over him; in the torment of the present, an inhuman suffering to which he was bound by a tyrannical power outside his control, he lost all consciousness of the future.

The hammerman's injured arm prevented his working for two days, and Alexander Hulings cursed him in a stammering rage, before which the other was shocked and dumb. He drove Old Man Boeshore and his grandson with consideration for neither age nor youth; the elder complained endlessly; tears even slid over his corrugated face; the youth was brutally burned; but Hulings never relaxed his demands.

It was as if they had all been caught in a whirlpool, in which they fought vainly for release—the whirlpool of Alexander Hulings' domination. They whispered together; he heard fragments of intended revolt; but under his cold gaze, his thin, tight lips, they subsided uneasily. It was patent that they were abjectly afraid of him. . . . The blooms moved in a small but unbroken stream over the road to the canal.

He had neglected to secure other horses or mules; and, while waiting for a load of iron on the rough track broken from the road to the forge, the horse slid to his knees, fell over, dead—the last ounce of effort wrung from his angular frame. The mule seemed impervious to fatigue; with his ears perpetually laid back and a raised lip, his spirit, his wickedness, persisted in the face of appalling toil. The animal's name, Hulings knew, was Alexander; he had overheard Hance explaining this to Old Man Boeshore:

"That mule's bound to be Alexander; ain't nobody but an Alexander work like that mule! He's bad too; he'd lay you cold and go right on about his business."

Old man Boeshore had muttered something excessively bitter about the name Alexander.

"If you sh'd ask me," he stated, "I'd tell you that he ain't human. He's got a red light in his eye, like ——"

Hulings had gathered that this was not still directed at the mule.

More than half of the order for the Penn Rolling Mills had been executed and lay piled by the canal. He calculated the probable time still required, the amount he would unavoidably lose through the delay of faulty equipment and insufficient labor. If James Claypole came back now, he thought, and attempted interference, he would commit murder. It was evening, and he was seated listlessly, with his chair tipped back against the dwelling he shared with Conrad Wishon. The latter, close by, was bowed forward, his head, with a silvery gleam of faded hair, sunk on his breast. A catbird was whistling an elaborate and poignant song, and the invisible stream passed with a faint, choked whisper.

"We're going to have trouble with that girl of Hance's," Wishon pronounced suddenly; "she has taken to meeting Surrie in the woods. If Hance comes on them there will be wet knives!"

Such mishaps, Alexander Hulings knew, offered real menace to his success. The crippling or loss of Hance might easily prove fatal to his hopes; the negro, immensely powerful, equable and willing, was of paramount importance.

"I'll stop that!" he declared. But the trouble developed before he had time to intervene.

He came on the two negroes the following morning, facing each other, with, as Conrad had predicted, drawn knives. Hance stood still; but Surrie, with bent knees and the point of his steel almost brushing the grass, moved about the larger man. Hulings at once threw himself between them.

"What damned nonsense's this?" he demanded. "Get back to the team, Hance; and you, Surrie, drop your knife!"

The former was on the point of obeying, when Surrie ran in with a sweeping hand. Alexander Hulings jumped forward in a cold fury and felt a sudden numbing slice across his cheek. He had a dim consciousness of blood smearing his shoulder; but all his energy was directed on the stooped figure falling away from his glittering rage.

"Get out!" he directed in a thin, evil voice. "If you are round here in ten minutes I'll blow a hole through your skull!"

Surrie was immediately absorbed by the underbrush.

Hulings had a long diagonal cut from his brow across and under his ear. It bled profusely, and as his temper receded faintness dimmed his vision. Conrad Wishon blotted the wound with cobwebs; a cloth, soon stained, was bound about Alexander's head; and after dinner he was again in the forge, whipping the flagging efforts of his men with a voice like a thin leather thong. If the labor was delayed he recognized that the contract would not be filled. The workmen were wearing out, like the horse. He moved young Emanuel to the hauling with Hance, the wagon now drawn by three mules. The hammerman's injured arm had grown inflamed and he was practically one-handed in his management of the trip hammer.

While carrying a lump of iron to the anvil the staggering, ill-assorted group with the tongs dropped their burden, and stood gazing stupidly at the fallen, glowing mass. They were hardly revived by Hulings' lashing scorn. He had increased Haines Zerbey's daily dram, but the drunkard was now practically useless. Jeremiah Stell contracted an intermittent fever; and, though he still toiled in the pursuit of his coveted wage, he was of doubtful value.

Alexander Hulings' body had become as hard as Conrad's knotted forearm. He ate huge amounts of half-cooked pork, washed hastily down by tin cups of black coffee, and fell into instant slumber when the slightest opportunity offered. His face was matted by an unkempt beard; his hands, the pale hands of an Eastlake lawyer, were black, like Hance's, with palms of leather. He surveyed himself with curious amusement in a broken fragment of looking-glass nailed to the wall; the old Hulings, pursued by inchoate dread, had vanished. . . . In his place was Alexander Hulings, a practical iron man! He repeated the descriptive phrase aloud, with an accent of arrogant pride. Later, with an envelope from the Penn Rolling Mills, he said it again, with even more confidence; he held the pay for the blooms which he had—it seemed in another existence—promised to deliver.

He stood leaning on a tree before the forge; within Conrad Wishon and Hance were piling the metal hooks with sharp, ringing echoes. All the others had vanished magically, at once, as if from an exhausted spell. Old Man Boeshore had departed with a piping implication, supported by Emanuel, his grandson.

Alexander Hulings was reviewing his material situation. It was three hundred and thirty dollars better than it had been on his arrival at Tubal Cain. In addition to that he had a new store of confidence, his indomitable pride, vanity, a more actual support. He gazed with interest toward the near future, and with no little doubt. It was patent that he should not proceed as he had begun; such combinations could not be forced a second time. He intended to remain at James Claypole's forge, conducting it as though it were his own—for the present, anyhow; but he should have to get an efficient working body; and many additions were necessary—among them a blacksmith shop. He had, with Conrad Wishon, the conviction that Claypole would not return.

More capital would be necessary. He was revolving this undeniable fact when, through the lush June foliage, he saw an open carriage turn from the road and descend to the forge clearing. It held an erect, trimly whiskered form and a negro driver. The former was John Wooddrop. He gazed with surprise, that increased to a recognition, a memory, of Alexander Hulings.

"Jim Claypole?" he queried.

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"Solenne in quest' ora"
from
LA FORZA DEL DESTINO
by MR. KARL JÖRN *and*
MR. ARTHUR MIDDLETON
of the
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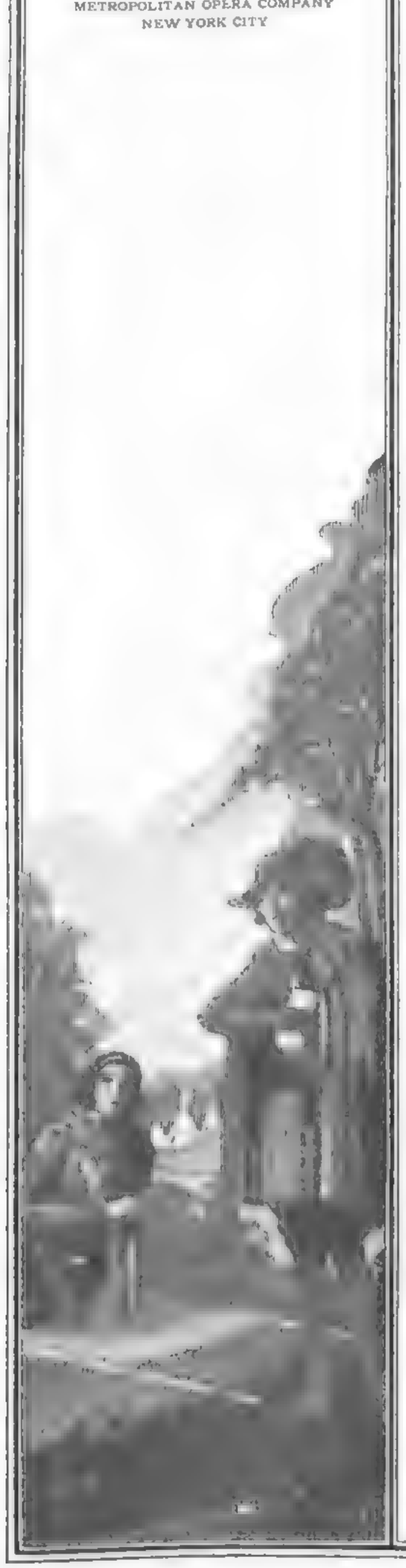

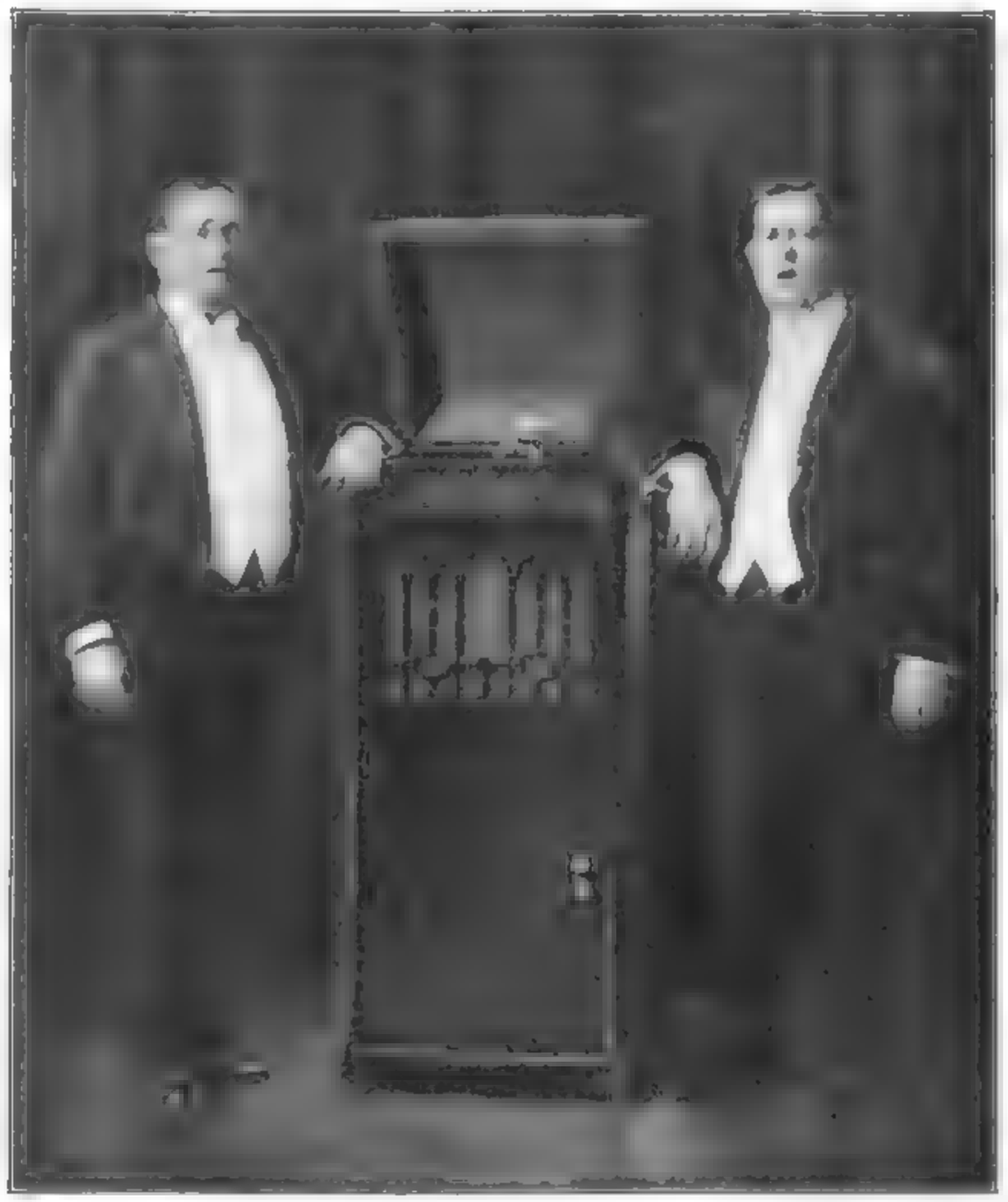

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NOTICE: Please do not ask our dealers to sell you Edison Re-Creations if you intend to attempt to play them on any other instrument than the New Edison.

Heavy Stone Price $1.25

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"Hand me that plug please—I want to see if it says 'Champion' on the porcelain.

"Hereafter when you buy plugs, make sure they always have 'Champion' on the *porcelain* as well as on the box."

Successful business men may spend money carelessly for pleasures, but they are cautious and exacting in such important purchases as spark plugs.

An inferior plug can completely handicap the performance of a costly machine—while "Champion" spark plugs make *any* priced car perform better.

There is no excuse for not getting maximum service from your motor, not if the plugs you buy say "Champion" on the porcelain.

The *number* of cylinders is not as important as the *results* obtained from them. "Champion" spark plugs insure the desired results.

Champion Spark Plug Co.
Toledo Ohio

Canadian Office
Champion Spark Plug Co. of Canada, Limited
Windsor, Ont

(Continued from Page 86)

"Not here," Hulings replied, even more laconic.

"Nonsense! I hear he's been running Tubal Cain again. Tell him—and I've no time to dawdle—that John Wooddrop's here."

"Well, Claypole's not," the other repeated. "He's away. I'm running this forge—Alexander Hulings."

Wooddrop's mouth drew into a straight hard line from precise whisker to whisker.

"I have been absent," he said finally. It was palpably an explanation, almost an excuse. Conrad Wishon appeared from within the forge shed. "Ah, Conrad!" John Wooddrop ejaculated pleasantly. "Glad to see you at the hearth again. Come and see me in the morning."

"I think I'll stay here," the forgeman replied, "now Tubal Cain's working."

"Then, in a week or so," the Ironmaster answered imperturbably.

All Alexander Hulings' immaterial dislike of Wooddrop solidified into a concrete, vindictive enmity. He saw the beginning of a long, bitter, stirring struggle.

IV

"THAT'S about it!" Conrad Wishon affirmed. They were seated by the doorway of the dwelling at Tubal Cain. It was night, and hot; and the heavy air was constantly fretted by distant, vague thunder. Alexander Hulings listened with pinched lips. "I saw Derek, the founder at Blue Lump, and ordered the metal; then he told me that Wooddrop had sent word out not to sell a pig outside his own forges. That comes near closing us up. I misdoubt that we could get men, anyhow—not without we went to Pittsburgh; and that would need big orders, big money. The old man's got us kind of shut in here, with only three mules and one wagon—we couldn't make out to haul any distance; and John Wooddrop picks up all the loose teams. It looks bad, that's what it does. No credit too; I stopped at Harmony for some forge hooks, and they wouldn't let me take them away until you had paid. A word's been dropped there likewise."

Hulings could see, without obvious statement, that he occupied a difficult position; it was impossible seemingly, with his limited funds and equipment, to go forward and—no backward course existed: nothing but a void, ruin, the way across which had been destroyed. He turned with an involuntary dread from the fleeting contemplation of the past, mingled with monotony and suffering, and set all his cold, passionate mind on the problem of his future. He would, he told himself, succeed with iron here. He would succeed in spite of John Wooddrop—no, because of the Ironmaster; the latter increasingly served as a concrete object of comparison, an incentive, a deeply involved spectator.

He lost himself in a gratifying vision, when Conrad's voice, shattering the facile heights he had mounted, again fastened his attention on the exigencies of the present.

"A lot of money!" the other repeated. "I guess we'll have to shut down; but I'd almost rather drive mules on the canal than go to John Wooddrop."

Hulings declared: "You'll do neither; and Tubal Cain won't shut down!" He rose; turned into the house.

"What's up?" Wishon demanded at the sudden movement.

"I'm going after money," he responded from within—"enough. A packet goes east before dawn."

If the canal boat had seemed to go slowly on his way to Harmony, it appeared scarcely to stir on his return. There was no immediate train connection at Columbus, and he footed the uneven shaded streetways in an endless pattern, unconscious of houses, trees or passing people, lost in the rehearsal of what he had to say, until the horn of an immediate departure summoned him to a seat in a coach.

The candles at each end sent a shifting, pale illumination over the cramped interior, voluminous skirts and prodigiously whiskered countenances. Each delay increased his impatience to a muttering fury; it irked him that he was unable to declare himself, Alexander Hulings, to the train captain, and by the sheer bulk of that name force a more rapid progress.

Finally in Eastlake, Veneada gazed at him out of a silent astonishment.

"You say you're Alex Hulings!" the doctor exclaimed. "Some of you seems to be; but the rest is—by heaven, iron! I'll admit now I was low about you when you left, in April; I knew you had gimp, and counted on it; however ——" The period expired in a wondering exhalation. Veneada pounded on his friend's chest, dug into his arm. "A horse!" he declared.

Alexander Hulings impatiently withdrew from the other's touch.

"Veneada," he said, "once you asked me to come to you if I wanted money, if I happened on a good thing. I said nothing at the time, because I couldn't picture an occasion when I'd do such a thing. Well—it's come. I need money, and I'm asking you for it. And, I warn you, it will be a big sum. If you can't manage it I must go somewhere else; I'd go to China, if necessary; I'd stop people, strangers, on the street.

"A big sum," Hulings reiterated somberly; "perhaps ten, perhaps twenty, thousand. Not a loan," he added immediately; "but an investment—an investment in me. You must come out to Harmony with me. I can't explain; it wouldn't sound convincing in Eastlake. In the valleys, at Tubal Cain, the thing will be self-evident. I have made a beginning with practically nothing; and I can go on. But it will require capital, miles of forest, furnaces built, Pittsburgh swept bare of good men. No"—he held up a hardened, arresting palm—"don't attempt to discuss it now. Come out to Tubal Cain and see; learn about John Wooddrop and how to turn iron into specie."

After another day there were three chairs canted against the stone wall of the little house by the stream that drove Tubal Cain Forge. Conrad Wishon, with a vermilion shirt open on a broad, haired chest, listened with wonderment to the sharp periods of Alexander Hulings and Veneada; he heard incredulously mammoth sums of money estimated, projected, dismissed as commonplace. Veneada said:

"I've always believed in your ability, Alex; all that I questioned was the opportunity. Now that has gone; the chance is here. You've got those steel-wire fingers of yours about something rich; and you will never let go. It sounds absurd to go up against this Wooddrop, a despot and a firmly established power; anyone might well laugh at me; but I feel a little sorry for the older man. He doesn't know you.

"You haven't got insides, sympathies, weaknesses, like the others of us; the thing is missing in you that ordinarily betrays human men into slips; yes—compassion. You are not pretty to think about, Alex; but I suppose power never really is. You know I've got money and you know, too, that you can have it. As safe with you as in a bank vault!"

"We'll go back to Eastlake to-morrow," Hulings decided, "lay out our plans and draw up papers. We'll buy the loose timber quietly through agents; I'll never appear in any of it. After that we can let out the contracts for two furnaces. I don't know anything about them now; but I shall in a week. Wishon had better live on here, pottering about the forge, until he can be sent to Pittsburgh after workmen. His pay will start to-morrow."

"What about Tubal Cain, and that fellow—what's his name?"

"Claypole, James. I'll keep a record of what his forge makes, along with mine, and bank it. Common safety. Then I must get over to New York, see the market there, men. I have had letters from an anchor foundry in Philadelphia. There are nail factories, locomotive shops, stove plate, to furnish. A hundred industries. I'll have them here in time—rolling mills you will hear back in the mountains. People on the packets will see the smoke of my furnaces—Alexander Hulings' iron!"

"You might furnish me with a pass, so that I could occasionally walk through and admire," Veneada said dryly.

Hulings never heard him.

"I'll have a mansion," he added abstractedly, "better than Wooddrop's, with more rooms ——"

"All full, I suppose, of little glorious Hulingses!" the doctor interrupted.

Alexander regarded him unmoved. His thoughts suddenly returned to Hallie Flower. He saw her pale, strained face; her clasped hands; he heard the thin echo of her mingled patience and dismay: "Then I'll never be married!" There was no answering stir of regret, remorse; she slipped forever out of his consciousness, as if she had been a shadow vanishing before a flood of hard, white light.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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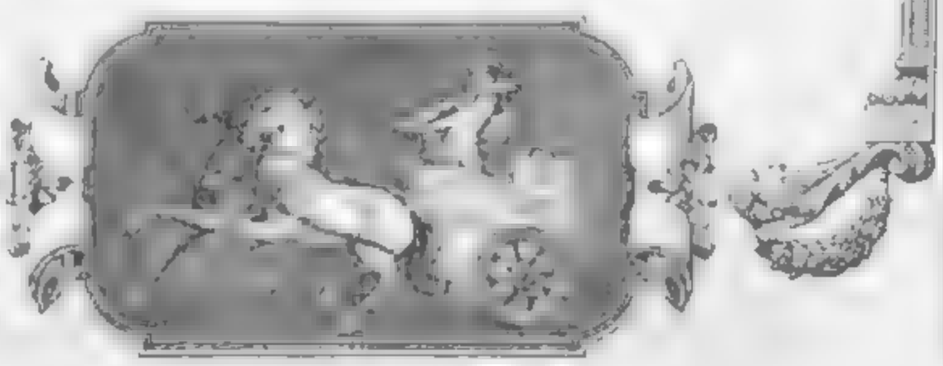


OVER, UNDER, AROUND OR THROUGH

(Continued from Page 25)

rock, when you don't know where it is or what it looks like—that is not to be thought of. Too much like dipping up the Atlantic Ocean with a fountain pen to suit me!"

"Then, by your own showing," rejoined Mitchell triumphantly, "I am not only entitled to a share of the mine but I am fairly deserving of the biggest share. I met this ignorant mountaineer, of whom you stand in such awe, took his measure and won his confidence. What you failed to do by risk, with numbers on your side, what you shrink from attempting by labor and patience, I have accomplished by an hour's diplomacy. Johnson has given me full directions for finding the mine—and a map."

"What? Johnson would never do that in a thousand years!"

"It is as I say. See for yourself." Mitchell displayed the document proudly.

Zurich took one look at that amazing map; then his feelings overcame him; he laid his head on the table and wept.

Painful explanation ensued; comparison with an authentic map carried conviction to Mitchell's whirling mind.

"And you thought you could take Johnson's measure?" said Zurich in conclusion. "Man, he played with you. It is by no means certain that Johnson will like it in jail. If he comes back here, and finds that you have not been near your cousin, he may grow suspicious. And if he ever gets after you the Lord have mercy on your soul! Well, there comes the stage. I must go and distribute the mail. Give me this map of yours; I must have it framed. I wouldn't take a fortune for it. Tinhorn Mountain! Dear, oh dear!"

He came back a little later in a less mirthful mood. Had not the crestfallen Mitchell been thoroughly engrossed with his own hurts, he might have perceived that Zurich himself was considerably subdued.

"It is about time for you to take steps again," said Zurich. "Glance over this letter. It came on the stage just now. Dated at Tucson last night."

Mitchell read this:

"Dear Mister: Johnson is back and no pitch hot. Look out for yourself. He overreached me; he knows who got Bat Wiley's money, and he can prove it.

"He thinks I am doing a dive for Mexico; but I'm not. I am watching him. I think he means to make a dash for the mine tonight; and I'm going to follow him till I get the direction. Of course he may go south into Mexico. If he does he'll have too big a start to be caught. But if he goes west you can head him off and cut sign on him. Slim is at Silverbell, waiting with a car to bring you a wire from me, which I'll send only if Johnson goes west, or thereabouts. If I send the message at all it should follow close on this letter. Slim drives his car like a drunk Indian. Be ready! Johnson is too much for me. Maybe you can handle him. D."

"I would suggest Patagonia," said Zurich kindly. "No; get yourself sent up to the pen for life—that'll be best. He wouldn't look for you there."

Zurich found but three of his confederacy available—Jim Scarboro and Bill Dorsey, the Jim and Bill of the horse camp and the shooting match—and Eric Anderson; but these were his best. They made a pack; they saddled horses; they filled canteens—and rifles.

Slim's car came to Cobre at half past nine. The message from Dewing ran thus:

"For Fishhook Mountain. Benavides, S., J., and another. Ten words."

Five minutes later the four confederates thundered south through the night. At daylight they made a change of horses at a far-lying Mexican rancheria, Zurich's check paying the shot; they bought two five-gallon kegs and lashed them to the pack, to be filled when needed. At nine in the morning they came to Fishhook Mountain.

Fishhook Mountain is midmost in the great desert; Quijotoa Valley, desolate and dim, lies to the east of it, gullied, dust-deviled and forlorn.

The name gives the mountain's shape—two fishhooks bound together back to back, one prong to the east, the other to the west, the barbs pointing to the north. Sweetwater Spring is on the barb of the eastern hook; three miles west, on the main shank, an all but impassable trail climbed to Hardscrabble Tanks.

At the foot of this trail Zurich and his party halted. Far out on the eastern plain they saw, through Zurich's spyglass, a slow procession, heading directly for them.

"We've beat 'em to it!" said Eric.

"That country out there is washed out something terrible, for all it looks so flat," said Jim Scarboro sympathetically. "They've got to ride slow. Gee, I bet it's hot out there!"

"One thing sure," said Eric: "there's no such mine as that on Fishhook. I've prospected every foot of it."

"They'll noon at Sweetwater," said Zurich. "You boys go on up to Hardscrabble. Take my horse. I'll go over to Sweetwater and hide out in the rocks to see what I can find out. There's a stony place where I can get across without leaving any trail.

"Unsaddle and water. Leave the pack here, you'd better, and my saddle. They are not coming here—nothing to come for. You can sleep, turn about, one watching the horses, and come on down when you see me coming back."

It was five hours later when the watchers on Hardscrabble saw the Johnson party turn south, up the valley between barb and shank of the mountain; an hour after that Zurich rejoined them, as they repacked at the trail foot, and made his report:

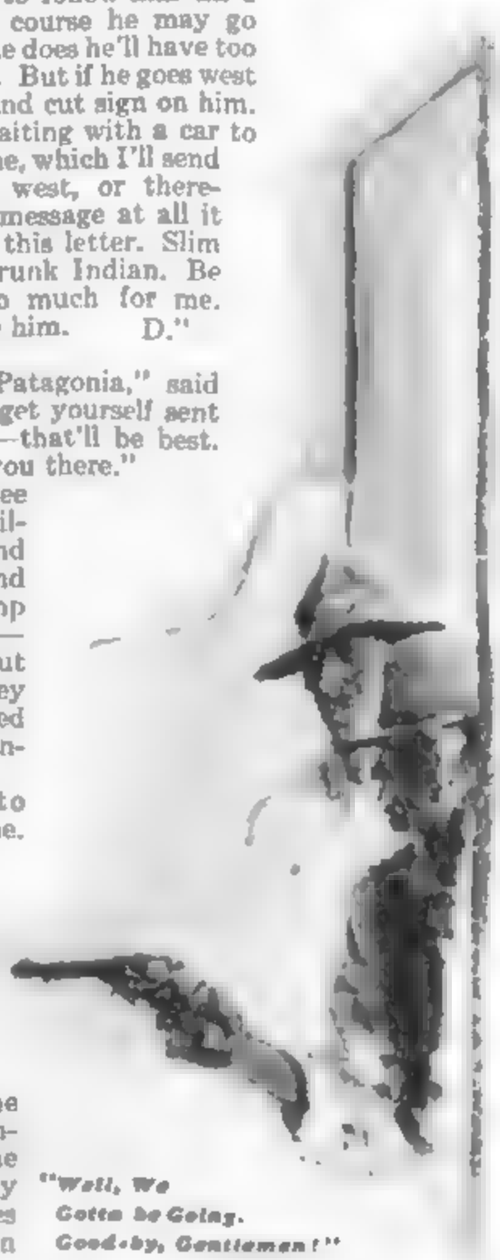
"I couldn't hear where they're going; but it is somewhere west or westerly, and it's a day farther on. Say, it's a good thing I went over there. What do you suppose that fiend Johnson is going to do? You wouldn't guess it in ten years. You fellows all know there's only one way to get out of that Fishhook Valley—unless you turn round and come back the way you go in?"

"I don't," said Bill. "I've never been down this way before."

"You can get out through Horse Thief Gap, way in the southwest. There's a place near the top where there's just barely room for a horse to get through between the cliffs. You can ride a quarter mile and touch the rocks on each side with your hands. Johnson's afraid someone will see those tracks they're makin' and follow 'em up. I heard him tellin' it. So the damned old fool has lugged dynamite all the way from Tucson, and after they get through he's going to stuff the powder behind some of those chimneys and plug Horse Thief so damn full of rock that a goat can't get over," said Zurich indignantly. "Now what do you think of that? Most suspicious old idiot I ever did see!"

"I call it good news. That copper must be something extraordinary, or he'd never take such a precaution," said Eric.

(Concluded on Page 93)



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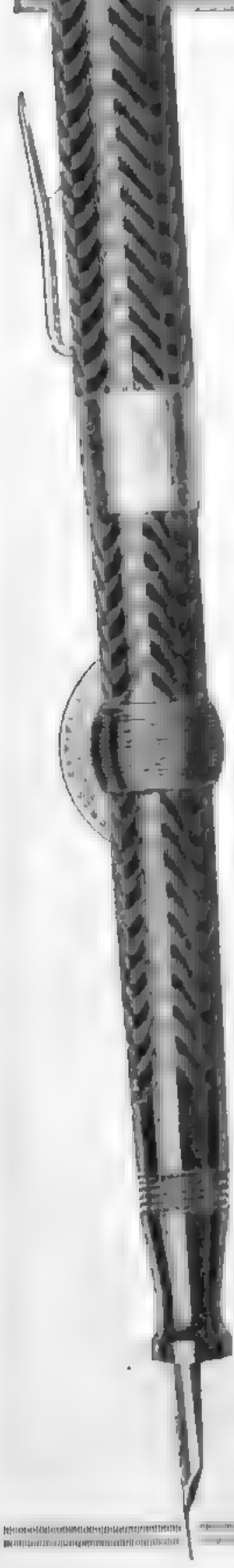

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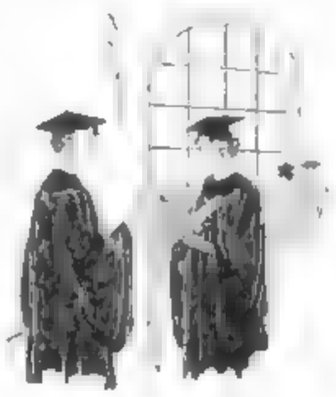

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(Concluded from Page 90)

Zurich answered as they saddled:

"If we had followed them in there we would have lost forty miles. As it is, they gain twenty miles on us while we ride back round the north end of the mountain, besides an hour I lost hoofing it back."

"I don't see that we've lost much," said Jim Scarboro. "We've got their direction and our horses are fresh beside of theirs. We'll make up that twenty miles and be in at the finish to-morrow; we're four to four. Let's ride."

Tall Eric rubbed his chin.

"That Benavides," he said, "is a tough one. He is a known man. He's as good as Johnson when it comes to shooting."

"I'm not afraid of the shooting, and I'm not afraid of death," said Zurich impatiently; "but I am leery about that cussed old man. He'll find a way to fool us—see if he don't!"

A strong wind blew scorching from the south the next day; Johnson turned aside from the sagebrush country to avoid the worst sand, and bent north to a long half circle, through a country of giant saguaro and clumped yuccas; once they passed over a neck of lava hillocks, thinly drifted over with sand. The heat was ghastly; on their faces alkali dust, plastered with sweat, caked in the stubble of two days' growth; their eyes were red-rimmed and swollen. Boland, bruised and racked and cramped, suffered agonies.

It was ten in the morning when Joe touched Pete's arm:

"*Qué cosa?*" He pointed behind them and to the north, to a long, low-lying streak of dust. "Trouble, Don Hooaleece? I think so—yes."

They had no spyglass; but it was hardly needed. The dust streak followed them, almost parallel to their course. It gained on them. They changed their gait from a walk to a trot. The dust came faster; they were pursued.

That was a weird race. There was no running, no galloping; only a steady, relentless trot that jarred poor Boland to the bone. After an hour, during which the pursuers gained steadily, Pete called a halt. They took the packs from the led animals and turned them loose, to go back to Fishhook Mountain; they refilled their canteens from the kegs and pressed on. The pursuit had gained during the brief delay; they could see them now, queer little bobbing black figures against the north.

They rode on, a little faster now. At the end of half an hour the black figures were perceptibly closer.

"They're gaining on us," said Boland, turning his red-lidded eyes on Stan. "They have better horses, or fresher."

"No," said Stan; "they're riding faster—that's all. They haven't a chance; they can't keep it up at the rate they're doing now. They're five miles to the north, and it isn't far now. See that huddle of little hills in the middle of the plain ahead and a little to the south? That's our place, and we can't be caught before we get there. Pete is saving our horses; they're going strong. These fellows are five miles away yet. They've shot their bolt, and they know it."

He was right. The bobbing black shapes came abreast—held even—fell back—came again—hung on, and fell back at last, hopelessly distanced when the goal was still ten miles away. Pete and his troop held on at the same unswerving gait—trot, trot, trot! The ten miles became nine—eight—seven ——

Sharp-eyed Benavides touched Pete's arm and pointed.

"What's that? By gar, eet is a man, *amigo;* a man in some troubles!"

It was a man, a black shape that waved a hat frantically from a swell of rising ground a mile to the south. Pete swerved his course.

"You've got the best horse, Joe. Gallop up and see what's wrong. I'm afraid it's Jackson Carr."

It was Jackson Carr. He limped to meet Benavides; the Mexican turned and swung his hat; the three urged their wearied horses to a gallop.

"Trouble?" said Pete, leaping down.

"Bobby. I tied up his pony and hobbled the rest. At daylight they wasn't in sight. Bobby went after 'em. I waited a long time and then I hobbled off down here to see. Wagon's five or six miles north. One of my spans come from down in Sonora, somewhere—Santa Elena, wherever that is—and I reckon they're dragging it for home and the others have followed, unless—unless Bob's pony has fallen, or something. He didn't take any water. He could follow the tracks back here on this hard ground. But in the sand down there—with all this wind ——" His eye turned to the shimmering white sand hills along the south, with the dust clouds high above them.

"Boland, you'll have to give Carr your horse," said Pete. "It's his boy; and you're most dead anyhow. We'll light a big blaze when we find him, and another on this edge of the sand hills in case you don't see the first. We'll make two of 'em, a good ways apart, if everything is all right. You take a canteen and crawl under a bush and rest a while. You need it. If you feel better after a spell you can follow these horse tracks back and hobble along to the wagon; or we can pick you up as we come back. Come on, boys!"

"But your mine?" said Carr. He pointed to a slow dust streak that passed along the north. "I saw you coming. Ain't those fellows after your mine?"

"Damn the mine!" said Pete. "We've been playing. We've got man's work to do now. No; there's no use splitting up and sending one or two to the mine. That mine is a four-man job. So is this; and a better one. We're all needed here. To hell with the mine! Come on!"

They found Bobby, far along in the afternoon, in the sand hills. His lips were cracked and bleeding; his tongue was beginning to blacken and swell; his eyes were swollen nearly shut from alkali dust, and there was an ugly gash in the hair's edge above his left ear; he was caked with blood and mire, and he clung to the saddle horn with both hands—but he drove six horses before him.

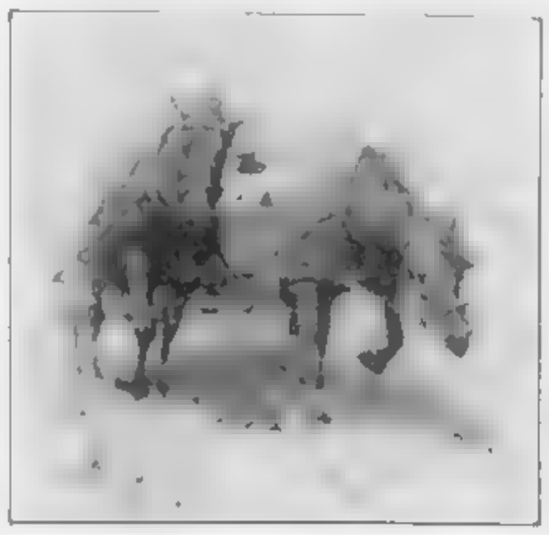
They gave him, a little at a time, the heated water from their canteens. A few small drinks cheered him up amazingly. After a big soap weed was touched off for a signal fire he was able to tell his story.

"Naw, I ain't hurt none to speak of; but I'm some tired. I hit a high lope and catched up with them in the aidge of the sand hills," he said. "I got 'em all unhobbled but old Heck; and then that ornery Nig horse kicked me in the head—damn him! Knocked me out quite a spell. Sun was middlin' high when I come to—horses gone, and the cussed pony trailed along after them. It was an hour or two before I caught sight of 'em again. I was spitting cotton a heap. Dad always told me to carry water with me, and I sure was wishing I'd minded him. Well, I went 'way round and headed 'em off—and, dog-gone, they up and run round me. That Zip horse was the ringleader. Every time, just as I was about to get 'em turned, he'd make a break and the rest would follow, hellity-larrup! Old Heck has cut his feet all to pieces with the hobbles—old fool! I headed 'em four or five times—five, I guess—and they kept getting away, and running farther every time before they stopped and went to grazing. After a while the pony snagged his bridle in a bush and I got him. Then I dropped my twine on old Heck and unhobbled him, and come on back. Give me another drink, Pete."

They rode back very slowly to the northern edge of the sand hills and lighted their two signal fires. An answering fire flamed in the north, to show that Boland had seen their signals.

"I reckon we'll stop and rest here a while till it gets cooler," observed Pete. "Might as well, now. We can start in an hour and get in to the wagon by dark. Reckon Frank Boland was glad to see them two fires! I bet that boy sure hated to be left behind. Pretty tough—but it had to be done. This has been a thunderin' hard trip on Frankie and he's stood up to it fine. Good stuff!" He turned to the boy: "Well, Bobby, you had a hard time wranglin' them to-day—but you got 'em, didn't you, son?"

"That's what I went after," said Bobby.



Boland stiffened after his rest. He made two small marches toward the wagon, but his tortured muscles were so stiff and sore that he gave it up at last. After he saw and answered the signal fires he dropped off to sleep.

He was awakened by a jingling of spurs and a trampling of hoofs. He got to his feet hurriedly. Four horsemen reined up beside him—not Pete Johnson and his friends, but four strangers, who looked at him curiously. Their horses were sadly travel-stained.

"Anything wrong, young man? We saw your fire?"

"No—not now." Boland's thoughts were confused and his head sang. He attributed these things to sleepiness; in fact, he was sickening to a fever.

"You look mighty peaked," said the spokesman. "Got water? Anything we can do for you?"

"Nothing the matter with me, except that I'm pretty well played out. And I've been anxious. There was a boy lost, or hurt—I don't know which. But it's all right now. They lit two fires. That was to be the signal if there was nothing seriously wrong. I let the boy's father take my horse—man by the name of Carr."

"And the others? That was Pete Johnson, wasn't it? He went after the boy?"

"Yes. And young Mitchell and Joe Benavides."

Zurich glanced aside at his companions. Dorsey's back was turned. Jim Scarboro was swearing helplessly under his breath. Tall Eric had taken off his hat and fumbled with it; the low sun was ruddy in his bright hair. Perhaps it was that same sun which flamed so swiftly in Zurich's face.

"We might as well go back," he said dully, and turned his horse's head toward the little huddle of hills in the southwest.

Boland watched them go with a confused mind, and sank back to sleep again.

"Jackson," said Pete in the morning, "you and Frank stay here. I reckon there'll be no use to take the wagon down to the old claim; but us three are going down to take a look, now we've come this far. Frank says he's feeling better, but he don't look very peart. You get him to sleep all you can. If we should happen to want you we'll light a big fire. So long!"

"Don Hooaleece," said Benavides, very bright-eyed, when they had ridden a little way from camp, "how is eet to be? Eef eet is war I am wis you to ze beeg black box."

"Joe," said Pete, "I've dodged and crept and slid and crawled and climbed. I've tried to go over, under and around. Now I'm going through."

They came to the copper hill before eight. They found no one; but there were little stone monuments scattered on all the surrounding hills, and a big monument on the highest point of the little hill they had called their own.

"They've gone," said Stan. "Very wise of them. Well, let's go see the worst."

They dismounted and walked to the hilltop. The big monument, built of loose stones and freshly dug slabs of ore, flashed green and blue in the sun. Stan found a folded paper between two flat stones.

"Here's their location notice," he said.

He started to unfold it; a word caught his eye and his jaw dropped. He held the notice over, half opened, so that Pete and Joe could see the last paragraph:

And the same shall be known as the Bobby Carr Mine.

WITNESSES	LOCATORS
Jim Scarboro	Peter Wallace Johnson
William Dorsey	Stanley Mitchell
Eric Anderson	
C. Mayer Zurich	

"Zere is a note," said Joe; "I see eet wizzin-side."

Stanley unfolded the location notice. A note dropped out. Pete picked it up and read it aloud:

"*Dear Pete:* We did not know about the boy, or we would have helped, of course. Only for him you had us beat. So this squares that up.

"Your location does not take in quite all the hill. So we located the little end piece for ourselves. We think that is about right.

"Yours truly,

"C. MAYER ZURICH."

(THE END)

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'TWIXT THE BLUFF AND THE SOUND

(Continued from Page 7)

enters his private foyer hall. The only impressive thing about the private foyer hall is its official title. It is about as sizable and usually about as well lighted as the cuddy under the front stairs, where umbrellas and overshoes are stored, in an old-fashioned country house. On his one hand is a dining room one-third to one-half the size of a real dining room, and beyond or behind that the so-called service wing, which is mainly a self-contained kitchen.

The chief merit of the kitchen is its compactness; you can get a medium-sized cook and a narrow-chested gas stove into it at the same time, provided the cook has learned to scramble the eggs while keeping her elbows pressed close in to her sides, like a snare drummer. The kind of cook who really is needed for this cozy place is an asbestos-lined cook, who could sit on one hole of the range and cook on the other. One of those parlor prestidigitators who make omelets in a borrowed hat would be a mighty handy person to have round the kitchen of an upper West Side flat.

Also, there is a niche for the ice box, and a butler's pantry measuring roughly three-feet-six by six-feet-three. Here, in cans and canisters and paper sacks and cartons, and tiny bins like letter boxes, the staples are kept. You never see a barrel of flour or a two-bushel sack of potatoes in one of these establishments. There would be no room for a flour barrel, unless the cook sat in the window ledge and held it on her lap. And who would sit in the window ledge on the cook's Thursdays and Sundays out?

Stretching off in the other direction—say, to the right—is a hallway which in length, width and general aspect strikingly suggests the aisle in a sleeping car late at night, after all the berths have been made down. Opening off of this tunnel are the master's bedrooms, which are dinky, dismal, box-shaped cubicles, two or three, or possibly four, in number; these, in turn, opening upon an air shaft or an inner court. Why travelers should spend money in going all the way to Norway to view the Midnight Sun, which only lasts for six months anyway, when they could frequent the inside bedrooms in a New York apartment house, and at a lesser cost get practically the same effect all the year round, has ever been a mystery to me!

Plenty of Room for the Clarinet

In the center of the suite, facing one as one enters, is the living room, which commands an abbreviated vista of the blank fronts of the houses on the opposite side of the street, or, in favored cases, a view of a narrow slice of the Drive and the waters of the river beyond; but it is not held as seemly and fitting that the head of the house should sit in the window and enjoy the view. The shirt-sleeved bricklayer and his wife over on Third Avenue may do so in their hours of leisure, and frequently do; but the individual we are describing may not. For, remember, he lives in a certain style.

Opening off the living room is a segment of space, or alcove, known variously as a den, a cozy corner, or a library, depending on how much, over and above the annual rental, the tenant has been willing to pay for this attractive annex. For a den or cozy corner from fifty to seventy-five dollars a year is tacked on to the price; for a library adorned with bookshelves and an Oriental hanging lamp—which richly deserves its fate and which throws off almost as much illumination as a cigar lighter—the extra expense naturally mounts up. Only a contortionist could be expected to be comfortable in the library; but it is a mighty handy place for storing a clarinet. Likewise it certainly does give the place an air. And the place certainly does need all the air it can get.

Briefly, and including a misses-and-children's size bathroom, and a maid's room of incredible smallness and gloominess, these are the physical surroundings Mr. Middle Classer gets in return for his seven hundred and fifty or his eight hundred or his nine hundred dollars a year. A mile or two down town, in the Roaring Forties, or the Gasoliny Fifties, or the Tumultuous Sixties, slightly less floor space would cost him about twice as much. A mile or two uptown, in Farthest Harlem, or across the creek in Fartherest Bronx, the same accommodations might perhaps be available at from twenty-five to forty per cent less than he pays; but, as I may have remarked before, he lives in a certain style. So he hives in with the human swarms that are to be found on the West Side, hard by the Drive.

Oh, yes! There is another detail to be mentioned while we are considering this phase of our topic; I was near to forgetting it altogether. In consideration of his residing where he does reside a special boon, very precious in his eyes, is graciously vouchsafed him. He is permitted to pay more for his provender, item for item, than the man who lives three or four or five blocks to the eastward pays. Among some of the tradesmen in the vicinity there is an unwritten but none the less rigid law that a family whose residence address is actually on Riverside Drive, or on certain streets in the fringe of the so-called exclusive district close to the Drive, is to be charged a higher average rate for its household supplies than a family located a quarter of a mile nearer the center of the island pays for identically the same commodities.

The objects of this attention do not resent it. Indeed, very often they appear to take a sort of shamefaced pride in being its victims, as though it elevated them above the run of the people about them. This also is a phenomenon peculiar to that strange foreign domain which lies just off the shores of the United States and is called Manhattan.

Something Dante Overlooked

Having touched upon some of the high lights and some of the dark ones of the place wherein he abides, we may now consider his average day: Rising betimes, he breakfasts upon the typical New York breakfast—toast, coffee, a cereal and an egg; and between gulps he peeps at the headlines in the morning paper. He eats rapidly, because that is good for his dyspepsia. Dyspepsia rarely has cause to complain of inattention at the hands of its metropolitan custodians. It is the one tenant in town that is not neglected by the landlord.

Thus fortified for an arduous business day, he thrusts on his hat, backs into his overcoat and hurries round the corner to catch the Subway. Always he hurries. Hurrying is his natural gait. To hurry, whether there be any necessity for hurrying or not, is supposed to denote an energetic body and an alert mind.

It is now the rush hour in the Tube. I might state that it is ever the rush hour in the Tube, except when it is the rushimus hour or the rushissimus hour. The Subway is an institution of which every true New Yorker is terribly ashamed and inordinately proud. Nobody has yet properly described its discomforts, its miseries, its unhealthiness. Nobody could!

The late Dante was handicapped, though he had a pretty fair mind, at that. He had to conjure up the horrors of Hades out of his own imagination. He should have been permitted to live long enough to take a ride on a Subway Express from Bronx Park to Battery Place, starting about eight-thirty o'clock in the morning of a nice, baking-hot, sticky, humid day along toward the middle of July. Then he would have had facts to draw upon for his pictures instead of merely fancy.

A considerable number of years ago the New York authorities destroyed Little Hell Gate with dynamite. Subsequently the municipality, or its agents, took steps to create a large number of lesser Little Hell Gates; every Subway entrance is one. Arriving at the mouth of one of these chutes leading to the nether regions, Mr. Middle Classer hurries clattering down the steps. Hurriedly he buys a ticket, hurriedly drops it in the chopper's box, and hurriedly forces himself in among hundreds of others who, by dint of hurrying, have already assembled there upon the platform.

It makes a lovely rendezvous for human beings in warm weather. For their sins, all the bad smells from aboveground go to the Subway when they die. Along with quantities of secondhand air, the newcomer

(Continued on Page 97)

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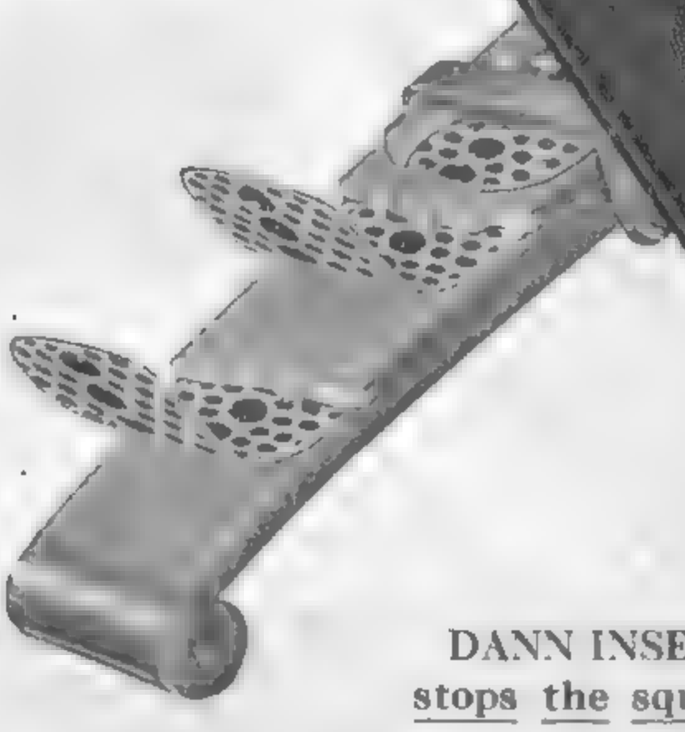

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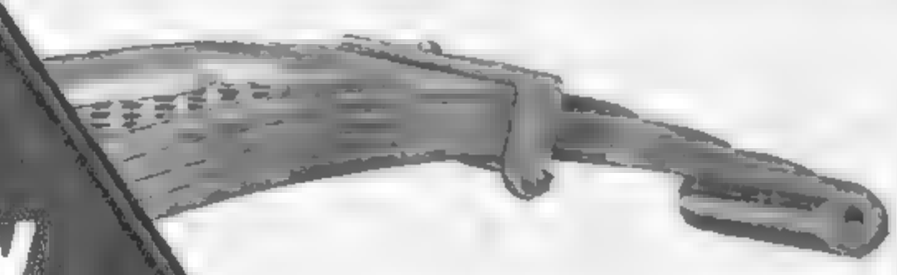

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(Continued from Page 94)

breathes these smells into his lungs. Likewise, somebody has been eating garlic; and it is making no secret of it. Garlic speaks louder than words, anyhow.

A long southbound train slides down the tracks alongside the platform and halts. There are approximately four million people in New York, and nearly all of them try to get aboard the same train at the same time, going down town, every morning. The end doors and the side doors open. Risking life, limb and wardrobe, men, women and children, old men and young women, young boys and young girls, hurl themselves at the openings. The ordinary courtesies that help to make life endurable are cast aside. Politeness is forgotten. There isn't room to be polite in.

Our hero flings himself forward. He is caught up in the scrouging, shoving, twisting torrent, and is carried along with it. By sheer force he jams himself into a car which already holds sixty or seventy more persons than that car was ever designed to hold. The curves of his body fit into the curves of some other person's body, and vice versa, with the accent on the vice.

The Subway is a great leveler of castes. All are on an equal footing there. You are standing on another man's toes; another man is standing on your toes. At various stations various passengers pick out their own pairs of legs from the tangle of interwoven legs and withdraw. The last man out takes what legs are left, if any. That is the rule.

Half stifled by the air he has been breathing, buffeted, bruised and pressed out of his proper shape, Mr. Middle Classer emerges into the open at his destination. At once he sets off hurriedly for his office, weaving in and out of the multitude, bumping into persons and, in turn, being bumped into by them—that is to say, he hurries until he comes to a shop front where somebody is demonstrating a new variety of patent collar button, or something; or to a dog fancier's place, where some of the animated wares are on exhibition behind the plate glass. So he stops here, along with a few hundred of his kind, and watches the spectacle until a policeman arrives and clears the blockaded sidewalk.

A score of cows in the country would mean nothing in his life, but a guinea pig in a show window holds him spellbound for twenty minutes. This is eminently characteristic of him. In his defrauded life he pretends an enormous sophistication, which frequently assumes the guise of a bog is cynicism; but underneath he is the possessor of a childlike curiosity regarding a great many of the essentials and nonessentials of life, and an almost infantile innocence.

Ever on the Move

Having been jostled out of his trance by the jolt of the policeman's hard thumb in his short ribs, he hastens along to his office. If so be he has been there for years, he may know something of the lives, the family affairs, and the joys and sorrows of sundry ones among his fellow toilers in the treadmill; otherwise they are all to him merely the owners of so many harassed nervous faces, so many pairs of spectacled eyes, so many sets of bent shoulders.

At one o'clock he hurries out for a hurried snatch of lunch. Either he gets it at an automat, where he is fed by a machine that makes no mistakes, or at a dairy lunch, where he is fed by another machine—disguised as a human being—that does make them. While he feeds himself he reads an early edition of an evening paper published at noon and labeled Latest Night Extra! This helps his indigestion along. The meal—God save the mark!—being over, he hurries back to his office. At five o'clock, or thereabouts, he hurriedly departs for home.

The living tides of Subway travel have turned now and are flowing back uptown. At the station nearest to his place of business he participates in another slaughter of the martyrs in the paradoxically dual rôle of executioner and victim; and eventually, after undergoing an elaborated repetition of the tortures and the torments of the morning, he is spewed out of the overflowing train at his home station.

Being the four-thousand-dollar-a-year man that he is, he cannot afford to belong to a club; having to live up to a certain style, as aforesaid, he disdains to visit that other and even more popular club—the corner saloon. Therefore, he heads straight for home—still hurrying, of course. His walk has been affected by the treatment his long-suffering legs have undergone twice during the preceding eight hours, and so many, many times before. Medical sharps have discovered the housemaid's knee and aviator's eyebrow; some of these days they will make the discovery that to the eternal and everlasting crowding and scrouging is due the fact that so many city dwellers have a gait like a pair of buttonhole scissors.

Our hero reaches his flat. His wife awaits him, to greet him. During the day she has done her stint, too—household duties; attentions to the children; spells of wondering whether she had better fire the cook, and spells of wondering whether she could hire another equally indifferent cook if she fired this one; perhaps a shopping tour; possibly the matinée or the movies; or, if the season be suitable, very likely a round of flat hunting. To the woman thus placed is denied a host of the normal pleasures available for her sisters in smaller communities; but over them she has one great, one splendid, one soul-satisfying advantage—she moves oftener than they do.

For you should know that no one expects to "stay put" in New York. High and low alike, nearly all the nonhouse-owning New Yorkers expect to move when the present lease expires—moving perchance to a neighborhood supposititiously more desirable; moving almost assuredly to a more expensive apartment than the one now occupied; moving rarely, if ever, to a less expensive one, because the cheaper apartment is practically an extinct species; but, in any event, moving. Along toward May first and October first, which to the renting millions are festivals dedicated to shifting the lares and penates, even the furniture in the flat is apt to get restless.

When New Yorkers Get to Heaven

And so, all through April or all through September, as the case may be, the woman of the house goes flat hunting. She walks miles and miles, visiting apartment house after apartment house. At each she is shown the beauties of the foyer hall; at each she is told by the urbane and gentlemanly renting agent that only a thousand a year is asked for this suite, or only twelve hundred for that one. All pertinent remarks uttered by West Side renting agents begin with the word "Only."

This sort of expedition naturally appeals to any normal woman. If it does not appeal to her she isn't normal—that's all. The Scriptural description of Heaven as a house of "many mansions" is one of the passages of Holy Writ that help to make Paradise seem an especially attractive place to a woman. She pictures herself as spending eternity prowling through all those mansions trying to decide which one of them she will live in next, and picking out the new wall paper.

For the sake of the verities, we may figure poor, exhausted little Mrs. Middle Classer as having spent this particular afternoon at the exciting and absorbing sport of flat trekking. She has seen a great many flats she would not have at any price, and a great many more flats she would like to have, but cannot hope to have, on account of the prohibitive rental; and maybe one flat she does not like, but which she may have to take as a last resort—because, of course, she is bound to move, anyhow, when the year is up. And she comes home at dusk with both her feet like boils and with a raging headache—and has had a perfectly lovely time!

For our particular couple, let us say that this is going to be one of their evenings at home. After dinner she puts on a kimono and favors her feet with bedroom slippers; and he shucks his coat; and they spend the time sitting in their two-by-four living room and read the positively final editions of the evening papers, which came out some hours after the latest and the last editions.

They read that the Wonderbilts have been giving another of their little dinner dances, with first-mortgage railroad bonds for favors; and that ground had been broken for the biggest hotel in the known world—much bigger, of course, than the one which was started last week, but not so big, of course, as the one which is going to be started next week; and that the son and heir of old Mr. Nothing-Else Butt, the traction king, while proceeding by automobile to the family estates on Long Island at

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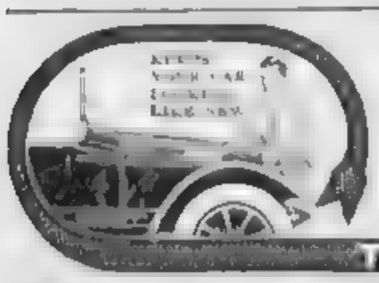

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Dept. R-7 Jackson, Michigan

the customary rate of sixty miles an hour, was seriously annoyed, and had a pair of front tires practically ruined as a result of running over a peasant, who was carrying a roll of barbed wire in his arms at the time; and that there had been another fashionable murder committed, and another modish divorce suit filed.

Reading of these occurrences, these two lonely, obscure souls, who are nobodies and who know nobody, are thrilled to the very cores of their respective beings that they, too, live amid such activities—in the very center of this unrivaled, unparalleled, unprecedented, unapproachable theater of world-rousing events and world-stirring excitements.

Along about half past ten o'clock she takes a headache powder, and rubs arnica on her swollen ankles, and retires. He beds down the canary or the goldfish, and takes the dog out for a walk. The dog is flat-broke and the owner frequently is; so they have something in common. Indeed, they have more than one thing in common: Under the statutes made and provided, the dog may go abroad only when securely muzzled and held fast on a leash, to the end that he may never frolic about or get acquainted with other dogs, or investigate fascinating smells, or enjoy any of the pleasures a regular dog craves to enjoy; and the owner likewise is just as securely leashed and muzzled, even though his fetters are not visible to the naked eye.

About eleven o'clock the two captives return to quarters. The human one of the pair undresses and files himself away in the card-indexing compartment he calls his bedchamber; and as he lies there, wooing slumber, there come floating up, to vex his ears, the after-dark voices of the town—the rumble of the street cars; the strident, far-away shriek of the L train; the flap of the loose chain on the taxicab tire against the mudguard.

Toward morning the jingle of the milk bottles and the crashing chorus of the ash cans arise in the courtyard below, making his beauty sleep fitful and uneasy. Even through the silent watches of the night—silent elsewhere, but not here—New York is nibbling at his nerve ends. So he rises betimes and starts in to do all over again to-day just what he did yesterday.

When Sunday Comes

This, in essence, is his week-day schedule—perhaps a trifle exaggerated in the telling; but it is by exaggeration that we get a perspective on life upon the stage, as well as on the printed page. There be six of these days, and then comes the seventh day, which is a Sunday. On Sunday he has the option of staying cooped up within the four walls of his flat, all cribbed, cabined and confined, as the saying goes, and reading the Sunday papers; or, emulating the old monk of Siberia in the limerick, he may escape from his cell and go for a dreary, aimless promenade through streets which echo hollowly to the tread of thousands of other poor prisoners who, like him, are all serving life sentences in this brick-and-mortar prison; and all, like him, are out for their little exercise hour in the penitential compound.

Rarely by any chance—even on a Sunday—is he granted a single hour of that sweet and grateful solitude in the open which every human being needs once in so often. If it be summertime he may take his wife and his child to one of the beaches, knowing full well, ere he starts, that the transit facilities leading shoreward will be packed; and that the young hoodlum will be merrily abroad in vast numbers; and that when he arrives he will find the Atlantic Ocean so densely populated along its edges that he will have to wait until some careless bather is carried away by the undertow before there is sufficient room for him to share a wave with ten or fifteen strangers.

Or he may go to the Art Gallery, which will be crowded; or to the Natural History Museum, which will be ditto; or to the parks, which will be crawling; or to the Zoo, which will be overflowing with pestered humanity.

So it goes with him through all the days of his life. New York looks out for its poor more or less indifferently well, and New York's rich look out for themselves; but no one is concerned for the Middle Class man and his brood. He is merely an inconspicuous mote, bobbing about in a futile sort of fashion among a million or so of kindred motes. He is an atom in no wise to be distinguished from the run of the other atoms; an unimportant and unconsidered grain in a mighty oat bin containing myriads of similar grains. And who cares for one oat?

His ribs were given him that other men's elbows might be driven into them, and his feet were created with toes that strange heels might press down upon them. He is the individual who suffers an impairment of feature or form when the pestered policeman drives the street crowd back. He it is who gets the worst pair of seats in the first balcony at the theater because the box-office man recognizes him as a person of no particular consequence. Haughty shop ladies look right through him, and head waiters simply cannot see him at any price.

He is New York's least common divisor; he is a human fraction that exists to help make up the census sum totals and the aggregate figures in the directory. He is neither a name nor an identity, but a number—and not a whole number at that. He is forever giving tips for indifferent service; yet nobody ever thinks to give him one. If his own hand is not in his pocket fishing about for small change, some alien hand is.

Almost Incurable

On every hand he is mulcted for tribute, assessed for benefits in which he does not share. On every hand he is the victim of petty oppressions and monumental neglects. But his soul within him never rises in revolt; his blood never comes to a boil, or to a nettle rash, or to an eczema—or whatever an average New Yorker's blood, considering everything, might possibly be expected to come to under great and overpowering provocation.

Being what he is—a creature meek and mistreated—he endures and murmurs not; or if he is driven beyond even his schooled and chastened powers of self-control, and does raise his voice in a murmur of timid protest, it suffices not to relieve his lot. His bark may be worse than his bite, seeing that he has no bite; but, at that, his bark is less a bark than a bleat. Subjectively he is Father Knickerbocker's goat; objectively he remains a sheep.

The strain of living where rents and prices and tips forever go up and up, and never come down—the strain of being harried and crowded, of being shoved forward and jerked back—tells upon him, as it tells upon his wife and his kiddies. He grows old and haggard before his time. At length he gives up the unequal struggle. He has bucked Manhattan's unbeatable game, and he has been licked. He lies down and dies.

At the head of a dinky little four-team funeral procession he is hurried through crowded streets and over a crowded bridge—the demons of hurry won't let him rest even after he is dead—and thence through a crowded suburb to a crowded grave in a crowded cemetery. And unless his widow feels she can afford the small vanity of a paid-for paragraph in a column of such paragraphs, where he will be listed alphabetically, his memory is cheated out of the poor tribute of an obituary notice in print.

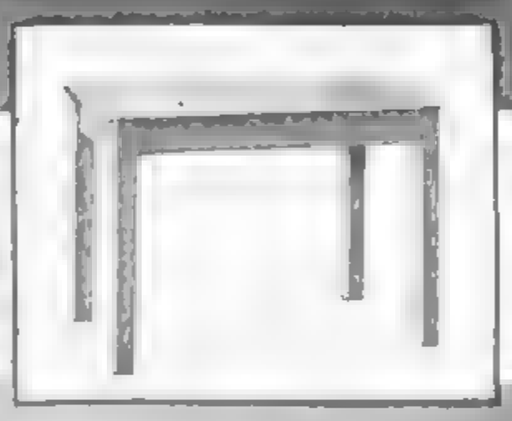
Upon their shoulders his offspring take up the burden he laid down; and they carry it on through the years, being doomed, unless exceptional luck or exceptional ability shall lift them out of their Middle Class obscurity, to endure the fate of their parent before them.

To be sure, they might escape from their environment by the simple expedient of pulling up stakes and moving elsewhere; but this not very many of them do. They have breathed in the Manhattan bacilli; and for that infection there are few cures.

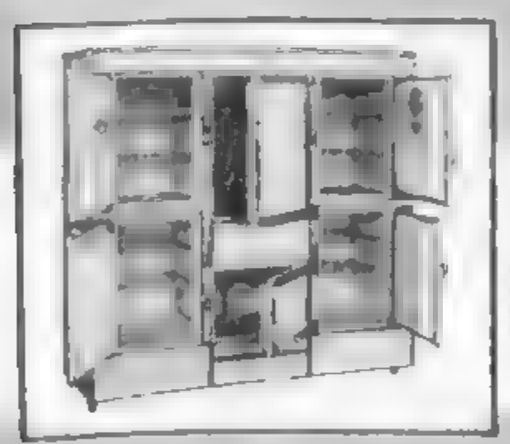
The chief symptom of the disease—and by this sign you may know a victim wheresoever you find him—is that he is desperately unhappy while he is in New York, and very much more unhappy when he is away from it.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Cobb. The second article will appear in an early issue

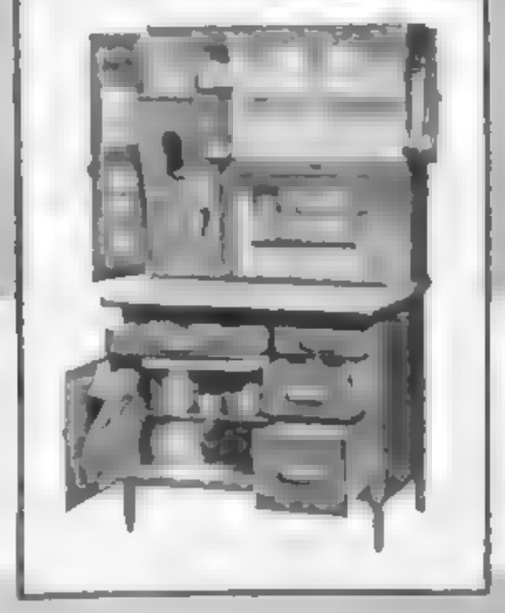
ARMCO IRON ENAMELED PRODUCTS



Enameled Table Top for kitchen, pantry and other uses, made of Armco Iron by the [illegible] Stamping & Enameling Co., Chattanooga, Tennessee



Modern One-Piece Cleanable Refrigerator with an enameled porcelain lining. Armco Iron for a base metal



White Porcelain Enameled Tops for kitchen cabinets are made with Armco Iron for a base metal.

You Admire Beautiful Enamel—Why Not Have the Best?

YOU *can* get enameled articles that are beautifully smooth and perfect. Insist upon those that are made of Armco (American Ingot) Iron.

Then the fine enameled surfaces of your kitchen table top, your refrigerator and your stove will be a delight to your sense of beauty and fitness.

The reason for this is the *purity* of Armco Iron.

Armco Iron is the purest iron it is possible to manufacture. It is made so carefully that not only have the solid impurities been practically eliminated, but it is remarkably free from even the little gas pockets and tiny blowholes. Armco Iron resists rust because it has almost none of the impurities that permit rust to enter and destroy inferior sheet metal.

Armco Iron is even. It is reheated and rolled and annealed so carefully and so thoroughly that it is uniformly dense and perfect. Every part is just as dense as every other part. This makes Armco Iron work smoothly, weld evenly, last longer.

Manufacturers of Enameled Products

have discovered these things about Armco Iron. They know it is almost wholly free from gas pockets which would expand when heated in the baking furnace and crack the enamel, and that its surface is such as to make possible a beautiful finish. They are using Armco Iron in the manufacture of hundreds of enameled products—from table tops to electric switch plates.

Other manufacturers of metal products use Armco Iron for tanks, culverts, siding, roofing, silos, fences, boiler jackets, ventilators, safes, vaults, cars and many other things too numerous to mention.

Users of metal articles—whether the housewife who buys a stove or refrigerator, or the manufacturer building a huge factory, or the farmer putting up a tank or a silo—know that Armco Iron means safety, economy, long-time resistance to rust and corrosion. They ask, when buying, "Is it Armco Iron?" The Armco trade mark is the surest and safest kind of Rust Insurance.

The table top shown in the illustration is one of the Armco Iron enameled products made by the Chattanooga Stamping & Enameling Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. The enameled sign is a sample of the great and varied line made by the California Metal Enameling Co., Bairdstown, Cal. These firms will send catalogs of their products on request

Our own book—"Defeating Rust, the Story of Armco Iron"

is valuable to makers and users of every kind of metal article. It will be sent free for the asking.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.

Licensed Manufacturers under Patents granted to The International Metal Products Co.

Box 847, Middletown, Ohio

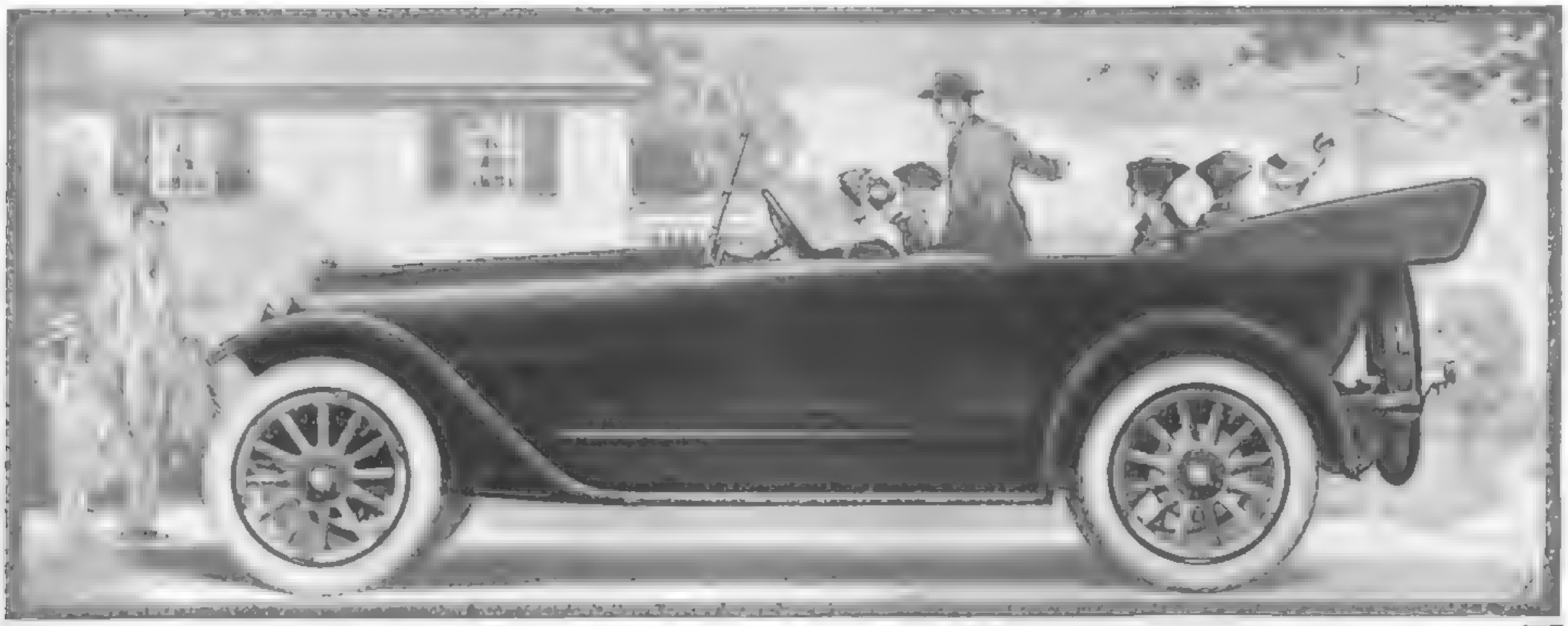
BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New York, Washington, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, San Francisco, Atlanta

AMERICAN ARMCO INGOT IRON

The trade mark ARMCO affixed to all sheets of iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it

Metal Sign, one of the types made in large quantities by the California Metal Enameling Co., Bairdstown, California, on Armco Iron.

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust



Superlative Cars

With Extra Features–Added Luxury–Over-Strength

Mitchells differ in a hundred ways from other cars you see. And each distinction is an added attraction—something everybody wants.

There are 31 features which most cars omit. There are body styles—exclusive to Mitchells—combining all the luxuries known. There is 100 per cent over-strength in every vital part.

Mr. John W. Bate has worked out in the Mitchells more than 700 improvements. The cars of today show the final result. Each is a study in beauty, in strength, in completeness. An inspection will delight you.

How Can We Do It?

Here are Sixes in two sizes—both superlative cars. Even the smaller—at $1195—has a 120-inch wheelbase and a 40 horsepower motor.

They embody extras which, on this year's output, will cost us $4,000,000. You never saw such luxury, such beauty, strength and equipment in cars of the Mitchell class. Such cars at such prices, in these high-cost times, will seem almost impossible. So we have to explain how we do it.

These values result from unique factory efficiency. In the past few years we have built and equipped a model automobile plant. Millions have been spent here, under a great efficiency expert, to produce this one type economically.

We build all of our bodies, and practically all of our chassis, under the best methods known in car building. They have cut our factory cost in two. And these savings pay for our extras.

Higher Standards

We put these savings into higher standards, because we find men want them. Our old margin of safety was 50 per cent. In the past three years we have doubled that in every important part. We have given each part twice the needed strength, to make this a lifetime car. This added strength alone may save the owner half what he pays for the car. As an example—not a single rear spring on a Mitchell car has been broken in two years, since this standard was adopted. We added these 31 extra features—like a power tire pump—because they are things you need.

We put all the savings from our new body plant into extra finish, upholstery and trimming, because women delight in smart cars.

But we give you at the same time prices far below those of any comparable cars.

Exclusive Styles

Each new-type body is a Mitchell model, designed by our artists, built by our craftsmen. So each style is distinctive and exclusive.

In designing these bodies our experts examined 257 new models, so no attraction has been overlooked. No other single car combines so many pleasing features.

So these Bate-built cars are very different from any other cars you see. And every difference adds a new appeal. Go see what it means in looks and equipment. See what it means in safety and endurance. Then ride in the car, and learn what it means in comfort and performance.

One hour with a Mitchell dealer will revise all your ideas of a fine car.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Mitchell
SIXES

TWO SIZES

Mitchell—a roomy 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly-developed 48-horsepower motor.

$1460 F. o. b Racine

Mitchell Junior—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor. ¼-inch smaller bore.

$1195 F. o. b. Racine

Also 6 styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also new Club Roadster.

THE EYES OF ASIA

(Concluded from Page 4)

[*Now we will have a word for our Guru at home. He is a very holy man. Write this carefully, Sahib.*] "It is said that the French worship idols. I have spoken of this with my old lady and her *Guru* [priest]. It is *not* true in any way. There are certainly images in their shrines and *deotas* [local gods] to whom they present petitions as we do in our home affairs, but the prayer of the heart goes to the God Himself. I have been assured this by the old priests. All the young priests are fighting in the war. The Frenchmen uncover the head but do not take off the shoes at prayer. They do not speak of their religion to strangers, and they do not go about to make converts. The old priest in the village where I was billeted so long said that all roads, at such times as these, return to God." [*Our Guru at home says that himself; so he cannot be surprised if there are others who think it.*] "The old priest gave me a little medal which he wished me to wear round my neck. Such medals are reckoned holy among the French. He was a very holy man and it averts the evil eye. The women also carry holy beads to help keep count of their prayers.

"Certain men of our Regiment divided among themselves as many as they could pick up of the string of beads that used to be carried by the small maiden whom the shell slew. It was found forty yards distant from the hands. It was that small maiden who begged us for our buttons and had no fear. The Regiment made an account of it, reckoning one life of the enemy for each bead. They deposited the beads as a pledge with the regimental clerk. When a man of the guarantors was killed, the number of his beads which remained unredeemed was added to the obligation of the guarantors, or they elected an inheritor of the debt in his place." [*He will understand that. It was all very correct and businesslike, Sahib. Our Pathan Company arranged it.*] "It was seven weeks before all the beads were redeemed, because the weather was bad and our guns were strong and the enemy did not stir abroad after dark. When all the account was cleared, the beads were taken out of pawn and returned to her grandfather, with a certificate; and he wept.

"This war is not a war. It is a world-destroying battle. All that has gone before this war in this world till now has been only boys throwing colored powder at each other. No man could conceive it. What do you or the Mohmunds or anyone who has not been here know of war? When the ignorant in future speak of war I shall laugh, even though they be my elder brethren. Consider what things are done here, and for what reasons.

"A little before I took my wounds, I was on duty near an officer who worked in wire and wood and earth to make traps for the enemy. He had acquired a tent of green cloth upon sticks, with a window of soft glass that could not be broken. All coveted the tent. It was three paces long and two wide. Among the covetous was an officer of artillery in charge of a gun that shook mountains. It gave out a shell of ten maunds or more [eight hundred pounds]. But those who have never seen even a rivulet cannot imagine the Indus. He offered many rupees to purchase the tent. He would come at all hours increasing his offer. He overwhelmed the owner with talk about it." [*I heard them often, Sahib.*] "At last, and I heard this also, that tent owner said to that artillery officer: 'I am wearied with your importunity. Destroy to-day a certain house that I shall show you, and I will give you the tent for a gift. Otherwise, have no more talk.' He showed him the roof of a certain white house which stood back three *kos* [six miles] in the enemy country, a little underneath a hill with woods on each side. Consider this, measuring three *kos* in your mind along the Amritsar Road. The gunner officer said: 'By God, I accept this bargain!' He issued orders and estimated the distance. I saw him going back and forth as swiftly as a lover. Then fire was delivered and at the fourth discharge the watchers through their glasses saw the house spring high and spread abroad and lie upon its face. It was as a tooth taken out by a barber. Seeing this the gunner officer sprang into the tent and looked through the window and smiled because the tent was now his. But the enemy did not understand the reasons There was a great gunfire all that night, as well as many enemy regiments moving about. The prisoners taken afterward told us their commanders were disturbed at the fall of the house, ascribing it to some great design on our part; that their men had no rest for a week. Yet it was all done for a little green tent's sake.

"I tell you this that you may understand the meaning of things. This is a world where the very hills are turned upside down, with the cities upon them. He who comes alive out of this business will forever after be as a giant. If anyone wishes to see it let him come here or remain disappointed all his life."

[*We will finish with affection and sweet words. After all, a brother is a brother.*] "As for myself, why do you write to me so many complaints? Are *you* fighting in this war or I? You know the saying: 'A soldier's life is for his family; his death is for his country; his discomforts are for himself alone.' I joined to fight when I was young. I have eaten the Government's salt till I am old. I am discharging my obligation. When all is at an end the memory of our parting will be but a dream.

"I pray the Guru to bring together those who are separated. God alone is true. Everything else is but a shadow."

[*That is poetry. Oh—and add this, Sahib.*] "Let there be no delay about the carpet She would not accept anything else."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series by Rudyard Kipling. The second will appear in an early issue.

YOUR WAR TAXES

(Continued from Page 8)

was paid by about one-third of a million. Allowing four and a half persons to a family, our income tax is paid by little more than one-ninetieth of the population, instead of one-ninth. To put it in another way, the British income tax falls upon nearly ten times as great a proportion of the population as the American income tax. Whatever divorce between political power and financial responsibility the British tax may present is multiplied by ten as regards the American tax—considering only the number of people who pay the tax.

But that is really the smallest part of the difference. Roughly only one-third of the yield of our income tax last year was paid at the "normal" rate—that is, upon income between four thousand dollars and twenty thousand. Nearly two-thirds of the total yield was derived from the surtax, which begins with incomes above twenty thousand dollars. And this surtax was paid by a few less than thirty-seven thousand people.

Thirty-five men out of each one hundred thousand of the population paid two-thirds of the income tax. As it happens, the thirty-five mostly live in the same place. Much more than half the total tax was collected in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. Of course that is a mere incident, and the places that have the income are the places that should pay the tax; yet the present tax so distributes itself geographically that many states are hardly touched by it. The proportion of their population that pays an income tax is too utterly insignificant for any political consideration.

One need only lay a British and an American income tax side by side to see how radically the two differ in structure and incidence. The British exemption, under the present law, is only six hundred and fifty dollars; whereas ours, as to the nearly eighty per cent of income taxpayers who are married, has been four thousand dollars. Under last year's amendment we tax incomes between four thousand and twenty thousand at two per cent. Then the surtax begins on a mounting scale; so, for practical purposes, our tax is quite exclusively a rich man's tax. The British exemption, moreover, decreases as the income rises, and soon disappears.

In all its details the British tax is a rather complicated affair. There is an exemption on small incomes for children, and a distinction between earned and unearned income.

A.D. 1790

THE Newburyport Chain Bridge, erected 1790, tells a story of extreme rust-resistance of old fashioned hand puddled iron—the very kind of iron used in

BYERS

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

PIPE

It is a matter of common experience that old nails, wire, roofing, rain spouts and other articles made generations ago from honest, old fashioned iron, are still in good condition, while newer products have rusted out in a few years.

In the case of black and galvanized pipe used for plumbing, heating, power, and other purposes, millions of dollars are wasted every year in pipe which *looks* like the old hand puddled iron, and is *sold* as iron or wrought pipe, but possesses none of its rust-resisting characteristics.

For only by the careful hand puddling process employed in making the iron for those old bridge chains can the same quality of material be obtained.

Byers have adhered to these old-time methods for over half a century because the slightly higher first cost of the pipe itself is insignificant compared with the cost of failures, repairs and replacements after the pipe is laid in the ground or installed in buildings and elsewhere.

As a guarantee of durability and to avoid substitution, Byers pipe has the Name and *Year* of *Manufacture* rolled into the metal. The *year* on the pipe signifies more than all the claims that can be advanced for its durability.

Write for booklet "The Selection of Pipe" and other information about Byers Pipe

A M BYERS COMPANY PITTSBURGH, PA

ESTABLISHED 1864

Does One Thing Only

Sani-Flush is made to clean toilet bowls only and it does this perfectly. It keeps the bowl and hidden trap snowy white, odorless and sanitary.

Sani-Flush

will relieve you of the disagreeable task of dipping water and scrubbing. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl every two or three days. Stains disappear; odors are eliminated. It will not injure bowl or connections.

25 Cents a Can

Sani-Flush is a sanitary necessity wherever there is a toilet. It is patented. Nothing else like it. Sold by grocers, druggists, plumbers, hardware and general stores.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
CANADIAN AGENTS:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

But the point now is that the tax begins with a six-hundred-and-fifty-dollar income, and begins—for this war emergency—at a stiff rate, which increases rapidly until the full rate of twenty-five per cent is reached on an earned income of twelve thousand five hundred dollars or an unearned income of ten thousand dollars.

At that point the surtax begins; but, instead of being decidedly the most important feature of the scheme, as with us, under the law as it now stands the British surtax is really a sort of postscript. For the first twenty-five hundred dollars above twelve thousand five hundred, as to earned incomes, it is ten pence on the pound, or four per cent, plus. For the next five thousand dollars it is five per cent, plus. At the fifth additional five thousand dollars it becomes twelve and a half per cent. At sixty-two thousand five hundred dollars of income the surtax becomes seventeen and a half per cent; and there the progression stops. An income of a million dollars pays no higher rate than one of sixty-two thousand five hundred.

A few illustrations will bring out the contrast:

Take an income of fifteen hundred dollars a year. Under the British scheme there is an exemption of six hundred dollars, leaving nine hundred dollars to be taxed at eleven and a quarter per cent. So the recipient of the income pays the government a hundred and one dollars and a quarter a year. Under the present American scheme, of course, he pays nothing.

On an income of three thousand dollars a year an Englishman would get an exemption of five hundred dollars, leaving twenty-five hundred dollars to be taxed at twelve and a half per cent. He would pay the government three hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents a year. The American with a like income pays nothing.

On an income of seventy-five hundred dollars the Englishman gets no exemption, paying the government fifteen per cent on the whole amount, or eleven hundred and twenty-five dollars. An American—married—with the same income gets an exemption of four thousand dollars and pays the Government two per cent on the balance, or seventy dollars a year. The Englishman's income tax is over fifteen times as heavy.

On an earned income of ten thousand dollars the Englishman pays eighteen hundred and thirty-three dollars a year; while the American pays one hundred and twenty.

On an income of fifteen thousand dollars the Englishman pays twenty-five per cent normal tax, or thirty-seven hundred and fifty dollars, and a hundred and four dollars supertax; while the American pays two hundred and twenty.

On twenty thousand dollars the Englishman pays fifty-three hundred and fifty-eight dollars, and the American pays three hundred and twenty.

Locating Taxable Income

The British scheme is based on ability to pay; but where there is ability to pay the British Government really taxes it, while we, so far, make only a gesture at it until we come to incomes above twenty thousand dollars a year.

So far, our individual income tax has been a comparatively unimportant affair. In the last fiscal year it yielded sixty-eight million dollars. This year, with the rates doubled, with greater prosperity, and with somewhat better machinery for collecting the tax, it will no doubt yield considerably more than twice that. Even at two hundred million it would be comparatively unimportant. But when the Government proposes to raise a billion and three-quarters of additional revenue for war purposes and is looking to the income tax as one of its chief resources, the method of applying that tax becomes decidedly important.

That the exemption should be very decidedly lowered, and the sliding scale applied long before incomes of twenty thousand dollars are reached, goes without saying. The Government should, in fact, require an income return from every person receiving a thousand dollars a year and upward, though it did not begin to tax incomes until somewhat above that point.

It should have these returns for the purpose of finding out approximately what the income-tax resources of the country really are—a subject as to which at present it has only a hazy notion; though the income-tax law has been in force more than three years.

The fact is that, under the existing law, persons with incomes in the lower taxable ranges have been left to tax themselves; and the result has unquestionably been a great deal of evasion. In his last report the Commissioner of Internal Revenue repeats:

"It is axiomatic that the Government cannot rely entirely upon a taxpayer's declaration as to his tax liability. For the successful enforcement of the income-tax law it is essential that further provision be made for locating the individual who has taxable income, and for ascertaining the taxable amounts."

The machinery at the disposal of the Department for this purpose is so inadequate that each field agent—who is supposed to do the locating of taxable individuals—has a population of three hundred and sixty-five thousand to look after. Moreover, as the commissioner has more than once recommended, the law should authorize the Department to summon witnesses and take testimony.

A Premium on Mendacity

These defects in the administrative side of the law show that, so far, the law has been, in fact, pretty exclusively aimed at the rich. Men with big incomes are shining marks which the tax assessor can hardly miss. The rest of the population has been mostly left to tax itself or not, as it saw fit. The law does make certain provisions for taxing income at its source. But, except in the case of income derived from bond interest, they are admittedly of little value for the purpose of locating taxable income. Less than ten per cent of the tax is collected at the source.

The result of all this is that income-tax returns have comparatively slight statistical value and go but a little way toward uncovering the income-tax resources of the country. The commissioner says:

"It is admitted that the figures have little value other than to effect a comparison with the preceding year. The information to be obtained from individual returns as now required by law, in conjunction with the withholding feature of the law, is so incomplete, as to gross incomes received by individuals, that it would be difficult to make a statistical report that would be of practical value to those concerned with problems of taxation or other economic questions."

Now that income tax is to be a big source of revenue, the Government should require returns that will be valuable to those concerned with problems of taxation. And unquestionably it should proceed with thoroughness and vigor in the direction of locating taxable individual income; for any tax that is extensively evaded is a bad tax. It puts a premium on mendacity and creates resentment among honest taxpayers. As an example of that, one need only look at our personal-property tax, which has pretty completely broken down in many regions and become odious in many more.

There has been talk at Washington of greatly extending and intensifying our income tax in its present form—that is, as a tax falling pretty exclusively upon the rich. Raising the tax rate to one hundred per cent on all income in excess of seventy-five or one hundred thousand dollars has been discussed.

I take it that in this juncture everybody, with the negligible exception of multimillionaires, is heartily in favor of taxing the rich right up to the expedient limit. Certainly that is my sentiment. But the question of expediency is much more difficult than advocates of outright confiscation of big incomes imagine.

The Government is about to issue seven billion dollars of long-term war bonds, which, in accordance with the long-established policy of the country, are specifically free from all Federal, state and local taxation, except the inheritance tax. Three billion dollars of the proceeds is to be immediately loaned to the Allies. We are now well-enough aware of the colossal scale of expenditure in this war. If it lasts a year there will certainly be further great loans to the Allies and further big borrowing for our own war bills. Unless the war ends soon, the present war loan is only a beginning. If it lasts a year we shall certainly have at least ten billion dollars of new tax-free government bonds outstanding.

All state, county, city and district bonds are free from the Federal income tax. Their total now considerably exceeds the amount of government bonds outstanding, and constantly increases.

(Continued on Page 105)

When the Cash Crosses the Counter

"That's the instant that spells profit or loss," says a successful small retailer.

"It's too late to begin protecting your profits when the money's in the cash drawer," says W. H. Dinger, of Martin's Ferry, Ohio.

"You've got to *get* every cent of that cash before you count it, believe me—and as I do a strictly cash business, I've learned by experience that errors in adding cash items have helped to put many a small business man on the rocks.

"Here it is 'hurry-up' time in the morning—clerks busy—store full of customers. The cash register bell rings constantly and coins drop into the drawer in quick succession.

"*But has the correct amount of money been taken in for the goods that have passed over the counter?* That's the question.

"Did the clerk add up those items correctly, or did she miss the total by ten cents one way or the other?

"My experience is that you can't depend on human brain additions. I used to have lots of little mistakes made in adding cash sales, and it cost me a good deal in a year.

"When the mistake was in my favor the customer usually detected it—when it was the other way it nearly always 'got by'.

One Sure Remedy

"I've got a sure cure for figure losses.

"It's a little Burroughs Figuring Machine, and I use it right on the counter for adding all cash transactions.

"It gives me an accurate check on the cash when it crosses the counter—it is my assurance that I am getting all the pennies that I should.

"I look on my Burroughs Machine as the 'link' between the customer's purse and the till.

Saved $2.00 in Ten Minutes

"The Burroughs helps in lots of other ways. I hadn't owned it more than ten minutes before I caught errors in invoices amounting to $2.00.

"You see, it's my able assistant in buying, selling and bookkeeping and pays its own salary plus a profit."

98 Models of Burroughs Figuring Machines

There's a Burroughs model to fit the needs of any business, large or small. Ask your banker or consult your telephone book for the address of the nearest of the 170 offices maintained by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company in the United States and Canada.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS LOW AS $125
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

The Dominant Medium

The dynamic force of 2,000,000 circulation is not the sole reason for the dominance of The Saturday Evening Post.

The structure of its distribution is an important factor.

The circulation system of the Post is such that where trade is brisk, there the Post is strong.

This is because the Post is sold, not by magazine methods, but by the methods of commercial merchandising. It has not clung to the traditional publishing method, which is, in effect, turning the output over to a selling agent.

It has developed an exclusive sales organization.

The entire country is divided into four sales districts, each in charge of a sales manager responsible for its development. These managers deal with more than 100,000 retail outlets.

Half of these are subscription representatives. Subscriptions for the Curtis publications are never bought in bulk or obtained by premiums or club offers. Each order, unless sent in direct, is individually solicited by a Curtis canvasser. Thus the entire subscription effort is directly controlled and stimulated from the home office.

The single-copy sales are even more significant. These are made through a force of 50,000 local representatives, who work under the direction of a wholesale force of 2,000 district agents. Each district agent is in charge of a small territory. He reports direct to Philadelphia.

Fifty roadmen are constantly traveling, studying local conditions, recruiting new representatives, "gingering up" sales.

This sales system is parallel to that by which any other nationally sold product is marketed:

1. District sales manager
2. Salesman
3. Wholesaler
4. Retailer

It searches out the potentialities of each section, each city, each district, even each street corner. It follows the movements of trade. It taps the points where active buyers congregate. It can be rapidly expanded.

Thus Post sales parallel the commercial opportunity for other products.

The Post reaches 2,000,000 families, not only of the *kind* of people worth reaching, but also *located* where they are of most value to the advertiser.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The medium of dominance

What 2,000,000 circulation means will be the subject of our next advertisement, which will appear in an early issue.

(Continued from Page 102)

Bonds issued for farm loans, under the new Farm Loan Act, are free from Federal income tax, and the Farm Loan Board calculates that some thousands of millions of them will presently be outstanding.

It should be clearly understood that all the above bonds are free—not only from the normal income tax but from the surtax. Under the present law income derived from them is not included at all in the holder's income-tax report. For all income-tax purposes that income simply does not exist. Mr. Rockefeller might hold a billion dollars of them, or five billion, and the Government could not touch a penny of the income he derived from them.

The presence in the investment market of a great quantity of tax-free securities has an obvious bearing upon the income tax. If big incomes were confiscated a rich man could escape the confiscation just in proportion as he invested in tax-free bonds. The result would be to set up a sort of aristocracy of tax-free bondholders.

But the country needs capital not alone for war. Railroads will, in the next few years, need some billions of it very badly for better terminals, additional track and equipment, and so on. If they don't get it the transportation system will suffer a deterioration that will react harmfully upon all business, from farm to Wall Street. If manufacturing of any sort is to expand it must have capital. Extensions of telegraph and telephone, of city transportation and lighting, development of new fields of business, erection of buildings—a thousand and one activities depend upon the supply of capital. In the first quarter of this year corporation financing, as reported by the Wall Street Journal, called for seven hundred and forty million dollars—an indication of the constant demand for capital for industrial and commercial purposes.

This private demand must compete with the Government demand. Obviously, for a man who is liable to a fifty-per-cent income tax, a government bond bearing three and a half per cent interest is equal to a railroad bond bearing seven per cent. As government issues always have the preference, because they offer a more unquestionable security, such an investor would probably choose a government bond in preference to a railroad bond bearing anything less than eight per cent. A state or city bond bearing four per cent would at least be equal to a railroad or industrial bond bearing eight per cent, while a farm-loan bond bearing four and a half per cent would be equal to a taxable investment bearing nine per cent.

In short, with a great quantity of tax-free bonds available for investment, a high income tax sets up a decided discrimination against all taxable investments. If railroads, industrial concerns, and so on, overcame that by paying a higher rate of interest, then their cost of doing business would be so much greater, and that higher cost would probably fall back ultimately upon the public.

The British Maximum

This question of where any tax will ultimately fall is admittedly a very difficult one. Lord Morley, who has given a good deal of attention to the subject, recently declared, in effect, that it was doubtful whether human ingenuity could devise any tax which would not ultimately fall mainly upon the industrial community. However that may be, it is certain that an injudicious tax may react upon the producing public irrespective of who pays it in the first instance.

Simply confiscating big incomes looks rather attractive at first glance. It is said that, with the country at war and hundreds of thousands of men required to offer their lives, no man should enjoy an income in excess of a hundred thousand dollars. In the first place, very few men do "enjoy" such an income. Thirty-one hundred families in the United States reported income in excess of a hundred thousand dollars in 1916. It is doubtful that so many as a third of them spent a hundred thousand dollars on living expenses.

Take the celebrated case of Rockefeller, Senior. On the basis of his admitted holdings of securities his income is supposed to be thirty million dollars or more a year. It is pretty certain that he does not spend ten per cent, or anything like ten per cent, of it on living. No doubt ninety per cent or more goes into the multifarious philanthropic undertakings for which he is famous, or is invested in industry—that is, it goes to supply the capital which railroads, mines, mills, and so on, need in order that the production and distribution of goods may go forward satisfactorily.

Confiscating all big incomes would unquestionably result in cutting off an important supply of industrial capital. Goods are produced and distributed in the United States on the capitalistic plan. If anybody wants to substitute the socialistic plan, that is quite another question. But you cannot work the capitalistic plan satisfactorily on socialistic principles, with inveterate antagonism to capital. Under the present plan capital and labor are exactly the blend of gas and air that makes the automobile engine go. Shut off capital, and labor is helpless.

Smashing the Machinery

One may say: "The Government is going to take three billion dollars out of the income of the people of the United States next year. However it is taken, it will be withdrawn from industry; so it might just as well be taken altogether from the big incomes." But that argument is not sound. The capital that supplies industry comes from surplus income. As a rule, the bigger the income, the greater the proportion of investable surplus. Confiscating big incomes would have a greater effect upon the supply of capital than taking the same amount of money from many smaller incomes.

Moreover, a tax on incomes in excess of a hundred thousand dollars would have little effect in reducing unnecessary consumption. The proportion of such incomes now spent on living expenses is relatively unimportant. Families having incomes in excess of a hundred thousand dollars would not reduce their living expenses to an extent that would be a factor in the situation, no matter what tax was levied on the excess above a hundred thousand.

From the beginning, England urged heavy taxation as a means of inducing thrift; for, when any nation is spending at the rate set by this war, cutting down unnecessary, wasteful consumption becomes very important. A tax on moderate incomes will induce widespread economy here.

Another point needs consideration: Whether we like it or not—or like them or not—a very important part of the initiative and direction of business is in the hands of men having large incomes. They occupy many of the important strategic positions; they have much to do with setting the pitch and giving the tone to the business world; they have the experience. As soon as war seemed inevitable the President began calling for the services of men with large incomes, because they have the experience and the proved ability. It is well known that England got out of her early munitions muddle only when she called in men with high business positions and wide business experience. Men of that sort will be increasingly needed here if the war goes on. All of which simply illustrates the importance of such men to the general business organization—an importance incalculably in excess of their mere numbers.

To begin war by electing such men to be the goats would not be judicious. Setting them apart as a special class by confiscation or excessively heavy taxation finally would not pay.

As to what can be raised by a proper income tax there are really only guesses—owing to the circumstances mentioned above. Last year the Government collected twenty-four million dollars of individual income tax at the normal rate, which would mean that two billion four hundred million dollars of net income in excess of four thousand dollars was reported to it. Certainly the amount of income to be reached by a vigorously administered law, with exemptions lowered to fifteen hundred dollars, is much in excess of that.

The next source of new revenue is the so-called excess-profits tax. Again we took the idea from England, but departed radically from the English application of it. England—with some exceptions that are not material now—took the profit earned by corporations in the year before the war as a base and regarded all profits above that base as due to the war; hence, properly subject to war taxation. She began by taking fifty per cent of these war profits and later raised the rate to sixty per cent. The Chancellor of the Exchequer some time ago admitted that he had been much urged to take ninety-five per cent; but the government still thought sixty per cent the cannier arrangement.

"When They Painted That House

such a lovely white, it made ours look so dingy and weather-beaten that we sent for the same painter and had him paint our house just like it. And all he used was Carter White Lead and pure linseed oil."

This is not an imaginary conversation; something like it is said whenever a house is painted white with Carter White Lead—it is such a clear, pure white that it always attracts attention.

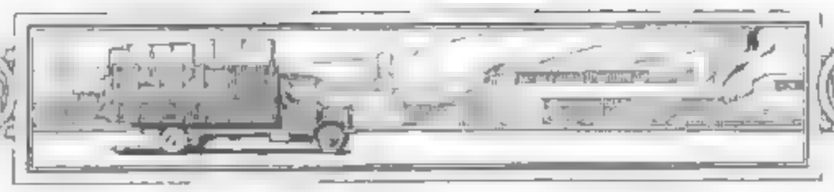
White lead has long been the standard white paint, yet none was really white until the Carter process of making white lead was perfected. Compare Carter with any other white lead or white paint and you will surely decide that your white house must be painted with Carter.

To make white paint, Carter White Lead is thinned with linseed oil to proper consistency. To make colored paint, your painter will add tinting colors. In either white or colors, pure Carter White Lead and linseed oil paint will be found both durable and economical.

Ask your painter to show you "The Paint Beautiful" portfolio of color schemes for city and suburban residences.

Write for "Pure Paint" a Text Book on House Painting and "1917 Fashions in House Paint."

CARTER WHITE LEAD COMPANY
121st and So. Peoria Streets
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

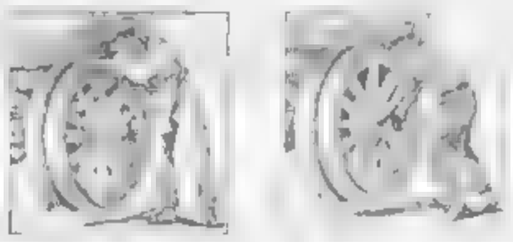


Russel
Internal Gear Drive Axles

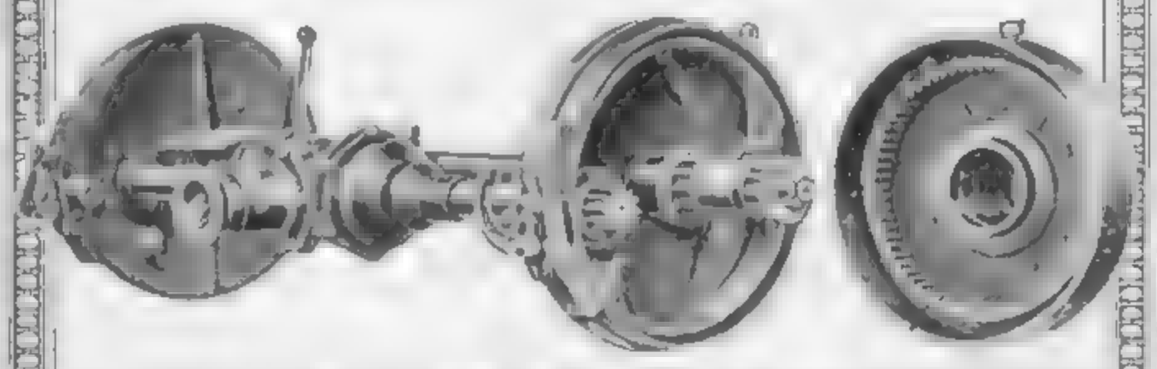
The Russel Internal Gear Drive Axle — transmits the power close to the rims of the wheels.

To illustrate our principle, jack up your truck, or any vehicle for that matter, and note that it is easier to turn the wheels by the rim than by the hub.

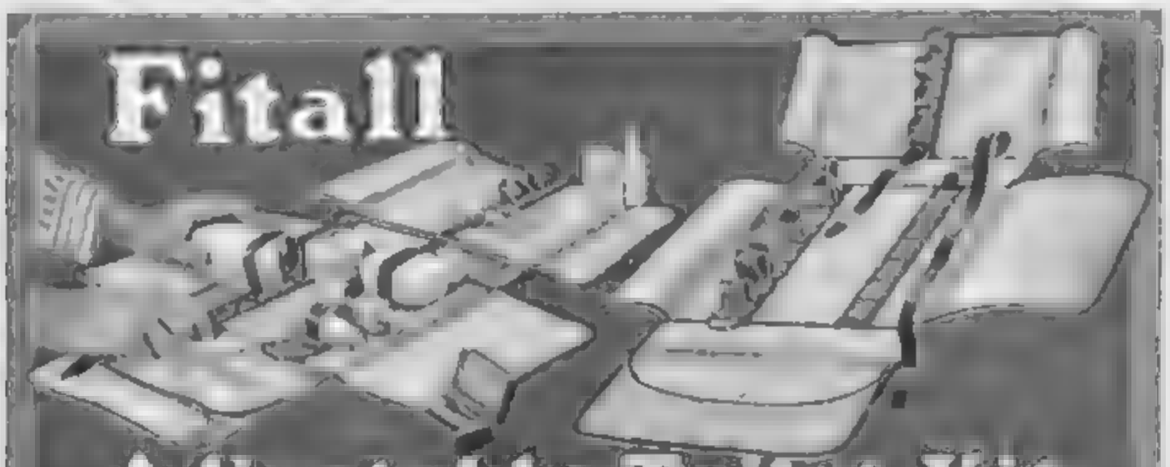
Why should you not specify a Russel Drive on your next truck?



Russel Motor Axle Company
Railroad Ave., North Detroit



Fitall



Adjustable Toilet Kit

FITS ALL FITTINGS

Every traveler will welcome the **FITALL** as the first and only toilet case designed for practical use.

Adjustable spaces and self-locking straps hold your own [illegible] kit, [illegible] articles in the [illegible] case in the original [illegible] unit in front. There [illegible] waterproof pockets with [illegible] extras.

You'll appreciate the satisfaction and comfort of always having all of your toilet articles conveniently together

MILITARY FITALLS, designed for Army and Navy, are also exceptionally desirable for [illegible] and compact. Price, $2.00 up.

FITALLS are for men or women and [illegible] of chrome [illegible] and waterproof fabrics. Price, $3.00 up

Your dealer should have **FITALLS**. Write us if he hasn't. Descriptive booklet free.

EISEMAN, KAISER & COMPANY, Ekco Bldg., Chicago

Patented U. S. and Foreign Countries **Fitall** *Mfrs. of EKCO Make Leather Goods*

It may be noted that, in the case of a munitions manufacturer or shipowner whose income exceeds sixty-five thousand dollars, the government first takes sixty per cent of his war profits and on the remaining forty per cent it levies income tax and surtax of forty-two and a half per cent; so it actually gets seventy-seven per cent of the total. That is as far as the British Government deems it expedient to go.

Our tax is not at all a tax on war profits or on excess profits. The Government takes eight per cent on the actual capital invested, as a base, and levies a tax on all profits beyond that—irrespective of whether those profits have any possible connection with war. It is a purely arbitrary device; and the principle which it seems to imply—that eight per cent on the capital invested is a proper profit and everything above that an excess—is clearly unsound.

Take a supposititious case—which, however, is not very remote from actual experience: A, B and C invent and perfect some new and useful article or process—a machine, a method of lighting, or what not. They have no capital and no commercial experience. They form a company to hold and enjoy the rights to the article, and then strike a bargain with D, E and F, who undertake to manufacture and market the article, net profits to be divided equally. D, E and F invest five million dollars in plant, and so on. Net profits are a million dollars. The D-E-F company claims exemption of eight per cent on its five-million-dollar investment, and so is taxed on only a hundred thousand dollars; while the A-B-C company, with only a nominal capital, is taxed on the full five hundred thousand dollars, paying five times as much tax as the D-E-F company.

What the A-B-C company contributed—namely, the idea—was as valuable socially and from every point of view as the simple capital the D-E-F company contributed. There is no justice, or any good policy, in taxing it five times as heavily.

The Government's tax assumes that the mere capital invested is an invariable measure of a concern's usefulness and of what it is justly entitled to earn—which is a capital error. That rule might apply, with some reason, to long-established, fully developed, standardized businesses, like railroading or making steel billets; but even here it is open to objection. Mr. Carnegie long ago said that steel was "either prince or pauper." When it is prince it should levy heavily upon profits for replacements, renewals, reserves, and so on, in order to carry it through the years when it is pauper. If its profits above eight per cent are very heavily taxed in good years, it will be in poor condition for bad years.

Liquor Taxes

But the eight-per-cent rule does not apply at all to new businesses—to the pioneering, exploring, inventing, on which the hope of future social improvement partly depends. Take the telephone: In its early years it was, of course, regarded as a risky and dubious experiment. Nobody would have invested in so novel and uncertain a thing if he had known that profits would be limited to eight per cent, while losses were unlimited. Early telephone companies earned thirty or forty per cent, or even more; and that lure was what got the industry going. Now the telephone is as established and standardized as the railroad. It might stand an eight-per-cent rule. But it could not have stood it in its early, critical days.

The same thing applies to almost all inventions—to the whole forward push of commercial science. A rigid eight-per-cent rule would simply shoot off the business pioneers. It would put a ban on ideas; and ideas, finally, are what business grows on. And business, in this sense, means the industrial life of the community. Automobiles, for example, would have been impossible under a rigid eight-per-cent rule. On those terms nobody would have put capital into what seemed a gamble.

As the tax is based on a purely arbitrary and essentially illogical assumption, it follows that it should be applied cautiously. The present rate of eight per cent on so-called excess profits is tolerable, of course; but a rate like that of the British war-profits tax, if applied on our eight-per-cent basis, would operate with great injustice and prove a decided handicap to industrial development.

Wherever the Government can distinguish a real war profit it should lay vigorous hands upon it. The fact that a great many of our corporations have enjoyed large profits for two years makes it difficult to distinguish war profits, however; and the taxes on corporation profits should be so levied as not to check injuriously the flow of capital into industry, or to discriminate against the investment of ideas in business.

A rigid eight-per-cent rule gives no inducement to the investment of ideas. So long as the Government has only the arbitrary rule of eight per cent on the capital invested to go upon, it should tax at a low rate.

After taxing individual and corporate income the Government will turn to indirect taxation. Liquor and tobacco can probably be made to yield a hundred million more. This is a tax on consumption; but consumption of luxuries ought to be very stiffly taxed.

The required money can be raised, if reason and common sense are used, with no injury to industry. A very large part of it can be offset by more rigid individual and public economy. The great point is to levy the taxes in such a way that they will not react disastrously upon industry, and disorganize that machinery of business which must be in a highly efficient condition to carry us through the war and to meet after-war competition; so that they will have the best possible effect by way of inducing economy. Merely grabbing the first money in sight will not answer. We are at the beginning of a new era in taxation. A proper scheme of taxation now is very important.

Farsighted

THERE used to be a newspaper editor in Chicago who had a sharp tongue and a rough way about him, but was an easy mark, nevertheless, for those who had hard-luck stories to tell. Early one morning, after putting that day's edition to press, he was leaving the building when at the door a down-and-out individual, a former reporter whose habits and improvident ways had cost him his job on every sheet in town, came weaving up.

"Charley," he whined, "I hate to keep on touching you, seeing that I've already borrowed a good deal of money from you at different times in the past, but I'm right up against it. I need a drink something fierce. Could you let me have a half a dollar?"

The other reached in his pocket, then hesitated in the act of drawing a coin out.

"Why half a dollar?" he inquired. "A drink of whisky only costs a dime—the kind you drink."

"Well, it'll take fifteen cents more to get me a bed in some lodging house," explained the mendicant. "You wouldn't want me to sleep in the street, would you?"

"Even so, that only figures up a quarter. What are you going to do with the remaining twenty-five cents?"

"I was aiming to use that to buy my breakfast with in the morning, Charley."

"Why, you farseeing son of a gun!" said the donor. "That's just like you—always peering into the future!"

A Costly Bird

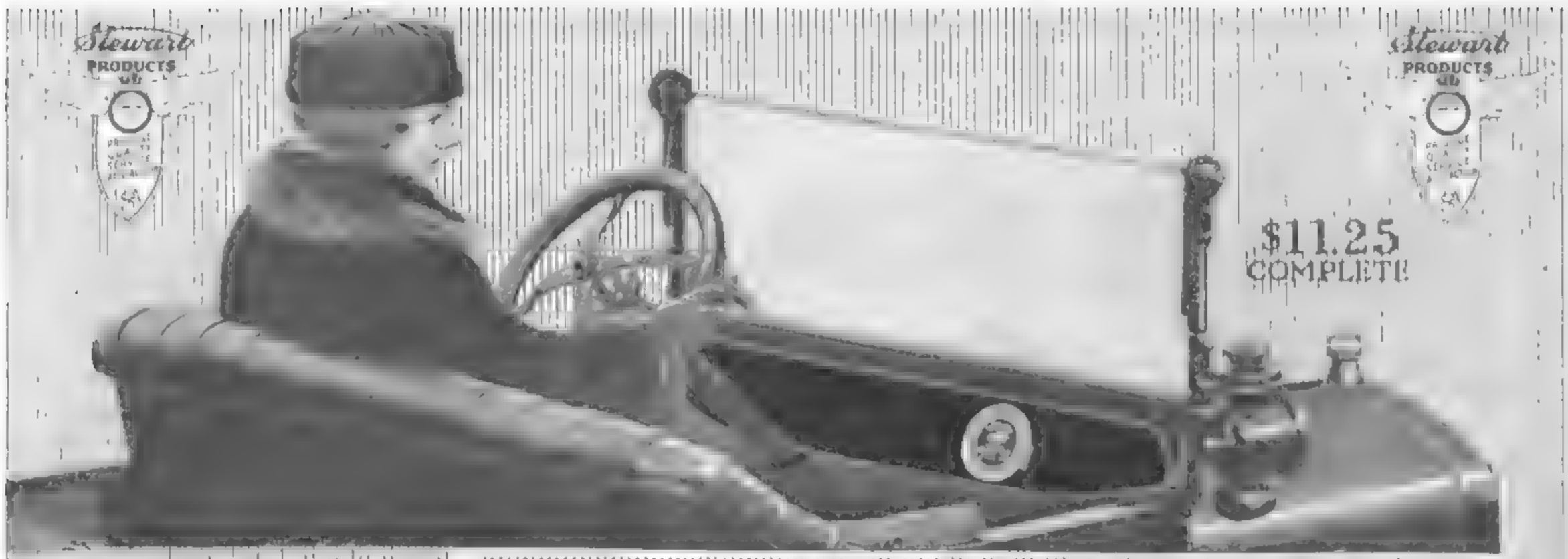
ON THE day when The Abbot brought thirty thousand dollars—a record price at that time for a race horse—a stable hand in the employ of a visiting horseman approached a lunch stand in Madison Square Garden, where the sale had just taken place, and after inspecting the viands on view told the functionary in charge he believed he would take a turkey sandwich.

The attendant, with a carving knife, sheared off a miraculously small, miraculously thin strip of white meat from the breast of a roasted bird, placed it on a slice of bread, superimposed another slice of bread on top, and passed the completed production across the counter to the stable hand, who laid down a dime in payment for it.

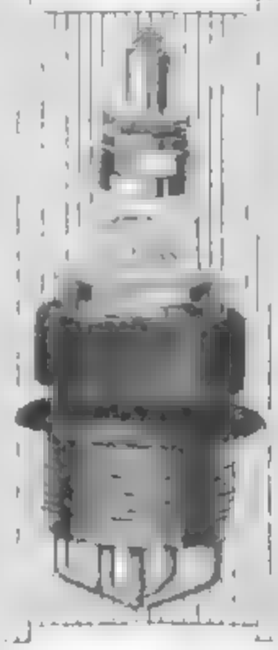
"Twenty-five cents more," stated the lunch-stand man briskly. "Turkey sandwiches is thirty-five cents apiece."

Reluctantly the customer produced a quarter. Then he raised the lid of his sandwich, inspected the minute segment of meat reposing within, and in tones of admiration addressed the lunch-stand man:

"Boss," he said, "if you keep on like you're startin' before night that there one turkey ought to bring you in more money than The Abbot just fetched."



Stewart Speedometer for Ford Cars $10



Stewart V-Ray Spark Plug $1

Stewart Autoguard $9
West of Rockies $9.75
Special Model for Fords $7.50
West of Rockies $8.25

Stewart Instrument Board for FORD Cars

Here is just what every Ford owner needs—the Stewart Speedometer and Instrument Board.

You can easily install it in a few moments. No bolts, screws, nuts or brackets to fuss with.

Simply press down on the steering column, slip the board into place, and it is there to stay.

It takes the vibration out of the steering wheel, fills in the unsightly gap in the Ford dash—and makes installation of clock, electric controls and other dash instruments easy.

The Speedometer furnished with this Instrument Board is of the famous Stewart magnetic type—the same type of speedometer that is standard on 95% of the equipped automobiles built today.

With a Stewart Speedometer you don't have to guess at your speed or your mileage. Your speedometer keeps track of these things for you.

It also checks up on the economy and efficiency of your Ford—tells you what mileage you are getting out of your gasoline, oil and tires.

The Stewart Speedometer for Fords costs you only $10—or mounted in the new Instrument Board, $11.25. You can get the Instrument Board alone if you wish for $1.25.

The Stewart dealer in your town has one for you. See him today.

You also need good spark plugs. Try a set of Stewart V-Rays. They have four sparking points instead of only one. They give four times longer life and four times the dependability.

There's a Stewart V-Ray Searchlight too. Throws penetrating light at any angle. Compact and handsome. Quickly and easily attached. Fits any car.

The Stewart Autoguard safeguards your car and you. Saves its cost the very first bump. Light but exceedingly strong. Don't be without it.

Stewart Signals—hand operated or motor driven—are the ones you should have on your Ford. They are best and most popular. Your safety depends on a good signal. Get a Stewart.

Stewart Products are for sale by leading jobbers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, U. S. A.

Stewart Hand Operated Warning Signal $3.50
Motor Driven Type $6

Stewart V-Ray Searchlight $5
West of Rocky Mountains $5.50

Here's What You Need on Your New Roof

WHEN you cover a roof with Barrett's Everlastic Multi-Shingles, *you lay four shingles at once.* This means that you reduce labor, get greater accuracy, save time and use less nails.

When you use these shingles you get not less than *double thickness* over every part of the roof, except cut-outs, and where the wear is most severe you get *triple thickness.*

Once you lay Everlastic Multi-Shingles you're through. No need to paint or stain them. They have a beautiful red or green surface of crushed slate that defies wind, weather and water indefinitely.

Beauty and Durability

The first thing you notice about these shingles is their handsome appearance. No better looking roof could be had by any method or material. Houses roofed with them are landmarks of beauty.

Wherever a handsome, durable, economical roof is required on residences, bungalows or steep-roofed buildings of any type, Everlastic Multi-Shingles are ideal.

They are Fire-Resisting

Don't overlook this fact—Everlastic Multi-Shingles are fire-resisting. A red-hot coal can be left on them till it gets cold. They will smoke but not ignite. A real protection against near-by fires.

Size and Packing

Everlastic Multi-Shingles are made in strips 32¼ inches long and 10 inches wide. They have self-spacing cut-outs 4 inches deep and ½ inch wide, as shown in the illustration. Their appearance on the roof is that of separate shingles.

Anyone can lay Everlastic Multi-Shingles for they require neither skilled labor nor special tools.

Be sure to send for Booklet telling more about them.

Everlastic Tylike-Shingles

Our Tylike-Shingles have already won wide fame. They are individual slate-surfaced shingles, of the same material as the Multi-Shingles, size 8 x 12¾ inches.

Tylike-Shingles make a charming roof or siding for any building. Very durable and distinguished in appearance. Easy to lay. They will not split or curl. In two colors, red or green.

Barrett's EVERLASTIC MULTI-SHINGLES

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing

Makes a beautiful, durable roof that requires no painting. Very effective for lining valleys, covering ridge-poles, etc., in connection with Everlastic Tylike- or Multi-Shingles.

Made in rolls 32 inches wide and 40 feet six inches long. The same material is in this roofing as in the Multi-Shingles.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing

This is our most popular "rubber" roofing and is known everywhere. Light in weight, easy to handle and should be used wherever a "rubber" roofing is required.

Everlastic is made in one-, two-, and three-ply weights. Each roll contains enough to cover 100 square feet, with nails and cement packed in each roll

Booklets about these Roofings free on request

Some Barrett Specialties

Everjet Elastic Paint

The best and most economical paint made for "ready" and metal roofings, and exposed surfaces of all kinds. It is elastic, adhesive and will not rub, crack or peel.

Elastigum Waterproof Cement

Wherever there is a leak you need Elastigum. It has a hundred different uses. Just the thing for joining and repairing gutters and flashings around chimneys. It is easy to apply, is acid-proof, damp-proof and *it sticks*

Carbosota Creosote Oil

You can add many years to the life of all exposed woodwork by using Carbosota Grade-One Creosote Oil. Being in liquid form it is easily applied. No expensive method required

Creonoid

Creonoid Lice-Destroyer and Cow-Spray will keep your live stock free from annoyance by insects, flies, lice and vermin. It helps to make healthy horses, contented cows and clean poultry. Use Creonoid in the bath and pen, the house and you will have more milk and eggs

Booklets regarding any of these products free upon request

The Barrett Company

Largest Manufacturers in the World of Roofing and Roofing Materials

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

THE PATERSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver
St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

JOUNCING UNCLE SAM

(Continued from Page 12)

Here are some facts in connection with the affair:

Julio Grado, arrested for participation in the killing, has confessed that he and twelve others were hired to make away with three American cowboys. He named them all. In order to make the attack appear to be a bandit raid, they let down the Line fence and drove some horses across into Mexico as a ruse; but these horses later returned to the ranch.

As soon as the Government agents cleared up the origin of the raid, they dropped it for the state to handle. For it was in no sense a military operation.

Cattle furnished the motive, as for so many Border tragedies. Take the case of Anecito Pizano and Luis de la Rosa, as a result of whose operations the first bandit fight at the Tolitas Ranch was staged. In that engagement, Private McGuire, of the Twelfth Cavalry, was killed, and C. A. Monahan, deputy sheriff, wounded. The Mexicans escaped.

It resulted from cattle deals and greed. The Mexicans had been engaged in securing cattle on the other side and shipping them out for sale, by the aid of American associates. The business proved profitable. But when it came time to settle with his partners, one American decided that it would be folly to give up so much good money, and accordingly "turned them in" to the officers.

Border Cattle Traffic

The Mexicans learned of the double-cross. And when a posse of soldiers and civilians went to Pizano's ranch to arrest the bunch, they were ready for the gringos. A hot fight followed and the Mexicans fled across the river.

Early in April the Federal grand jury at El Paso returned an indictment against George M. Holmes, of Ysleta, an American citizen, charging him and José de Luna and Manuel Ochoa and others with setting on foot a military expedition against the territory of a foreign people. This was the Manuel Ochoa filibuster that crossed the Border near Fabens on August 19, 1916.

There is a story back of that indictment.

Holmes is a veteran cowman. He formerly operated in Tom Green County, with headquarters at San Angelo. He got in with the Villistas, being especially close to Hipolito, brother of Pancho Villa.

Through this connection he secured an arrangement for the handling of their cattle. Now the Villas did not really own any cattle. On the other hand, they could get thousands, for Pancho controlled Northern Mexico, and everything in that territory was his for the taking; consequently he had great herds for export.

Holmes did a humming business importing cattle from Mexico. The Villistas rounded them up and delivered the herds at some Border point. The American and his associates then paid a fixed amount a head, crossed them into the United States, and marketed them.

He brought one herd of two thousand and fifty-eight head to the Border in November, 1915, crossing them at Fabens. But there were claimants to the stuff; so he held the cattle long enough for alleged owners to look at them, then went ahead and sold. Of course the claimants filed suits, which are still pending. The cattle were rounded up by the Villistas between Chihuahua City and the Border.

Business naturally grew dull with Holmes when Villa lost out. There were no more cattle being driven up from the South for his export. Other men jumped in to handle the same sort of trading for the Carrancistas.

That was his reason, so the Government contends, for equipping a filibuster under Manuel Ochoa last August—if they could get cattle for him, or stir up revolutionary troubles against Carranza, the good old times would return. And so the grand jury took up Holmes' case and indicted him.

A favorite stunt of Americans who mix in the Mexican troubles is to pretend close connection with the Administration at Washington, or with men high in politics or in the United States Army. It impresses the Mexican imagination and is a useful tool in obtaining concessions from whatever jefe they want to approach.

And it is so easy, so absurdly simple! There is nothing to prevent a free-born American from approaching a general, or a United States senator, or a secretary of department, shaking him warmly by the hand and expressing the sentiment that it is a fine day. Our laws and political freedom permit this. He may even slap him on the back.

But picture to yourself the effect of this familiarity on an ignorant Mexican, who has been brought along to observe how intimately the American is associated with the great man, and who remains in the background, his eyes bulging out of his head as he sees his companion greet the senator like a friend. The trick invariably produces the desired results. Back goes the Mexican to report to his chief that the American is undoubtedly hand in glove with the powers at Washington; and after that it is plain sailing for him.

In this connection the following letter is of interest:

EL PASO, TEXAS, January 17, 1917.

EL SEÑOR GENERAL FRANCISCO VILLA,
Chihuahua, Mexico.

My dear Sir: Though not acquainted with you personally, I approach you on my own initiative and ask for a conference with you as an American citizen desiring that Mexicans and Americans may understand each other, to the end that all differences which now exist may be composed between the nations; and, appreciating that Venustiano Carranza, now usurping to himself tyrannical powers in Mexico, has proved a complete failure, I ask this conference with you, with the one person who may bring about an era of kind feeling between the Republic of Mexico and the United States; and anything which we can do legally we shall be glad to do.

If you will meet me at a place designated by you on the Border I promise to bring to our conference one of the most eminent statesmen in the United States, with powerful influence with both our national political parties relative to questions pertaining to Mexico. I refer to United States Senator ——, who appreciates the Mexican people; and no living American knows the conditions in Mexico better than he. Senator ——, as you are well informed, is bitterly against Carranza and all his methods, regarding him as a tyrant dragging down the Mexican nation and people into the depths of misery, and disgracing them before the world.

Now, General Villa, I have discussed this question thoroughly with Senator —— and most of the prominent mining men of Chihuahua, and the press of this country is generally with you in forming a stable government, especially in Northern Mexico; and I firmly believe, if you fix a time and place to meet Senator ——, at any place in Chihuahua, that he and some of his friends will visit you at the time and place fixed. And I believe that you can organize a plan to forward your interests, there being only one condition which they will require of you—that is, that you protect American lives and property within the country which you dominate. With a combination like this to assist you, you will soon have large revenues from the mines of Chihuahua and from many other sources. If you accept my proposition please address me at El Paso, Texas, and inclose an invitation written by you inviting Senator —— and his guests to meet you and discuss conditions and arrangements.

While I have never met you, I hope to meet you sometime and be of assistance to you in any way possible. Thanking you for an early reply, I remain,

Yours truly, ——

The Fate of Villa's Letter

This letter was dispatched by special messenger to Pancho Villa in the field. Do not lose sight of the facts that Villa has been an outlaw since 1914; that he is our declared enemy; and that we sent an expedition into Mexico to disperse his forces and kill or capture him. His status has not been changed because he captured Chihuahua City and Torreon; nor will it be changed by any successes he may have. So read the letter in the light of those facts.

Now in order to make the proper impression it was necessary for the writer to get an introduction to Pancho, and he picked on a friend of mine who was formerly

Mothers: How to Keep Your Children From Eating Too Many Sweets

IF they are inclined to eat more sweets than are good for them, try this plan: Substitute Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, spread on bread, crackers or toast.

Just try it. You'll find they like it just as much as sweets—often better! And you will feel perfectly safe. Because Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is not merely good to *taste*. It is a natural food, of high nutritive value. A Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwich contains the same *Strength*, *Heat* and *Energy* as a glass of rich milk.

What is Beech-Nut Peanut Butter?

It is first of all a blending of the taste of the highly flavored Spanish peanut with that of the rich Virginia peanut.

In special roasting rooms, under unvarying North light, experts carefully watch these nuts bake to a certain delicate color which determines perfect roasting.

By special processes the nuts are cleaned of skins, grit, the bitter little hearts and defective kernels. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is absolutely free of grit.

A special, ingenious machine crushes the nuts smoothly and evenly, at the same time adding salt and mixing it in thoroughly. Then it feeds the finished butter into specially sterilized glass jars, which are vacuum-sealed to retain the Beech-Nut flavor fresh and delicious. It never is rancid.

WHAT NEW PEANUT BUTTER USES DO *YOU* KNOW?

Housewives are using Beech-Nut Peanut Butter in many ways. They are making cake-fillings, muffins, salads, even soups, of peanut butter. You may have discovered something newer still. If so, write us. We'll gladly pay for good recipes that are new and thoroughly practical.

If you are one of those housewives who *do not use* peanut butter, we believe that it is because you have never tried *Beech-Nut Peanut Butter*. It is *different* from any other.

Order a jar today and have it on the table for the next meal. Serve with bread, crackers or toast. We predict that the family—grown-ups as well as children—will ask for it *every* meal.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Ask Your Grocer about the Superior Quality of

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

The Marketplace of the World

This thirty-story building in the very heart of New York is devoted exclusively to the purpose of bringing together wholesale buyers and sellers on a scale never before attempted and marks a tremendous advance in efficient and economical selling.

Here will be permanently displayed the products of the world's leading manufacturers. And because it will represent the greatest concentration of selling effort and buying opportunity, it will of necessity represent the greatest concentration of buying activity.

Wherever your factory may be located you can hardly afford not to have a sales branch in this building.

Among its many features and service factors are:

Twenty-seven floors of exhibition space for the display of merchandise.

Complete office equipment, including stenographic and clerical help.

Conference rooms and an Auditorium for industrial motion pictures, fashion parades, lectures, etc.

Complete library of American and Foreign commercial data and a corps of experts in developing domestic and export markets.

Information Bureau, Bulletin Service, Telegraph and Cable connections, etc.

Buyers' Club

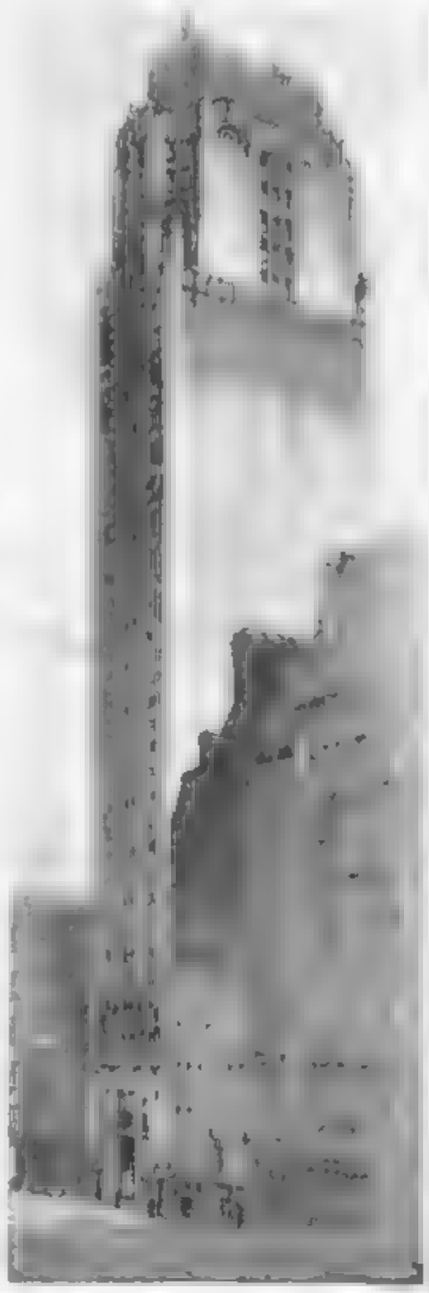
Occupying three floors of the Building, and affording every luxury, comfort and convenience. Its membership already includes the most prominent buyers in every line from all parts of the United States and from foreign centers. In the matter of

Warehousing and Reshipping

your products in Eastern territory, or for export, Bush Terminal Service is at your disposal. You need only put goods on cars at factory consigned to Bush Terminal, New York. We receive them in our million-dollar Service Building, reship in lots as instructed, repack for export, special attention being given to the unusual transportation requirements of foreign countries. In Bush Terminal are also model loft buildings for your own factory branch, assembling plant or warehouse.

Write for full particulars.

Bush Terminal Co., 100 Broad St., New York



Bush Terminal International Exhibit Building 42nd Street at Broadway, New York

military secretary to Villa. This man—a Mexican—wrote a long letter to his erstwhile chief, stating that his principal, the writer of the accompanying letter, was an ex-governor of Arizona, and that he desired to arrange an interview between the general and Senator ——, with the object of securing Villa's recognition by the United States Senate, among other things.

Perhaps he really believed that this man was an ex-governor of Arizona; but in reality he never had been governor; he used to be in politics in New Mexico and is reputed to be prosperous.

Well, the courier crossed with the letters into Mexico and headed south to find Villa. He never reached Pancho. Perhaps he never entertained hope of doing so. The Carrancistas captured him and found the letters. Photographic copies were immediately furnished to the American authorities.

The affair has had a bad effect. Though Villa did not get the missive, he was informed of it; and from some recently captured papers it appears that the bandit is greatly heartened by the support he is persuaded awaits him from the United States Senator and others high in the councils of the American nation. He is using the incident to enlist aid in his own country. I have seen a document of his, bearing on that.

One of the most startling conspiracies set on foot against the peace of Uncle Sam was the attempt to smuggle twenty-five thousand rifles and four million five hundred thousand rounds of ammunition into Mexico, first for the use of the Carrancistas, and later for Villa.

Here, again, Americans were involved. They became the active movers in the conspiracy; they were the mainsprings of it.

Last year, Franz Bopp, consul for Germany in San Francisco, arranged for the purchase of twenty-five thousand rifles and four million five hundred thousand rounds of ammunition to foment a revolution in the Far East, hoping thereby to embarrass the British. The weapons were Mausers and Springfields. To pay for them a fund was raised from some German-Americans in the United States.

But the plan fizzled. The watchfulness of the British and American authorities prevented shipment, and the stuff was moved up and down the Pacific Coast between the Canadian Border and San Diego in an effort to evade detection. Becoming convinced at last that the transfer to India could never be accomplished, the Germans, it is said, sank the rifles and cartridges in water-tight boxes off Catalina Island and began to look about for a chance to sell the shipment and thus get their money back.

Eduardo Soriano Bravo, consul for Carranza at El Paso, was approached by an intermediary, who offered to sell all these rifles and ammunition to the First Chief for two hundred thousand dollars. Meantime another offer was made in Los Angeles to a Mexican official there to dispose of them for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Delivery was to be made on this side of the Line, in shipments of hardware and food and hay.

The Boys Want Their Money

The Carrancistas declare they declined both offers. Perhaps so; but immediately after they were made two hundred thousand dollars was placed to the order of the Carrancista agent at El Paso.

About this time, however, troops in the State of Chihuahua began to grow mutinous. General Francisco Murguia is military commander in that portion of Mexico for Carranza, and sallies out with his Death's Head Battalion about once a week to round up Villa.

Rounding up Villa is risky work; and it should, therefore, occasion no surprise that the boys of the Death's Head Battalion wanted their pay. It was not forthcoming. They began to murmur. The days passed and they began to swear. Still, there was no sign of any *dinero*.

Finally General Murguia got his back up. He sent a peremptory demand for money, on threat that if it were not dispatched immediately he would not answer for the consequences.

That stirred the Carranza Government to action. The sum of two hundred thousand dollars, which had arrived in El Paso to the order of the Carranza agent, was diverted to Chihuahua City. And Murguia's troops remained loyal.

Once more the German owners of the rifles and ammunition were left in the lurch. They had enough stuff to equip an army, yet could not dispose of it. But they did not despair. Weapons and munitions are the life of revolutions; and there was Pancho Villa, whose operations were at that very moment temporarily paralyzed for lack of cartridges. After the Battle of Jiminez he took leave of his forces, announcing that he was going far away, but would return quickly with good news. Then he disappeared for a while. It is asserted that he went to the West Coast for ammunition and failed to obtain it on the first trip.

However that may have been, two Americans, Frank Thayer, who claimed to have gone down to San Andres last year and interviewed Villa, and his partner, Milton Brennan, now got into the game. Both are Americans; both are familiar figures on the Border; both are race-track men and associated in kindred pursuits. Thayer had what he asserted was a commission from Villa to act as purchasing agent for him.

At any rate, Thayer and Brennan arranged to sell the ammunition and rifles to Villa, delivery to be made in their own manner, but payment to be in gold bars. Gold bars and silver bullion can easily be acquired in Northern Mexico by any chief with sufficient force.

The method of delivery was to be this: Thayer and his associates were to raise the rifles and cartridges from their resting place and ship them in a schooner to a port near Mazatlan, State of Sinaloa, Mexico. There they would sink the vessel; the ammunition, being in water-tight boxes, would not be injured. Then the Villistas were to send a ship, with divers, to salvage the stuff.

Uncle Sam's Capture

It took an artist in his line to evolve that scheme; for the laws covering ammunition smuggling made it extremely hard to convict an offender unless he were apprehended in actual crossing of the stuff.

But the Federal officials were on the watch day and night. They never relaxed their vigilance a second, and after a while the pressure of surveillance and of financial needs grew too much for the conspirators.

They both decided to get in out of the wet. Thayer went first to the Government agents and made a clean breast of it. He specially requested that Brennan be kept in ignorance of his move.

Brennan went to the Government two days later and made a clean breast of it. He specially requested that Thayer be kept in ignorance of his move.

The two proved useful in smoking out some others. On April tenth the Associated Press carried this item:

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, April tenth—A munitions-carrying schooner, bound for a Mexican West Coast port, was fired upon and captured by two United States torpedo-boat destroyers, it was learned here to-night from authoritative sources. Five shots were fired at the vessel when it attempted to escape, it is said, and the ship was then beached. Several thousand rounds of rifle and machine-gun ammunition was taken aboard the destroyers and landed at a Pacific Coast port.

It is known that the destroyers have been scouting for a supposed munitions-smuggling ship for more than a week. . . . When the captain of the schooner saw that capture was inevitable he is reported to have attempted to destroy his vessel. Refusing to heed signal calls to stop, the skipper steered for shore and beached the schooner.

It was, presumably, part of the same burned ammunition. That was the climax of the conspiracy.

On April twelfth the grand jury for the Western District of Texas returned an indictment against Vincent V. Andreas, of El Paso, charging that in December he had unlawfully made a shipment of munitions of war with intent to export to Mexico, same consisting of two hundred thousand rifle cartridges of seven-millimeter caliber. With him were indicted several others.

This indictment came as quite a shock to Andreas' friends. It seemed hardly credible that a man of his prominence could be indicted for smuggling.

Sometimes a man's strength in his own community causes him to lose his sense of proportion. Possibly that explains why so many residents of Border towns have been almost brazen in operations which were not only illegal but actually treasonable. They have relied on their local pull

(Concluded on Page 113)

LEPAGE'S GLUE HANDY BOTTLES WHEN A NAIL WON'T DO IT

RAT CORN Kills Rats and Mice Harmless to Humans

Your kind of a shoe

Ralston → $6-$7-$8-$9

DEALERS: This shoe IN STOCK No. 648. Mahogany Russia Calf Bal Beverly last. Neolin soles.

SERVICE—Ralston Shoes are made to meet exactly *your* idea of what a good shoe should give in the way of Fit, Style, Comfort and Long Wear. A combination which means Economy and Satisfaction for you.

Sold in 3000 good stores. Style booklet on request.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS, BROCKTON (Campello), MASS.

COLGATE'S "HANDY GRIP"

The NEW SHAVING STICK

Colgate's "Handy Grip" combines economy, convenience, speed and comfort better than any other shaving preparation.

We couldn't improve the soap —so in each detail of economy and convenience we improved the box to make it worthy of its contents.

Economy—No Waste

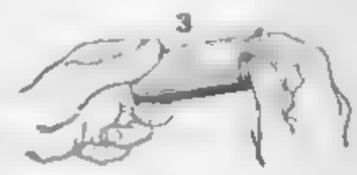
—for the last of the soap *unscrews* from the grip[1] and can be stuck to the top of the next stick.[2] This gives a fifth to a sixth more usable soap than in other containers. An economy—and a *new* feature.

Unscrew the stub

Stick it on the new stick

Greater Security

—no coming apart in your traveling case—one turn of the screw-thread locks the box. This, too, is *new*.[3]



The box locks

Less Cost

—for the "Handy Grip" box can be refilled[4] with "filler sticks" at a lower price. This also is *new*.

Refills

FACTS -about shaving soaps

The Stick is the most economical shaving preparation.

Even though careful tests show this, and also that a shaving powder gives greater economy than a cream, many men still prefer their shaving soap in cream form.

Some men know—more do not—that Soap and Glycerine are the two essentials in shaving cream—the first to make a lather, the second to keep the soap in cream form ready for easy use. Both Soap and Glycerine sink in water—and a shaving cream which floats is "fluffed up" with air.

Try the "Sinking Test"

Fill your wash basin or a glass with water.

Drop into it half an inch of Shaving Cream.

Does it sink or float?

Is it all shaving value or partly air?

Colgate's Shaving Cream will sink at once.

PROOF-POSITIVE of its concentrated Glycerine and Soap content; proof also that with Colgate's you get the most luxurious and economical shave possible from a shaving cream.

COLGATE & CO., New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined. A new size at 10c a cake.

Why Have a Corn?

Let Today's Corn Be The Last!

THIS very night thousands of people will say good-bye to painful corns forever.

For nowadays touchy corns are needless—even foolish.

Blue-jay brings instant relief. And in 48 hours the average corn is gone. Only a few stubborn ones require a second or third treatment.

A Blue-jay Plaster—with its healing wax—is applied in a jiffy. No soreness. No inconvenience. Paring never cures. Harsh liquids are dangerous.

Blue-jay removes the corn—roots and all. This is the way that is gentle, scientific, sure. It costs but a few cents per corn.

Decide to join the cornless crowd tonight which has won freedom the Blue-jay way. You'll never be the victim of corns again.

Blue-jay

Stops Pain Instantly **Ends Corns Quickly**

15c and 25c at Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

(Concluded from Page 110)

for immunity, and have almost openly defied the authorities. But it is one thing to buck state officers, and another to go up against the Federal Government.

Andreas is of German-American descent and belongs to a well-known family of El Paso. They own considerable property. His father founded the City National Bank there and Vincent was formerly assistant cashier. He left the bank to engage in the cattle brokerage business. The ammunition he is charged with smuggling consisted of a shipment that was salvaged from a vessel after the Galveston storm. The water is said to have practically ruined it. A test showed that only a small percentage could be relied on to explode; but it commanded a price of forty-five dollars a thousand.

Vincent Andreas has been one of the biggest operators along the Border since the troubles began down there. The importation of cattle offered the largest profits in those days and he obtained a running start in it. Being close to Hipolito Villa, and able to make arrangements with his powerful brother through him, Andreas was too valuable an ally for Don Luis Terrazas to neglect; Don Luis claimed ownership of some three hundred thousand head in the State of Chihuahua. They effected an agreement for bringing out the cattle and Andreas reaped a comfortable fortune.

Cattle have been at the root of a lot of mischief. In the present state of Northern Mexico it is comparatively easy for a bunch of determined men to seize a herd and drive it up for export. Bands can always be found for that purpose.

Also, the Mexicans are constantly in need of ammunition. Trading ammunition for cows grew to considerable proportions; and several small expeditions have been put across from the United States in order to round up cattle and carry them off.

To show the volume of the cattle exports, here are the figures for the last three calendar years for the District of El Paso: 1914, 131,444 head; 1915, 111,504 head; 1916, 26,990 head.

When Villa Wanted Funds

Don Luis got a reasonable share of the profits of this export business. He first made a contract with J. H. Nations and L. E. Booker, at the outbreak of the Villa revolution, that was virtually a bill of sale. It practically conveyed to Messrs. Nations and Booker all Terrazas' cattle in consideration of ten dollars a head. The Americans were to bring the cattle out and take all the risks, since Don Luis was an exile and could not enter Mexico or negotiate with the leaders in control there.

The efforts of Don Luis Terrazas to save the remnants of his vast fortune make a stirring chapter of revolutionary history. At one time Pancho Villa had his son in prison in Chihuahua City and was striving, by means of the back of a saber and a stout noose, to persuade him to a loan of a million pesos for the cause of freedom and equality. So long as his namesake was in Villa's power, the unfortunate father could make no real effort to stop the wholesale seizure and export of his cattle; but when Luis Junior finally got out the elder Terrazas speedily clamped down on the business with all the pressure he could bring to bear.

That put a crimp in Villa's exports. He could not send out any more stolen cattle, and stolen cattle brought him in his principal revenues. In this emergency he bethought him of a packing plant, which was soon established at Juarez. By means of it he could ship out meat, thus escaping identification. An American prompted him to this venture and counseled him all through its operation.

Finally Don Luis decided to organize on a larger scale for his own protection. He turned over the handling of his cattle to the El Paso Livestock Company, embracing Messrs. Nations, Booker, T. D. Love and William Ammonet. Whenever cattle are shipped to the Border for export, of whose ownership there is a doubt, Terrazas promptly files a replevin bond, and the El Paso Livestock Company an owner's bond, and thus effectually sew everything up. Don Luis is more than four score years of age and he has been learning every year.

Terrazas also joined the Panhandle Cattlemen's Association, of which Nations was formerly president, and of which Love is now vice-president and Ammonet secretary. The association, through its inspectors, now reclaims all Terrazas cattle imported. But all this is digression.

We have merely scratched the surface of the Border mess; I could keep on indefinitely. It would take a strong man nine hours to call the tally of American citizens down there who have been guilty of smuggling ammunition; of aiding hostile Mexican factions; of stirring up trouble for the United States by inciting raids; of setting filibusters on foot against Mexico in order to grab a profit.

Border Sympathies

There was the case of Captain George Head, of Brownsville, in command of a company of the Texas National Guard. He formerly earned his living in the Federal Government's employ as a customs inspector; he still gets his living from the Federal Government, at Leavenworth, whither he was sent for a term of years. He and Emmett E. Walker, quartermaster-general of Texas, are said to have sold tremendous quantities of tents and uniforms and military supplies to the Mexicans in 1914; also to some American firms in the Middle West and East. Included in the plunder was one flying machine.

This Government property had been condemned, but never destroyed or disposed of; so the enterprising pair proceeded to dispose of it for themselves. The aggregate of their deals ran into six figures.

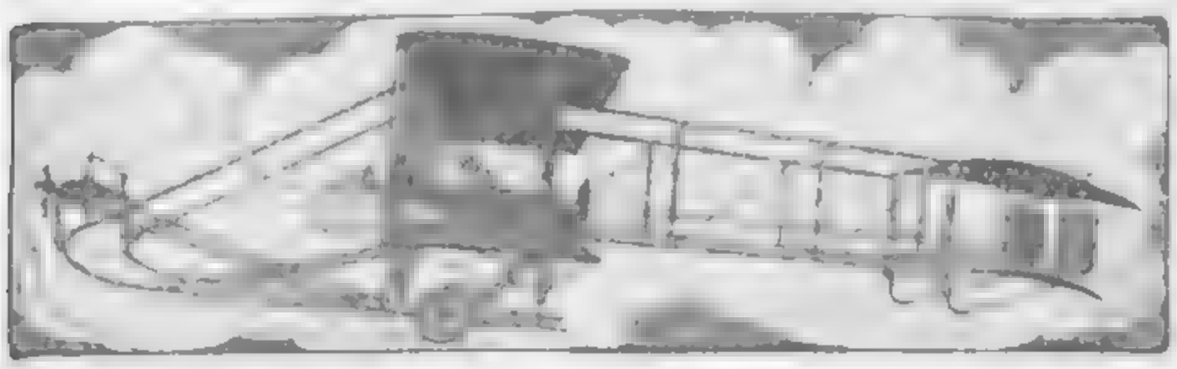
When an investigation was started Walker fled across into Mexico, where he was made much of, and joined the staff of Pablo Gonzales, recently appointed Minister of War by Carranza, but then general in command of troops in Mexico City.

The ex-quartermaster-general could never reconcile himself to exile, however. The Federal officials kept such close tab on his every move that he could not slip back to see those dear to him; and finally he offered to surrender and plead guilty if they would promise him a sentence not to exceed five years. To this the Government agreed and Walker returned to take his medicine. He and Head were both sentenced to Leavenworth. Before he began his imprisonment, Head announced that the Mexicans in Matamoros still owed him a lot of money on the military supplies they had purchased.

Practically the entire Border population aided the revolutionaries when Madero was striving to deliver Mexico. So, too, with Villa; Border towns were with him to a man; a strong Villista sentiment exists today in every American community on the Boundary. Consequently little was thought of assistance rendered to Pancho; and they still hold it as a perfectly natural thing to do.

If we had the time it would be profitable and inspiring to delve into the transactions of a German, who is reputed to have reaped about a million dollars as purchasing agent for Villa and in kindred operations. He abandoned Border life some time ago and retired to the comforts of a New York hotel.

But sufficient light has been shed on Border deals and the circumstances back of many troubles there to show that a degree of patience is required when we get news of Mexican aggression on our territory. Also, bear in mind that, for every attack and outrage the Border has suffered from Mexicans, poor, war-ridden Mexico has suffered three, launched from our side. That is about the proportion. All of which leads me to suggest, in conclusion, that we exercise patience in future while the President is wrestling with the problem.



"My! but coal is high! I'll have to put in that Spencer Super-Standard"

COAL was never like this before—double the old normal prices. Are you going to keep on paying those frightful coal bills?

You don't have to if you have a Spencer Super-Standard Heater. It was built to reduce your coal bills to the minimum—has done it for twenty years. How?

Spencer Super-Standard Heaters
Steam Vapor Hot Water

Burns Lowest-Priced Coals

The Spencer burns perfectly the small-sized coals which cost, in normal times, an average of *40 per cent. less* than the domestic sizes required by the ordinary boilers. Even in these high times they cost 25 per cent. less. No more tons required. These coals are No. 1 Buckwheat, Pea, Semi-Anthracite, Lignite, Buckwheat-Coke.

How It Does This

This small coal can't be burned in the ordinary surface-feed, flat-grate boilers without incessant shoveling as in a locomotive. But the Spencer's *Magazine-feed* and *Sloping Grates* handle this small coal automatically. The Magazine, filled once for all day, feeds the coal down no faster than needed, and the Sloping Grates distribute it exactly at an eight-inch depth, as needed for perfect burning.

More Heat from the Coal

The Spencer has greater *heating-surfaces* for the heat to act on the water and more effective *gas-flues* to utilize the maximum of the hot gases than any other boiler. This means *less coal* for the same heat.

Can Run on Half Action

The Spencer's Sloping Grates are *double*. This permits one whole side to be put out of commission in mild weather, while the boiler runs as if it were only half as large. This saves tons of coal a season, for the biggest coal waste *in the ordinary boiler* is in mild weather when, to have a little heat, you have to run as large a fire as in cold weather.

Saves Lots of Labor

The Spencer's automatic action of Magazine-feed and Sloping Grates reduces attention to *once a day* in mild weather and *twice* in coldest weather. You see the *saving in labor costs?*

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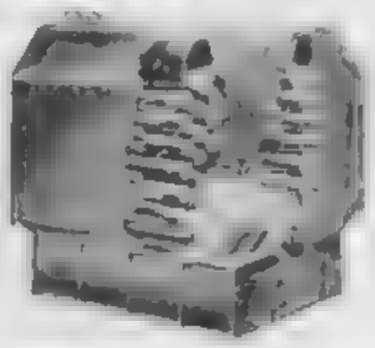

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SILK HOSE
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The finest of thread silk dyed by the exclusive Phoenix "FAST-DYE" process
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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Wildest Angling in the World

THE angling for rainbow trout at the Great Rapids of St. Mary's River, in Michigan, has been a matter of no more than a few years, and it lacks an actual historian; so that it is difficult to learn definitely just how many of the heavier fish have been taken. The weights given herein, however, may be regarded as accurate.

The first rainbow trout seem to have been planted at the Soo, in 1891, by Henry Marks. He put in large stock fish—breeders—and not fry. These stock fish were originally from McLeod River, in California, where the rainbow trout—or Shasta salmon, as it is sometimes called—has always been found in good type. A few fish may have worked up into St. Mary's River from Lake Michigan; but this, so far as can be determined, was the first distinct planting of the species.

There may have been occasional cases of these fish taken round the Soo of which no record now exists; but it seems to have been something like twenty years before rainbow angling, to mix a metaphor, broke out into full flower. Anglers in other localities began to hear fairy stories about big fish that broke all sorts of tackle and could not be stopped. None of us paid much attention to this, though by this time it was true, beyond doubt or question, that the rainbow trout had established itself in the Middle West, more especially in the waters tributary to Lake Michigan.

Many years ago a record came out concerning a rainbow trout, killed in Muskegon River, which weighed twelve pounds, and for many years Pere Marquette River, in Michigan, has been producing fish of four, five, six and even eight pounds; and that stream also has produced many stories of giant fish which struck and could not be stopped at all. In New York, New Jersey, New England and elsewhere, also, heavy rainbows have been known for years.

It was some six years ago, however, that the rainbow cult at the Soo became an established thing. In 1910 anglers there began to discover that the rainbow had come to stay. Some splendid specimens were taken in scoop nets, just as the Indians thereabouts were accustomed to take whitefish. More than one fish of fourteen pounds or better is declared to have been taken in this way. In that year an employee of the Fish Commission netted a splendid specimen which actually weighed nineteen and a half pounds.

This fish was thirty-three and a half inches in length, and nine and a half inches in depth. A life-size photograph of it was made, and this picture, in the possession of Dr. K. Christofferson, of Sault Sainte Marie, may still be seen. It shows an enormous fish—coarse and heavy; in fact, a tremendous thing in every way; and it is interesting, as showing what may grow out of the smaller rainbows that have for many years interested anglers in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Fish Planted at the Soo

Rumors of other and even heavier fish came out from time to time. Somebody said that a twenty-pound rainbow had been killed with a pike pole. I do not, of course, propose to report the weights of all the big rainbows which at about that time began to be taken; but this nineteen-and-a-half-pound fish—it was almost as long as a man's leg—made a mighty good foundation for the big-fish stories regarding rainbow trout that struck and broke the heaviest tackle, simply going on about their business out in the wild white water of the rapids. Anyone who has seen the picture of that fish—anyone who has felt the strike of a fish even one-fourth that size in those waters—is going to be an eager and reverent rainbow angler from that time forth if he has in him any sporting blood whatever.

In 1902 landlocked salmon, also, were planted at the Soo; young fish three inches in length. It may be seen that these are good growing waters for almost any species, because since that time these fish have been taken thereabouts in weight up to seven pounds. The Fish Commission of Michigan, in 1916, planted twenty-five thousand rainbows, five thousand landlocked salmon and eight thousand brook trout.

These figures are about one-tenth of what they ought to be. There is water enough and food enough there, as it would seem, so that there need be little fear of keeping down the size from overstocking. Besides, Colonel Rainbow takes care of those things for himself. If he concludes that there are too many young persons, even of his own species, hanging about, he sets about eating them forthwith. There is no doubt at all that he is whipping the brook trout out of even these once famous waters.

Meantime, though these big rainbows were developing right in the shadow of the town pump of Sault Sainte Marie, everybody was faithfully going on up to the Nepigon, and other north-shore points, after the big brook trout—getting, as everyone knows, brook trout weighing four, five and six pounds, or even heavier than that sometimes—but going past a style of angling that offered yet greater sport, in the belief of many. Deer hunters, also, were going on many miles beyond the Soo; yet I have seen, within four hours of the Soo, more deer in one day than I ever saw in the Rocky Mountains in a week.

A Wonderful Record

At first, the anglers began to try for these big rainbows with all sorts of lures, the ganged minnow being a favorite device and one that really accounted for most of the big fish taken in those early days, because the fly rod had not yet come into its own on the Great Rapids of the Soo. The short bait rod, with the deadly grappling hooks of the wooden minnows, seemed to be the favorite equipment. No one can tell how many heavy fish were raised and lost by the early fly-fishermen there; but most of the early records of heavy fish were no doubt due to the use of the net, the pike pole or the wooden minnow.

Thus, from the personal log of Doctor Christofferson, who comes as near to being prophet and apostle of the rainbow at the Soo as anyone, unless it be Pete Vigeant, I learn that he killed an eight-pound rainbow on the Parmachene Belle fly on August 7, 1909; and on that same day killed another, of seven and three-quarters pounds on the fly—two splendid fish, to be sure! But on July 31, 1911, he went back to the wooden minnow and killed two rainbows—one eight and a half pounds, one ten and three-quarters; and on July twenty-fourth of that year the wooden minnow accounted for yet another good fish, six and three-quarters pounds.

The years 1909–10—in the latter year the big nineteen-and-a-half-pound fish was netted—served to spread considerable news about what might happen for a determined angler at the straits of St. Mary's River. At about that time I began to hear from many anglers stories of the big fish which got away. We all smiled, and sometimes sneered, at these stories. If you look at these records, and then at the white water of St. Mary's Rapids, you will understand why it is the big fish that do get away.

How large the rainbow has grown in those waters no one can tell to-day. If a fish reached the size of nineteen and a half pounds six years ago, and has put on a pound every year since then—which very likely may be called only a fair rate of increase—there are fish in the rapids now that will go twenty-five pounds or better. You may think you are some considerable angler—all of us get that notion in our heads once in a while—but the man who can go up there now and actually raise and land one of those maximum fish is going to do something that I think will stand for a long time as the American angling record.

I have known salmon anglers, bass anglers and trout anglers, from all over the country, who have tried these rainbows at the Soo—one gentleman regularly fishes there with his salmon rod and flies; and all these men say that rainbow fishing at this point beats salmon fishing, or anything else, anywhere in the world. This is something of a statement; but in the third article in this series it may be seen that it certainly has an excellent foundation.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles on rainbow trout. The third will appear in an early issue

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We couldn't until we had tried every tobacco made, but—we know that most American pipe smokers agree that Kentucky Burley is the world's choicest pipe tobacco.

We know that this tobacco can only be at its best *after* two years' natural ageing, and we take the time and pay the price to age it into VELVET in Nature's sure, patient way.

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Too many cooks spoil the broth. When Time and Nature are makin' VELVET, no use anybody else stirrin' in.

Velvet Joe

A Nation-Wide Reform

People Everywhere Swearing Off On Taking a Bath

A COUNTRY-WIDE wave of reform is now in full swing—a complete reform in bathing habits.

In every community, men and women who keep step with improvement and progress are swearing off on taking a *bath*.

Instead they take a *shower*.

The time is fast coming when the old way of bathing—filling a tub—will be utterly obsolete.

The New and Better Way—Running Water—Any Temperature—A Constant Rinsing Process

PEOPLE everywhere are fast waking up to the fact that filling a tub is a poor way to get clean.

It means finishing in the same water you start with—finishing in *dirty* water—water filled with impurities washed out of the pores. At least that's the case unless you take the trouble to *empty* the tub and do the job over again.

Proof of that is the film or scum which collects on top of the water and on the sides of the tub after such a bath—particularly a hot bath—no matter how often one bathes.

The only thoroughly hygienic way is a *shower*—standing up in *running* water; a constant *rinsing* process—every drop from the first to the last absolutely fresh and clean.

Quick and Invigorating

It's also the *quick way*. You can turn on a shower—any temperature you want—and scrub your hands, face and whole body in about the same time it takes to wash the hands and face alone at a basin. Or in less time than it takes merely to *fill* a tub.

Then it's the invigorating and enjoyable way—especially with a Kenney Curtainless Needle Shower. This new kind of shower turns keeping clean into downright fun—makes any temperature of water seem twice as stimulating and refreshing.

Turns Keeping Clean Into Downright Fun

CAN be supplied by any On-the-Job Plumber or any Wide-Awake Hardware, Department or Drug Store—the kind who like to be first in line with new ideas. Or write us.

No Bath Tub Complete Without A

All models attach direct to tub—a connection for every style of faucet

Kenney Curtainless Needle Shower

Four Models Only $7.50 to $25

No Messy Curtain—No Wet Hair

This new kind of shower is a revolutionary step ahead.

A stationary, all-metal fixture that can be quickly attached as a permanent part of any bath tub. Turns on and off at the turn of a handle. And doesn't interfere with filling or using the tub in the regular way.

The first and only tub shower which does away with all need of a *messy curtain*—eliminates the curtain by *eliminating all splash*.

Also the first and only easily installed shower which eliminates all downpour on the head—sends all the water *direct against the body*. No wet hair. A shower women and children can enjoy.

Easily Attached to Any Tub

Four fine models to choose from. All handsome, substantial, last-for-years fixtures.

The low prices are simply due to simplicity—cutting out all complication has cut the cost down.

The Niagara Model at $7.50 and the Palm Beach at $15 can both be attached to any tub without the use of a single tool—not even a screw driver; nothing but your fingers.

Attaching the other models requires a plumber.

Be Prepared—Get the Bulge On Hot Weather

A quick cool-you-off, makes-you-feel-fine wash-down in running water two or three times a day is a simple and sensible way to keep hot weather from fagging you out and getting the best of you. Especially fine for the children.

And now is the time to prepare—before the sweating, sweltering days and nights of June, July and August get here.

Doesn't Splash Out of Tub

Try One on Approval to Prove It

The Kenney Curtainless Shower works on a brand-new principle. It's all in the *converging streams*—in the *angle* at which the water strikes the body; a patented feature which makes the water *hug* the flesh and run down the body into the tub instead of spattering off.

You can prove that by putting either the $7.50 Niagara or the $15 Palm Beach model to a see-for-yourself test—right on your own bath tub—without risking a single penny. (The other models are guaranteed, but not sold on approval, as they are permanent installations.)

Ask any wide-awake plumber or any good hardware, department or drug store.

Or if it will save you trouble, simply send us your plumber's or dealer's name, and we will arrange the matter.

In either case, if you aren't satisfied—if you don't want to keep the shower—it won't cost you a single cent.

A Book to Read and Keep Sent Free

"Fun and Health in Running Water" is the title. Chock full of sound common sense. Shows how plain soap and water—*running* water—any temperature—can be turned into the finest kind of invigorating and enjoyable tonic. Will give you an entirely new viewpoint on bathing. Also pictures and describes all four models of the Kenney Curtainless Shower, and how they attach to any style of tub-faucet or inlet. It's a book you will want to keep. Start your name on the way now—before you forget. Address nearest office.

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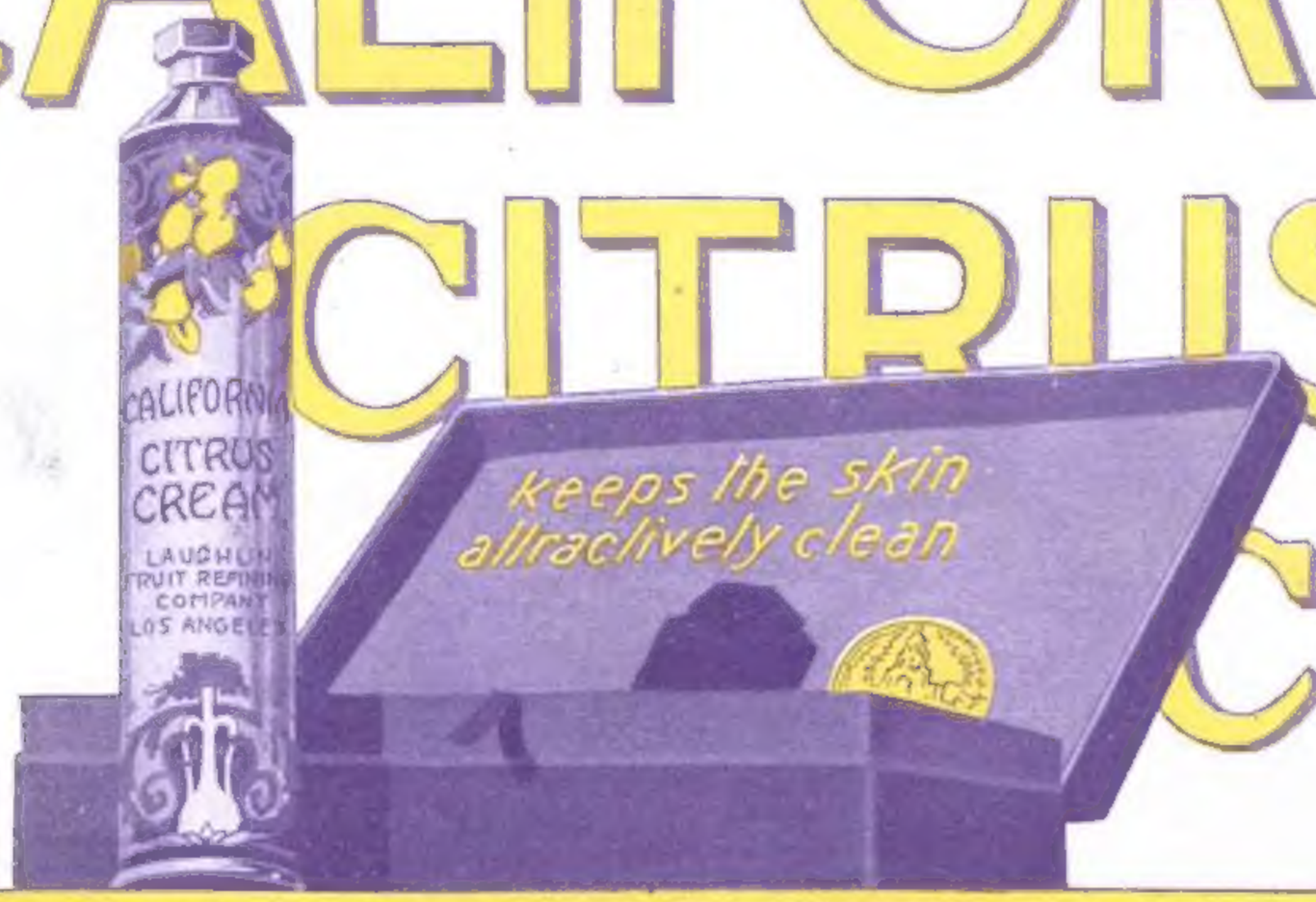

This tube stands upright. It has a flat bottom. The purple box with the Gold Medal holds four tubes.

The picture under this printing is San Gabriel Mission, where the first lemon tree was planted in California.

Only a few miles from this historic mission, lemons are made into California Citrus Cream.

Squeeze some of this Cream from the tube. It looks and smells like lemon. It *is* lemon. "Citrus" means lemon.

But this Cream has properties not found in raw lemons, because the rind, seeds and pulp of the lemon have been turned into albuminoid. *(Albuminoid means egg-like.)*

This egg-like substance absorbs the dirt and grease which the lemon juice loosens from the pores.

The astringent and antiseptic action of this Cream reduces the size of the pores and gradually heals all blemishes.

If allowed to dry it forms a thin film which protects the skin from sun, wind and dust until you wash it off.

When washed off it leaves the skin refreshed and soft.

Men use it after shaving.

Single tube 25 cents. Box of four tubes 85 cents. Canada 35 cents and $1.25.

This Cream is different. To get best results you should follow directions carefully.

Many thousand Drug and Toilet Stores recommend California Citrus Cream. If more convenient, use the coupon and receive it direct from California.

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Every single tiny shred is thoroughly toasted.